7019

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

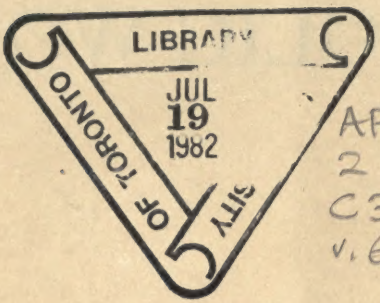
Legislative Library Ontario.

VOL. LXII.

OCTOBER, 1895, TO MARCH, 1896.

NEW YORK:
THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
120 WEST 60th STREET.

1896.



AP
2
C3
v.62

Copyright, 1896, by

VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT.

THE COLUMBUS PRESS, 120 WEST 60TH ST., NEW YORK.

CONTENTS.

After the Manner of St. Francis. (*Illustrated.*)—*John J. O'Shea*, . . 377
Acadian Missionary, and His last Resting Place, An.—*M. A. Condon*, . 801
Among the Butterflies. (*Illustrated.*)—*William Seton, LL.D.*, . . . 302
"A Nun and a—Littérateur?"—*A. A. McGinley*, ... 512
Armenia, Past and Present. (*Illustrated.*)—*Henry Hyvernat, D.D.*, . 312
Artist Philosopher, An. (*Illustrated.*)—*Frank H. Sweet*, . . . 114
Boston Half a Century Ago. (*Illustrated.*)—*F. M. Edselas*, . . . 733
Brother to a Saint.—*Helen M. Sweeney*, 613
Cardinal Manning. (*Frontispiece.*)
Cardinal Manning, Life of.—*Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D.D.*, ... 836
Catholic Schools and Charities under the New Constitution.—*John T. McDonough*, ... 682
Catholicism in Madagascar. (*Illustrated.*)—*Thomas Gilleran*, . . 533
Catholicism, Protestantism, and Progress.—*Rev. Francis W. Howard*, 145
Causes of the Present War in Cuba, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*Henry Lincoln de Zayas, M.D.*, ... 807
Celtic Revival Arose, How the.—*M. A. O'Byrne*, ... 764
Century of Catholicity, A.—*B. Morgan*, 433
Change of Heart, A.—*J. H. L.*, . . 22
Church and the New Sociology, The.—*Rev. George McDermot, C.S.P.*, . 290
Church Honors the Medical Profession, How the.—*Rev. Henry A. Brann*, 643
City of Redemption, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*Rev. R. M. Ryan*, . . . 667
Columbian Reading Union, The, 139, 283, 432, 572, 716, 856
Corner-Stone, The.—*Rev. John Talbot Smith*, ... 384
Dante's House, Florence. (*Frontispiece.*)
Daughter of Kings, A, ... 205
Dawdlings in Donegal. (*Illustrated.*)—*Marguerite Moore*, . . . 167
Don Unia and his Lepers.—*E. M. Lynch*, 817
Editorial Notes, 136, 279, 430, 570, 710, 854
Enforcing Law: Is It Right?—*Robert J. Mahon*, ... 179
Euthanasia.—*Cornelius M. O'Leary, M.D., LL.D.*, ... 579
For Religion's Sake. (*Illustrated.*)—*P. G. Smyth*, ... 72
General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, The.—*Jesse Albert Locke*, ... 688
Golden Age and its People, A. (*Illustrated.*)—*F. M. Edselas*, . . . 600
Hawthorne's Favorite Walk in the Woods. (*Frontispiece.*)
His Dry Sunday.—*Edith Brower*, . 780
History of Philosophy as applied to the Church, The.—*Cornelius M. O'Leary, M.D.*, ... 36
Home at Last.—*Walter Lecky*, . . 327
Homeless City, A.—*John J. O'Shea*, 647
Impression of Holland, An. (*Illustrated.*)—*Bart Kennedy*, . . . 775
King Edward Sixth School, A. (*Illustrated.*)—*T. Seton Jevons*, . . 791
Last Mass, The.—*Lady Herbert*, . 747
Legislation as a Cure-All.—*Robert J. Mahon*, ... 729
Little Cripple of Lisfarran, The.—*Katharine Roche*. 238
Living Mosaic, A, ... 187
Looking back at the Maynooth Centenary.—*Rev. Charles McCready, D.D.*, 396
Madame Garnier and Her Work.—*Annie Blount Storrs*. . . . 233
Madonna del Sasso, Lago Maggiore, Italy, The. (*Frontispiece.*)
Madonna del Sasso, Locarno, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*E. M. Lynch*, . . 97
Memorable Christmas Night, A.—*Anna H. H. Keane*, . . . 495
Modern St. Francis, A.—*Comtesse de Courson*, ... 155
Montmartre the Holy.—*Rev. Edward McSweeny*, ... 342
Morning in Florence, A. (*Illustrated.*)—*Marion Ames Taggart*, . . 255
Much-Needed Book, A.—*Maurice Francis Egan*, ... 487
Neglected Call, A. (*Illustrated.*)—*Sarah C. Burnett*, ... 464
New Poet Laureate, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*John J. O'Shea*, ... 822
New Road from Agnosticism to Christianity, A.—*Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D.D.*, ... 2
Nicaragua Canal Project, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy*, 499
Old Houses I have Known.—*M. de Briançon*, ... 119
Old Rome and Young Italy.—*John J. O'Shea*, ... 104
Old-Time Temperance Societies.—*Rev. Patrick F. McSweeny, D.D.*, 482
Organic Conception of the Church, The.—*James Golf*, ... 723
Our Africa.—*Rev. E. L. Quade*, . . 830
Paquita's Christmas-Tree. (*Illustrated.*)—*Helen M. Sweeney*, . . 404
Pedro: The Tale of a Young Tramp.—*A. E. Buchanan*, ... 59
Personal Reminiscences of Washington Irving. (*Illustrated.*)—*John Morris, M.D.*, ... 627
Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne at Jerusalem, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*Olive Risley Seward*, . . . 350
Professor Nitti's "Catholic Socialism," 85
Religious Organization in the Sacred City. (*Illustrated.*)—*Orby Shipley, M.A.*, ... 50
Retreat of St. Etheldreda, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*J. Arthur Floyd*, . 441
Round Year, A.—*Marion Ames Taggart*, 362
Ruse de Guerre, A.—*John J. O'Shea*, 543
Shrine of St. Ann, The.—(*Illustrated.*) 14

Simian Anthropoid, The.—*Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D.D.*, . . . 526
Story of Consolation Jones, The.—*Paul O'Connor*, ... 655
Study in Shakespearean Chronology, A.—*Appleton Morgan*, . . . 449
Study of the Sunday Question, A.—*Rev. Patrick F. McSweeney, D.D.*, 250
Talk about New Books, 129, 271, 416, 558, 696, 842
"The Northern Athens." (*Illustrated.*)—*John J. O'Shea*, ... 195
The Presentation. (*Frontispiece.*)
What the Thinkers Say, . 137, 281, 712
Who is St. Nicholas?—*W. J. D. Croke*, ... 265
Why Not?—*Rev. F. G. Lentz*, . . 621
Why We Catholics Sympathize with Armenia.—*Rev. R. M. Ryan*, . . 181
Winter-School in New Orleans, The.—*Rev. James J. McLoughlin*, . . 554
Wonders of Old Ocean, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*F. M. Edselas*, . . . 219

POETRY.

Angel's Christmas Quest, The.—*Rev. John B. Tabb*, ... 289
Ave, Gratia Plena.—*Austin O'Malley*, 695
Capital and Labor.—*Eleanor C. Donnelly*, ... 154
Golden Wedding, The.—*John Jerome Rooney*, ... 611
Ingratitude.—*Eleanor C. Donnelly*, . 732
In the Usk Valley.—*Louise Imogen Guiney*, ... 532
"I Sleep, but My Heart Waketh."—*Jessie Willis Brodhead*, . . 186
Mary Mother. (*Illustrated.*)—*Elizabeth Gilbert Martin*, . . . 95
Mists.—*Jessie Willis Brodhead*, . . 779
Moonlight Reverie, A.—*Viator*, . . 800
Moonrise, At.—*M. T. Waggaman*, . 118
Rejected Lovers.—*Francis Thompson*, 1
Simile, A.—*Lilian A. B. Taylor*, . . 218
Song of the Soul, A.—*Mary T. Waggaman*, ... 510
Teachers, The.—*James Riley*, . . 70
To the Sultan.—*John Jerome Rooney*, 841
Triplet, A.—*Frank H. Sweet*, . . 194

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Æthiopium Servus: A study in Christian Altruism, ... 847
Alethea's Prayer, and other Tales, . 422
Anarchy or Government, . . . 852
Aspects of the Social Problem, . . 132
Ballads of Blue Water, and other Poems, 562
Catechist, or Headings and Suggestions for the Explanation of Christian Doctrine, The, ... 427
Catholic Home Annual, ... 560
Chapters of Bible Study; or, A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Sacred Scriptures, ... 569
Christ's Idea of the Supernatural, . 567
Christian's Model; or, Sermons on the Life and Death of Christ, the Example and Virtues of Mary and other Chosen Saints of God, The, ... 709
Comedy of English Protestantism, The, 845
Compulsory Education: the State of Ohio versus the Rev. Patrick Francis Quigley, D.D., ... 134
Constantinople, ... 275
Correct English, ... 130
Elements of Expression, Vocal and Physical, ... 703
English Literature: A Manual for Academies, High-Schools, and Colleges, . 704
Fabiola; or, the Church of the Catacombs, ... 843
Function of Criticism, The, . . . 424
Geoffrey Austin, Student, ... 564
Glories of the Catholic Church in Art, Architecture, and History, . . 851
Golden Sands, ... 421
Historic Towns. New York, . . . 701
History of the University of Notre Dame du Lac, Indiana, ... 131
Hollow of the Hills, In a, ... 566
Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures, 276
Jesuit of To-day, A, ... 850
Katharine Lauderdale, ... 274
Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy, ... 561
Life of Reverend Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier, ... 569
Little Book of Western Verse, A, . 423
Longman's English Classics, . . 561
Lover of Souls—Short Conferences on the Sacred Heart, The, . . . 853
Lovers' Saint Ruth's, and Three Other Tales, ... 698
Making Friends and Keeping Them, . 559
Means and Ends of Education, . . 842
Memoir of Father Dignam, S.J., . . 707
Memoir of Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D., A, ... 425
Memoirs of a Minister of France, . . 131
Memorial of the Golden Jubilee of Rev. Sylvester Malone, ... 563
Men of the Moss-Hags, The, . . . 420
Month of St. Joseph, for People in the World, ... 845
New Orleans: The Place and the People, 560
Outlines of Dogmatic Theology, . . 428
Petronilla, and other Tales, . . . 421
Poems, ... 565
Poor in Great Cities, The, . . . 558
Questions Actuelles D'Ecriture Sainte, 850
Red Rowans, ... 416
Road to Rome: and How Two Brothers got There, On the, ... 273
Roman Court, The, ... 706
Short Conferences on the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, . 846
Sister Songs: An Offering to Two Sisters, ... 271
Songs, chiefly from the German, . . 696
Stories of the Promises, ... 422
Striking Contrast, A, ... 422
Studies in the New Testament, . . 847
Thoughts and Counsels for Women of the World, ... 703
Tuscan Magdalen, and other Legends and Poems, A, ... 843
Wise Woman, The, ... 276
Work of the Women of Calvary, and its Foundress, The, ... 277

THE MADONNA DEL SASSO, LAGO MAGGIORE, ITALY.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXII. OCTOBER, 1895. NO. 367.

Rejected Lovers.

Poeta.— I have loved women — they have paid my pains!
I have loved Nature — rather clasp the sea!
I have loved children — look not there for gains:
I have loved much, but I have loved not Thee.
And yet when all these loves were loved and proved,
None have loved me, but Thou, divine Unloved!

Christus.— "Thou ask'st; I ask, and have not at thy hand.
All ways hast sought, and hast thou found no ways?
Ah child! and dost thou yet not understand,
And in thine own, beholdest not My case?
O little love! does no man pity thee?—
Lo, it is writ, that none has pity on Me!"

Francis Thompson.

Creccas Cottage, Pantasaph, Holywell, N. Wales, England.

Copyright. VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT. 1895.

A NEW ROAD FROM AGNOSTICISM TO CHRISTIANITY.*

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.

DR. ROMANES is well known as one of the most eminent English biologists, a disciple of Huxley and Darwin. At the beginning of his career, a little more than twenty years ago, at Cambridge University, he was a Christian. Soon after, he became an Agnostic, and wrote against Theism. He remained a pure Agnostic, yet, nevertheless, he reverted gradually toward a recognition of the necessity and value of spiritual intuitions as distinct from the scientific reason, and of the historical and spiritual evidences of Christianity. He arrived at the conviction that it was reasonable to be a Christian believer, and at length, Mr. Gore says, "returned before his death to that full, deliberate communion with the Church of Jesus Christ which he had for so many years been conscientiously compelled to forego. In his case the 'pure in heart' was after a long period of darkness allowed, in a measure before his death, to 'see God'" (p. 184). He died during the early summer of 1894, soon after his return to the Church of England, and as there is no reason to doubt that he was sincere and in good faith in taking this step, we may hope that he was united to the soul, though not to the body of the Catholic Church, and pray that he may rest in peace.

Dr. Romanes was intending to write a work on the fundamental questions of religion, when his career was suddenly cut short. He left only some fragmentary notes written in preparation for this work. These were given to Mr. Gore, who has edited and published the greater part of them; and they have a special interest and importance as partially explaining a very singular point of view, from which an avowed Agnostic looks upon Christianity as reasonable and credible.

All that I know of Mr. Romanes, as a man, leads me to believe that he was personally upright and virtuous, with a high

* *Thoughts on Religion.* By the late George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Canon of Westminster. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

moral ideal to which he endeavored to conform his life, and that this was one principal cause of his final return to the religion of his early youth. He had in him no aversion to the God whom he had been taught in his childhood to worship, and no love for, or joy in Atheism; and his mental attitude toward Theism was that of a sceptic rather than that of a positive denier. In the *Candid Examination of Theism*, published in 1878, he had written as follows:

"Forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the 'new faith' is a desirable substitute for the waning splendor of 'the old,' I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and although, from henceforth, the precept to 'work while it is day' will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that 'the night cometh when no man can work,' yet when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it,—at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible. For whether it be due to my intelligence not being sufficiently advanced to meet the requirements of the age, or whether it be due to the memory of those sacred associations which to me at least were the sweetest that life has given, I cannot but feel that for me, and for others who think as I do, there is a dreadful truth in these words of Hamilton,—Philosophy having become a meditation, not merely of death, but of annihilation, the precept *know thyself* has become transformed into the terrific oracle to Œdipus—'Mayest thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art'" (p. 28).

It is noticeable that while Romanes was young, he was most positive and categorical in expressing his sceptical propositions as if he were certain that they were the absolute truth. This seems very strange in a professed *Agnostic*, and quite inconsistent. He lost, however, as time went on, this arrogance, and changed a number of these positive opinions, without any effort at concealing the fact, or at keeping up a show of consistency.

If we ask for the intellectual cause of the strange aberrations of his mind and of similar minds at the universities, we may find it in the lack of a philosophy broad and strong enough to serve as a ground on which the foundations of theology and

science could simultaneously rest in security. Such as it is, it is like the made ground in the Back Bay of Boston, which sinks if too great a weight of buildings is put upon it. The Lutheran Reformation began by attacking the authority of the Church in favor of the Bible, it proceeded by attacking the authority of the Bible in favor of Reason, and at last attempted to dethrone Reason by philosophical scepticism, masked as positive Science.

The chaotic state of Theology in that aggregation of sects called the English Church, and the lack of consistency and authority in this heterogeneous body, was another cause of aberration.

Left without any safeguard except his own moral integrity and a subjective disposition toward religion, the result of his early education, Romanes fell an unwilling victim to the fatal spell of Agnosticism. Mr. Romanes explains what he meant by "Agnosticism," and the distinction which he drew between "pure" and "impure" Agnosticism in clear terms. Pure Agnosticism, which he himself embraced, is that of Huxley; impure, that of Herbert Spencer.

"The modern and highly convenient term 'Agnosticism' is used in two very different senses. By its originator, Professor Huxley, it was coined to signify an attitude of reasoned ignorance touching everything that lies beyond the sphere of sense-perception—a professed inability to found valid belief on any other basis. It is in this its original sense—and also, in my opinion, its only philosophically justifiable sense—that I shall understand the term. But the other, and perhaps more popular sense in which the word is now employed, is as the correlative of Mr. H. Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable" (p. 108).

From this point of view of pure agnosticism he levelled his argument against the anti-Christian scepticism of Spencer, and followed it further afterwards against the entire system of anti-Theistic and anti-Christian negation of revealed religion, which shelters itself behind the agnostic formula of Huxley. "This latter term (Spencer's Unknowable) is philosophically erroneous, implying important negative knowledge that if there be a God we know this much about him—that he *cannot* reveal himself to man." By this one blow Romanes dashes the whole theory of Spencer into shivers. The upshot of his remark is: Mr. Spencer, you are not logical and consistent in your agnosticism; you affirm and deny it in one breath. First, you affirm that we do

not and cannot know anything about the original source and support of existing phenomena, and whether it is, or is not God; and if it is God, what he is. Then you assert that we do know this about your so-called Unknowable, that if it be God, he *cannot* make himself known to man. You ought to say, that we do not know whether he can or cannot reveal himself. It is plain that Mr. Romanes has furnished us with a weapon wherewith we can destroy all *à priori* arguments against the fact of revelation derived from its antecedent impossibility, and against all dogmas which the church proposes as revealed, *e. g.*, the Trinity of Persons in the Godhead. If we do not know whether God can or cannot reveal himself to man, we must determine whether he has or has not done so by reasoning *à posteriori*. So also, if we know nothing from reason about the divine nature, we cannot pronounce, *à priori*, that the Trinity, the Incarnation, Prophecy, Miracles, Inspiration, etc., are incredible.

Darwin is reckoned as the most pure agnostic among all the scientific men known to Mr. Romanes, but his rejection of Christianity is stated not to have been a deduction from his agnostic principle. Hume's *à priori* argument against miracles is cited as an illustration of impure agnosticism. It is this impure agnosticism which Mr. Romanes is constantly striving to eliminate, and in so doing he clears the track for his own new path from pure agnosticism to that kind of Christianity at which he finally arrived. It is this new road which I am trying to survey and delineate, so far as the fragmentary character of the Notes will allow.

The agnostic attitude, pure and simple, as defined by Huxley, with the assent of Romanes, is, as we have seen, "an attitude of reasoned ignorance touching everything that lies beyond the sphere of sense-perception—a professed inability to found valid belief on any other basis." The sphere of sense-perception, the scope of the scientific reason, the object of scientific investigation, according to Mr. Romanes, is confined to natural causation. On his theory, there is no thoroughfare by this road into "the sphere of the final mystery of things with which religion has to do" (p. 110). How then could Mr. Romanes find any other road, and escape falling into atheism by a rigorous logical necessity? He says: "Here we should all alike be pure agnostics as far as reason is concerned." We seem to be shut up in a *cul-de-sac*. When Christian and Hopeful had been locked up by Giant Despair in the dungeon of Doubting Castle,

Hopeful suddenly remembered that he had a key in his bosom which would open all its doors. Mr. Romanes felt for a time as if he were hopelessly shut up in the *cul-de-sac* of atheism. But now, he shows us a key which he thinks may open a door into another path than that of reason, leading to "the sphere of the final mystery of things."

Mrs. Stowe's Tiff remarked at a revival meeting: "The preacher told us to go in by the do' and walk along the way to life everlasting; that's jest what I want to do, and to take in these chillen; but I don't see no do' nor no way." Before reading Mr. Romanes' Notes, we are in the same predicament. We are wishing to find out what is his key, where is his door, and how his path leads from Agnosticism to Theism and Christianity. And here are the key, the door, and the path:

"It is generally assumed that when a man has clearly perceived agnosticism to be the only legitimate attitude of reason to rest in with regard to religion (as I will subsequently show that it is), he has thereby finished with the matter; he can go no further. The main object of this treatise is to show that such is by no means the case. He has then only begun his inquiry into the grounds and justification of religious belief."

But how is he to make this inquiry, when he is ignorant of everything beyond the sphere of sense-perception? What grounds of religious belief can there be, when valid belief cannot be founded on any other basis than sense-perception? The answer of Mr. Romanes to this question is: "Reason is not the only attribute of man, nor is it the only faculty which he habitually employs for the ascertainment of truth. Moral and spiritual faculties are of no less importance in their respective spheres even of every-day life; faith, trust, taste, etc., are as needful in ascertaining truth as to character, beauty, etc., as is reason." The next sentence shows what his notion is of reason, viz., a faculty of apprehending facts and phenomena of natural causation through sense-perception, or sensitive cognition informed by intelligence. Accordingly, his agnostic scepticism stops short with the affirmation that the investigation of natural causation does not lead to the knowledge of the First and Final Cause, which is God. But neither does it lead to the knowledge of the contrary as being the truth; viz., that there is not and cannot be this First and Final Cause, from which all natural causation depends.

But, according to Mr. Romanes, there is a key opening an-

other gate into another road to knowledge. He speaks, indeed, in the earlier speculations of his Notes, in a hypothetical manner, but he arrived at last at the conviction of the truth of his hypothesis.

"If any of us are to attain to any information (respecting the final mystery of things), it can only be by means of some superadded faculty of our minds. The questions as to whether there are any such superadded faculties; if so, whether they ever appear to have been acted upon from without; if they have, in what manner they have; what is their report; how far they are trustworthy in that report; and so on—these are the questions with which this treatise is to be mainly concerned" (p. 110).

This signifies, that all the facts and phenomena of religion, especially Christianity, must be impartially examined, on the principles of the inductive philosophy. The results of this examination are partly negative and partly positive. The negative results are, that unbelief is not intellectually and morally a higher and better state than belief, but the reverse.

"Very few unbelievers have any justification, either intellectual or spiritual, for their own unbelief. Unbelief is usually due to indolence, often to prejudice, and never a thing to be proud of" (p. 145).

"Nothing is so inimical to Christian belief as un-Christian conduct. This is especially the case as regards impurity; for whether the fact be explained on religious or non-religious grounds, it has more to do with unbelief than has the speculative reason" (p. 166).

There is a great deal of very dreadful truth hidden under this brief and calm statement, as is proved by the disclosures of that kind of first-class fiction which is truer than history, and by a thousand other evidences too well known to those who are acquainted with the moral ulcers and cancers which devour the diseased body of modern society. From moral corruption, and above all from impurity, come apostasy and unbelief. Luther, Zwingli, Cranmer, Knox, Henry VIII., Voltaire, are signal instances. The testimony of Romanes is that of a man who was in a position to know. And it is important for all who are engaged in the work of reviving faith among those who are nominal Christians and converting those who are not, that they should rely chiefly on those means which will awaken and enlighten the conscience, bring men to be in earnest about their moral reformation and spiritual sanctification, without which all

reasoning and instruction which relate to the grounds and motives of believing will prove futile.

Another negative consideration in favor of faith, emphasized by Romanes, is the misery of human nature without religion, without God.

"It is thoroughly miserable. . . . Some men are not conscious of the cause of this misery; this, however, does not prevent the fact of being miserable. For the most part they conceal the fact as well as possible from themselves, by occupying their minds with society, sport, frivolity of all kinds, or, if intellectually disposed, with science, art, literature, business, etc. This, however, is but to fill the starving belly with husks. I know from experience the intellectual distractions of scientific research, philosophical speculation, and artistic pleasures; but am also well aware that even when all are taken together and well sweetened to taste, in respect of consequent reputation, means, social position, etc., the whole concoction is but as high confectionery to a starving man. He may cheat himself for a time—especially if he be a strong man—into the belief that he is denying himself by denying his natural appetite; but soon finds he was made for some altogether different kind of food, even though of much less tastefulness as far as the palate is concerned.

"Some men, indeed, never acknowledge this articulately or distinctly even to themselves, yet always show it plainly enough to others. Take, *e. g.*, 'that last infirmity of noble minds.' I suppose the least carnal of worldly joys consists in the adequate recognition by the world of high achievement by ourselves. Yet it is notorious that—

> "'It is by God decreed
> Fame shall not satisfy the highest need.'

It has been my lot to know not a few of the famous men of our generation, and I have always observed that this is profoundly true. Like all other 'moral' satisfactions, this soon palls by custom, and as soon as one end of distinction is reached, another is pined for. There is no finality to rest in, while disease and death are always standing in the background. Custom may even blind men to their own misery, so far as not to make them realize what is wanting; yet the want is there.

"I take it then as unquestionably true that this whole negative side of the subject proves a vacuum in the soul of man which nothing can fill save faith in God" (p. 151).

This is very strong language, and the statements of Mr. Romanes, which cannot be disputed, make it plain that religion alone makes life worth living; that the only alternative of faith is pessimism.

There is a positive as well as a negative side to the question; which is, namely, that whereas nothing else can fill the vacuum of misery in human nature, religion does fill it, as is proved by the testimony of millions of men, among whom are included the *élite* of mankind in respect to moral goodness.

"Now take the positive side. Consider the happiness of religious—and chiefly of the highest religious, *i. e.*, Christian—belief. It is a matter of fact that besides being most intense, it is most enduring, growing, and never staled by custom. In short, according to the universal testimony of those who have it, it differs from all other happiness not only in degree but in kind. Those who have it can usually testify to what they used to be without it. It has no relation to intellectual status. It is a thing by itself, and supreme.

"So much for the individual. But positive evidence does not end here. Look at the effects of Christian belief as exercised on human society—1st, by individual Christians on the family, etc.; and 2d, by the Christian Church on the world.

"All this may lead on to an argument from the adaptation of Christianity to human higher needs. All men must feel these needs more or less in proportion as their higher natures, moral and spiritual, are developed. Now, Christianity is the only religion which is adapted to meet them, and according to those who are alone able to testify, does so most abundantly. All these men, of every sect, nationality, etc., agree in their account of their subjective experience; so as to this there can be no question. The only question is as to whether they are all deceived.

"Peu de Chose.

"'La vie est vaine:
Un peu d'amour
Un peu de haine:
Et puis—bon jour!

'La vie est brève:
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rève:
Et puis—bon soir!'"

For the benefit of those who do not read French, I give the following free version, a literal one in verse being impossible:

Vain is our life:
One loving sigh,
One moment's strife:
And then, good-by!

Our life doth seem,
Hope's transient light
In one brief dream:
And then, good-night!

"The above is a terse and true criticism of this life without hope of a future one. Is it satisfactory? But Christian faith, as a matter of fact, changes it entirely.

"'The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of a whole world dies
With the setting sun.

'The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.'

Love is known to be all this. How great, then, is Christianity, as being the religion of love, and causing men to believe both in the cause of love's supremacy and the infinity of God's love to man" (p. 152).

Here is another extract in the same strain and bearing upon the same point with the foregoing:

"It is on all sides worth considering (blatant ignorance or base vulgarity alone excepted) that the revolution effected by Christianity in human life is immeasurable and unparalleled by any other movement in history; though most nearly approached by that of the Jewish religion, of which, however, it is a development, so that it may be regarded as of a piece with it. If thus regarded, this whole system of religion is so immeasurably in advance of all others, that it may fairly be said, if it had not been for the Jews, the human race would not have had any religion worth our serious attention as such. The whole of that side of human nature would never have been developed in civilized life. And although there are numberless individuals

who are not conscious of its development in themselves, yet even these have been influenced to an enormous extent by the atmosphere of religion around them.

"But not only is Christianity thus so immeasurably in advance of all other religions. It is no less so of every other system of thought that has ever been promulgated in regard to all that is moral and spiritual. Whether it be true or false, it is certain that neither philosophy, science, nor poetry has ever produced results in thought, conduct, or beauty in any degree to be compared to it. This, I think, will be allowed on all hands as regards conduct. As regards thought and beauty, it may be disputed. But, consider, what has all the science, or all the philosophy of the world, done for the thought of mankind to be compared with the one doctrine, 'God is love'? Whether or not true, conceive what belief in it has been to thousands of millions of our race—*i. e.*, its influence on human thought and thence on human conduct. Thus to admit its incomparable influence on conduct is indirectly to admit it as regards thought. Again, as regards beauty, the man who fails to see its incomparable excellence in this respect merely shows his own deficiency in the appreciation of all that is noblest in man. True or not true, the entire Story of the Cross, from its commencement in prophetic aspiration to its culmination in the Gospel, is by far the most magnificent in literature. And surely the fact of its having all been lived does not detract from its poetic value. Nor does the fact of its being capable of appropriation by the individual Christian of to-day as still a vital religion detract from its sublimity. Only to a man wholly destitute of spiritual perception can it be that Christianity should fail to appear the greatest exhibition of the beautiful, the sublime, and of all else that appeals to our spiritual nature which has ever been known upon our earth" (p. 159).

The explanations and quotations already given may suffice to show the general trend of the path which Mr. Romanes trod on his return to Christian belief.

I must not be understood as approving or in any way apologizing for what he calls pure agnosticism, to which, so far as appears from his writings, he adhered to the end. He shows that the impure agnosticism of Spencer is self-contradictory. His own pure agnosticism is equally so. He defines it, after Huxley, as "an attitude of reasoned ignorance touching everything that lies beyond the sphere of sense-perception—a profound inability to found valid belief on any other basis."

Now, he does proceed to lay the foundation of a valid belief in Theism and Christianity on another basis. He does this by reasoning, and by sound, conclusive arguments. But they are in a diametrical contradiction to his agnostic principle.

No one is better fitted than Dr. Mivart, the thorough scientist and the thorough philosopher, to pronounce a judgment upon agnosticism. Here is what he says:

"Agnostics may prate of morality and 'altruism'; let them show us some examples of it in practice. Till then let them keep silence and cease to do the devil's work by unjustifiable negations, and by throwing doubt upon that knowledge which is the necessary antecedent and accompaniment of all rational well-doing. On the other hand, let those who are puzzled and confused by such sophistries take confidence. Agnosticism is evil to the core and full of diabolical malignity, but its wickedness all but fades from our gaze when contrasted with its amazing, its unutterable absurdity." *

I have said at the beginning of this article that one cause of the early aberrations of Romanes was the lack of sound philosophy at Oxford.

In the admirable article from which I have quoted Dr. Mivart insists very emphatically upon the necessity of cultivating philosophy as an antidote to the poison of agnosticism, and a prophylactic, a kind of intellectual quinine to guard young minds from the malaria arising from this swamp. While writing on this head he speaks as follows of the Catholic University at Washington:

"A new university, full of promise, has also, by Pontifical favor and support, happily begun its operations in the Rome of the new world—Washington. There also philosophy will enjoy the consideration it deserves, and has begun to prepare the way for the various physical and historical sciences which are to follow. It is, of course, manifestly necessary that every kind should ultimately find its home there. . . . These matters, however, we only glance at in passing. It is the question of philosophy which concerns us now, and we desire to record our supreme satisfaction at the circumstance that these two independent institutions (the new schools of Washington and Louvain) have been initiated to grapple with the philosophic follies of the day, the folly of those who, while opposing Theism, 'profess themselves to be wise.' Our main object in writing

* Art. "Professing Themselves to be Wise they become Fools," *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, April, 1891.

the present article is to arouse young men who will receive benefits from the Catholic University of the United States to exert themselves in two ways: (1) By an unmistakable pre-eminence in some branch of empirical science, and (2) by ability to make use of a thorough knowledge of philosophy. . . .

"In refuting the Agnostic systems of negation, we are far from professing ourselves to be wise. We but follow humbly in the wake of the great series of thinkers and teachers who, from Aristotle, through Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas, Duns Scotus, to Leo XIII., have upheld one philosophy essentially consentient and absolutely consistent with itself. . . . We confidently look forward to the delivery of many successful assaults on the Agnostic position from present or future students of the new Catholic University of Washington."

I heartily concur in all that Dr. Mivart says on this topic. The Catholic University is now about entering on a new and enlarged sphere of operation with the opening of McMahon Hall, and I fervently hope that the prognostics of Dr. Mivart will be amply fulfilled.

The signs are most auspicious that a mighty refluent tide is setting in toward religion, Christianity, and Catholicism. One of these signs is the conversion of men like Littré, Palgrave, and Romanes. May they be the precursors of a crowd of similar converts! The eighteenth century was an age of infidelity and revolution. The nineteenth century has been an age of science. We may hope that the twentieth century will be an age of science, reconstruction, and faith.

Basilica of Ste. Anne d'Auray.

THE SHRINE OF ST. ANN.

WHILE we hear a great deal—and rightly so—of our American pilgrimage of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, comparatively few in this country know anything of its European ancestress, of the mother shrine in the Old World which the Breton sailors, mindful of home and its associations, had in view when, tossed by the storms of the Atlantic, they promised "la bonne Sainte Anne" that if she saved them from the seas they would erect in her honor, and on the very spot where they would land, a new shrine on this distant shore. Saint Ann heard the prayers of her children: we possess our beautiful sanctuary under her protection, which bids fair to become for Canada and the New World what Sainte Anne d'Auray is for Brittany and the Old—the nucleus of the devotion to the mother of the Blessed Virgin.

The beloved of those we love are always dear to us; can Mary's mother, therefore, fail to awaken in every Catholic heart a particular and filial interest? Come, let us make together a pilgrimage to her celebrated shrine in the otherwise obscure little village of the primitive and melancholy province of Brittany, whose severe aspect seems reflected in the character of her people. We shall not avail ourselves of the modern means of travel, but, like true pilgrims of old, take up our staff and mingle in one of the processions which on every 25th of July,

eve of the saint's feast-day, journey towards Auray, the Mecca of Brittany; to which, according to a local tradition, every Breton must go once, if not in this life in the other:

"C'est notre Mère à tous; mort ou vivant dit-on,
A Sainte Anne, une fois, doit aller tout Breton."

We shall see along the way much that is touching and beautiful; much, too, that will seem strange to our American eyes, unaccustomed as they usually are to these outward demonstrations of devotion. Where shall be our starting-point, the banks of the Loire, a fishermen's village on the sea-coast, or a town on the borders of sunny Normandy? It matters little, for in any case our route and our companions will be quaint and interesting. We have joined, then, one of the bands of pilgrims representing a parish and led by the curé and his assistants, bearing their richest banners and preceded by an acolyte carrying a large crucifix; then follow the religious orders, the sodalities and confraternities wearing their habit or badge, and finally the body of the parishioners, of all ages and conditions of life, the rich and the poor, the old peasant who perhaps is making the journey for the last time, and the infant still in his mother's arms, who strains his eyes to catch a first glimpse of the beautiful golden statue which has been described to him.

Now truly we are in Brittany; not, however, it seems to us, the Brittany of the nineteenth century, but in that of long ago, of those remote ages with which such *fêtes* are associated in our minds. This sturdy peasant in front of us, with flowing hair and serious countenance, with arms folded across his breast, half concealing his embroidered waistcoat which surmounts his knickerbockers—is he not a Celt of long ago come to life again? Look at this short skirt, this 'kerchief, this high fantastic *coiffe* raised like a pyramid; this other one, with its long, wing-like ends falling on the shoulders—are they not relics of a past growing every day more remote? As we look at the quaint figures around us and listen to the rise and fall of the voices in some hymn or canticle we recall, perhaps, another pilgrimage we have made to an even more famous shrine and imagine for an instant we are about to revisit it, but a glance before us tells us that it is not Lourdes but Auray we are approaching. Not that the country has not a charm of its own, for it is grand in and by its very wildness and ruggedness. On every side stretches the moorland, low, monotonous, heath-covered, dark in spite of the July sun overhead, and broken here and there by tiny hamlets, with their inevitable apple

orchards, or by a few of the diminutive cattle of the country; the white road in front of us seems to ascend in zigzag to meet the sky, while far, far to the westward is a faint streak of gray which we know to be the ocean.

The ocean! What a world of meaning the word possesses on these primitive shores, where the mighty monster plays such a part in the existence of the people; where so many are nursed, live and die upon its bosom, where all through their lives is heard its melancholy music, as their cradle-song, their hymn, and their dirge. The French navy is manned in a great measure by the sons of this loyal and Catholic province. In our pilgrim-band are many whose weather-beaten faces would reveal their avocation did not their costume unmistakably do so; rude fishermen who have braved many a storm; who, perhaps, are now on their way to thank Saint Ann for a safe return from some perilous voyage to the coast of Iceland or Newfoundland, the favorite rendezvous of Breton fishing-boats, the grave ofttimes, too, of many of their crews.

The sun begins to decline towards the horizon; we have passed many villages, for the most part picturesque but poor and none too clean-looking, and as our shadows lengthen along the road we wonder if the end of our journey can be much further off, or if our companions, as they plod on so bravely to the rhythm of their voices, feel no sense of fatigue as we do. We are thinking these things, when suddenly the chant ceases, and, as if at a given signal, the entire band kneels upon the dusty road, their heads reverently bowed down, their hearts uplifted in prayer—they have caught a first glimpse of the statue of their protectress which crowns the basilica; Saint Ann has smiled upon them from afar. Our pace quickens and the tiny speck we beheld just now, shining in the sunlight, grows perceptibly. Soon we descry other processions than ours, and some familiar hymn or canticle is born to our ears across the heath by a faint evening breeze. Then before us, in the shadow of the beautiful sanctuary and grouped around it as if for protection, lie the houses of the little town. As we come nearer we see that its streets are full to overflowing with people coming, going, and speaking to each other, the greater part of them, at least, in their native Celtic tongue. Although every cottage and hut will be strained to its utmost capacity to-night, many, after the fatigue of the day's travel, will be obliged to camp in the fields under the canopy of the summer firmament. Nothing daunted by this, these true pilgrims of Saint Ann, like the Israelites of old, pitch their tents on the plain in front

of the promised land; while we, degenerate children of great ancestors, go in search of the only modern hotel in the town, beyond the purse of most of our brother wayfarers. Thence, after refreshing ourselves, we wander out through the narrow streets to obtain a better view of the basilica than we can possibly have to-morrow, when it will be crowded to overflowing, and when the grand and solemn rites of the church will claim our attention. There it stands, an imposing granite structure, in the style of the Renaissance as it was treated during the reign of Louis XIII., a monument worthy of its object and of the love and homage of the Breton people. Let us enter. Extending in the shape of a Latin cross, with its marble columns, its altars, its sculptures and its paintings, it is indeed an imposing edifice. With true Catholic instinct we seek first

LA SCALA SANCTA, AT AURAY.

the high altar, and, before making a tour of inspection around the church, offer our adoration to the hidden Presence therein. The marble of this altar was presented by Pius IX. This truly noble gift was taken from the Emporium, where the Roman emperors deposited marbles brought from foreign countries, and, as the inscription states, was brought there during the reign of Domitian. The floor of the sanctuary is a rich mosaic, the communion rail is sculptured in Parian marble and Alpine granite. But we scarcely notice these artistic gems when we are told that this little monument near the altar marks the spot where, more than two hundred years ago, Yves Nicolazic, the

humble instrument of God's designs in this obscure corner of France, discovered the miraculous statue of Saint Ann.

Great things often come from little beginnings. As in the history of Lourdes, La Salette, and our own Guadalupe, so here we find a simple and unlettered peasant chosen by Heaven as a witness of its manifestations. Gratitude, say the French, is the memory of the heart; the good Bretons may be said to possess this quality, for during ten centuries they guarded and cherished the remembrance of favors received in a little chapel, erected in remote ages in their midst, in honor of the mother of the Blessed Virgin, and which disappeared in the seventh century. Its site was regarded as sacred, and the laborer in cultivating the field of Bocenno stopped his oxen at the spot, as his father had done before him, and as he taught his son to do after him. In the long winter evenings, when the women sat spinning and the men talking by the fireside, the simple villagers often expressed the belief and the hope that Saint Ann would revisit them, and that she would once more be honored as she had been by her favorite children. They were not disappointed. In 1623 Nicolazic first saw the "Majestic Lady, enveloped in the folds of her luminous draperies and bearing in her hand a lighted taper." After several such apparitions, she at last addressed him thus: "I am Ann, Mother of Mary; tell your pastor that in the piece of land called Bocenno there stood formerly, even before the existence of the village, a chapel dedicated to me. It was the first in this country, and it is nine hundred and twenty-four years and six months since it was destroyed. I desire to have it rebuilt as soon as possible. God wishes me to be honored there." The apparition vanished. Nicolazic went as directed to his pastor, who, treating him as a dreamer and a visionary, advised him not to allow himself to be deceived by the demon.

Yves was troubled, but prayed much. The apparitions continued; so did the persecutions he suffered on account of them, until other witnesses, adding their testimony to his, succeeded in convincing the curé, and through him the bishop of the diocese, of the veracity of his statements. Still the ecclesiastical authorities hesitated before giving their consent to commence a chapel which, like so many others, might soon be abandoned. There remained too the question of procuring the means with which to fulfil the saint's request. The means were not long wanting. Nicolazic awoke one morning to find on the table by his bed-side a pile of gold coins, which he hastened to carry to his incredulous pastor, and one of which is still to be seen in

the Carmelite convent in Auray. A final apparition took place on the night of March 7, 1624, when the "Beautiful Lady" directed Nicolazic to take with him some of his neighbors and follow a light that would lead them to something valuable as a proof to the world of the truth of his assertions. Yves obeying, followed the celestial guide to the very spot on which we stand, where, upon digging some distance below the surface, he found a piece of statuary, about three feet high, representing the saint leading the Blessed Virgin, who is pointing heavenward.

Considering the time it had lain there, since the seventh century, it was in a wonderful state of preservation, the extremities alone being destroyed. After a rigid examination Yves was permitted to begin a humble wooden oratory, in which a box covered with a white cloth served both as altar and as a pedestal for the statue. Such was the first chapel of Saint Ann, lowly like the stable at Bethlehem, poor like its architect, who lived, however, to see his *Bonne Maîtresse* honored in a more fitting sanctuary, and to behold the completion of a larger and more commodious chapel, which occupied the spot until 1867, when, unable any longer to contain the multitudes which thronged to it, it disappeared to give place to the lofty temple in which we stand.

As we pass on to the altar of Saint Ann, and pay homage to all that remains of the miraculous statue, we think of how many have done so before us, of the numberless pilgrims who come from far and wide to ask some grace or blessing, and of the countless favors that have been here dispensed.

The light is fading within the great basilica; we know that the long summer twilight must come to an end ere long, and that we can afford but a glance at the other eleven altars, each of which is a gem in itself. They are dedicated to the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, St. Joachim, St. John the Baptist, St. Elizabeth, St. Peter, etc. That of St. Yves, in the vestibule, detains us longer, for in a vault under it lie the remains of Saint Ann's apostle, the good Nicolazic. How happy must he be when, looking down from above, he counts the crowds who pass in to do honor to his beloved patroness!

We have admired the grand mural painting in the sanctuary, have stood in admiration before the splendid gallery of windows representing events in the lives of our Saviour, the Blessed Virgin, and Saint Ann, yet we turn with more emotion still to another gallery, less artistic indeed, but more eloquent than the other: the plaques of marble that cover the walls, the rude paintings which relate such touching tales, the oars, the swords,

the canes, the crutches, hung here and there, possess a depth of feeling often wanting in more pretentious works of art; they tell us of the goodness of Saint Ann and of the love of her children; they tell us that sailors and soldiers come to pray in this sanctuary, and that, at the end of this century of scepticism and atheism, the light of Faith still shines as brightly as ever in the hearts of these true sons of the church.

We cannot leave without a glimpse of the treasure-room, behind the sacristy. We are shown the relic of Saint Ann, given by Louis XIII., and the papers verifying its authenticity; the reliquary, containing another of the same saint, presented by the Empress Eugénie; a stone from St. Ann's Church in Jerusalem, from the French consul to that city in 1861; two chalices

FOUNTAIN AT STE. ANNE D'AURAY.

from Pius IX.; a piece of the true cross from Monsignor Garnier, formerly Bishop of Vannes. Here, too, are worldly ornaments, insignia of rank and honor, placed at the feet of the saint; crosses of the Legion, decorations of all kinds, swords of Christian soldiers, that of General de Charette, the brave old warrior who has now laid it down for ever. It bears the arms and the motto of Brittany, "*Potius mori quam feodari*" (Rather die than betray). Monsignor de Ségur, who loved St. Ann so well, gave to her treasury a white soutane worn by Pius IX. in the thirty-first year of his pontificate and a pen used by the same Holy Father just before his death. This chasuble was given by Ann of Austria, this ostensory by the Duchess of Angoulême.

The shadows have gathered within the vast basilica, and, as we pass through it on our way out, it seems to us loftier, grander than before, for the outlines of its columns are lost in the twilight, and its vaulted roof, which re-echoes our footsteps, has become invisible in the gloom. With a short prayer before the tabernacle, and a "Good-night" to St. Ann, we pass out into the warm July evening. Out there, beyond the houses, the weary pilgrims, for whom—as of old for the Saviour and his Mother—"there is no room in the inn," are sleeping, secure and happy, under the protection of their patroness. We too soon follow their example and are lost in slumber, murmuring softly as we fall asleep "St. Ann, pray for us!" The dreams of the night are more a reality to us than the events of the next morning. The grandeur of the edifice, the solemnity of the always awe-inspiring Sacrifice of the Mass; the reverence of those thousands of communicants, the quaint costumes illumined by rays of every hue which stream in upon them through the stained windows; the deep tones of the mighty organ blending with the chanting of the Te Deum; the moving accents of the pastor of this multitude, the Bishop of Vannes—all this forms a whole to be felt, not described. Did we pray? We cannot remember having repeated a single vocal prayer, but our hearts were uplifted as they rarely are, adoring, thanking, entreating for ourselves, for our dear ones, for our country, for the church, for Christianity; it was, perhaps, the most fervent prayer of our lives. Enough, enough! we cry; we will leave while this emotion is still upon us, while this scene is yet before our eyes; we will take back the recollection of it to our daily occupations, to the too-absorbing business of the world, unimpaired by later impressions. We but took a glimpse at the fountain of St. Ann, near which the first apparition to Nicolazic took place, and whose waters have brought relief and health to many a sufferer, and at the Scala Sancta, which contains in one of its columns a piece of the Pillar of the Flagellation, and whose steps pilgrims ascend upon their knees. Another time we may wander back to this quaint old province to visit the Celtic remains at Carnac, the Champ des Martyrs where, after the defeat of Quibéron, nearly one thousand of the remnant of the royal army were shot by order of the Convention. Interesting as these and other places of historic association may be in themselves, we should now fail to appreciate them—we should have seen them first. We go then, bringing with us, let us hope, a more filial confidence in her whom our Mother in Heaven calls by that tenderest of names.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

BY J. H. L.

ALL night the rain has been falling in drizzling showers, and as day breaks the view of sky and ocean is gloomy and depressing. Along the low stretch of sands, which under the sunlight look cheerful and glistening, the waves are sweeping up with a dull, sluggish swash.

It is a day for gloomy introspection, with its consequent lowering of spirits and lessening of courage, and a loneliness that is in harmony with the scene clings to the form of the man who is sauntering along the water-line. Now he walks a few paces, then stands in thoughtful mood digging deep down with his stick into the shifting sands. "What is the use of it?" he murmurs; "what's the use of dragging on day after day in disappointment? And yet what is the satisfaction or gain coming from putting an end to it? If I were, with my want of belief in an after-life, one of those who are said to be 'up to date,' I would write a stupid letter of farewell, fold my coat neatly, lay it here on the sand with my letter pinned to it, make one plunge—no, I'd be obliged to wade out quite a distance, it's too shallow—feel the water creeping up, up, till it surged in my ears, and then when I'd wish to get to land again find I couldn't because of cramp—and so it would end. Then would follow my picture in the papers, sensational stories headed: Suicide of John Wayton, son of Henry Wayton, the patentee and millionaire philanthropist; next would be a verdict of insanity to soften it all for the père. Perhaps he would show up and do the paternal with a few tears and so on. Then would come the funeral, with all its attendant mockeries; he'd have me in church dead, when he couldn't succeed in keeping me there living; there would be the ordinary amount of pious gush in preaching and singing, flowers to perfume my poor dead flesh, then a grave, and maybe a monument. 'Pon my word it would be worth trying, if one could but enjoy the luxury of seeing as well as doing it all. On the whole I think it wouldn't do; it's too ordinary, too common. I'll have to introduce a change in the fashion of doing of disappointed men—I'll con-

tinue to live." Here he ceases to speak, and chuckling quietly at his own gruesome attempts at wit, he walks back from the sands towards the high wall of stone that raises the road-bed above the level of the water.

A change comes over his face now and drives away all sarcasm and amusement, leaving only sadness in their place, and again he voices his sombre thoughts. "What a life mine is that I should wish it to continue! Chapter after chapter of its story closes in gloom and coldness, and now this last chapter is more gloomy and disappointing than all the others. As a boy I had some peace and comfort; mother was living and watching kindly and gently over me. Had she lived longer than she did, I don't think my nature would have given out so rank a growth. But she was taken while I was yet a child, and there was no one to fill her place, and so ended chapter first. Then came twelve long, weary years of school with its boarding-house arrangements; so much time for this, so much for that. Always strangers! Never one of my own, not even Alf; what was father thinking of? Why didn't he give me the consolation of having my own brother with me—at least that? No; love went out from our lives with mother's death, and we were to be brought up practically, by incubation, I might say. I was to be a preacher, and gratify my father's love of display by filling the pulpit in some ultra-refined church in his beloved city. So off to an Episcopal school I must go and imbibe, from boyhood upwards, the amount of knowledge of theology, good form, and accent requisite for a minister of that eminently proper church. Meanwhile Alf, poor fellow! was brought up to be a partner with, and successor to, father in all his business concerns. Poor Alf! I say, and may well say it. Why, he is to-day in a worse state than I am. How he would laugh if he heard that! He imagines himself to be eminently successful—he with a heart running by a system of cogs and wheels, a mind occupied by steam and electricity, and hands ever grasping for money, while eyes are strained to search out new ways of making it. Poor fellow! I say again; how he did try to advise me when the smash-up came about. 'Preach, Jack,' said he; 'what the deuce do you care what you preach on? I go there Sunday after Sunday. It pleases father, and it's a good place to rest the mind, or even to plan out things; then the singing is not half bad. But do you think I bother about what the reverend rector is saying? The only time I pay any attention is when he starts in to improve politics and all that, at which time

I am inclined to tell him to learn a little about such things before he begins to teach. Preach away on anything; take up the latest fad, the new novel, and talk away till something newer comes out. Why, my boy, you've got to do it; the père wishes it, and without his help or your salary you can't very well get on. You have been hitched in those traces, taught to walk or run according to their guidance, and it's too late to be kicking over them now.' Again I say, I prefer to be as I am than to be in Alf's place. Ah! what a shiver passes over me at the thought of those days. Me in a pulpit! I can see myself standing there with the heavy odor of hot-house flowers stifling me, looking down on a collection of set, high-bred faces and forms adorned with the finest and latest display of dress and millinery that could be found in all the city—for St. Goth's is the church of the favored ones of earth. I talked to them and at them, and it didn't please them to be so addressed; they had a nice, placid surface, and my talk served only to make that surface turgid by stirring up the mud that lay beneath. The rector thought it well to caution me: 'Never mind revival methods, dear Mr. Wayton; be more moderate.' Ha! he'd have rid himself of me sooner than I went, if father did not have so much power in the vestry. I descended from that pulpit, tried other churches, read and listened to advanced thinkers and preachers, began to pick flaws in the Bible, and wound up by losing all belief in Christianity. Bah, what a chimera is this same Christianity! How it comes up again and again in one's life, seeming to have only one thing in view, namely, to make one wretched!

"That chapter in my life's story closed. Another opened here in this little city of Storwell. I was determined to let father see I have some strength of character in me, despite the fact that I would not be a minister 'made to order.' Here I have spent five years, advancing gradually in my employer's favor until I have at last reached a place that is not altogether bad. And now comes this last and worst blow of all. Like the clouds drifting above there in the skies, the clouds of disappointment go moving onward over my life, hiding the sunlight from me and making all dark and dreary below. Will I ever see the silver lining of those same clouds, I wonder?"

All cynicism has gone from his face now, leaving grief and discontent thereon. He rises from the wall on which he has been sitting during his musings, and saunters in a drooping, spiritless way toward the town.

II.

John Wayton really seemed to deserve more kindness from Providence than he had thus far received. He was earnest and sincere, and his earnestness and sincerity were the very qualities that were stumbling-blocks in his path through life. He could not smother the good instincts that were strong within him. His calling a spade by its proper name had made him disliked by those who were accustomed to tone down the rigor of plain speech. The account he gives of himself to-day tells sufficiently well what his career so far has been. Let us, however, open up the chapter that has been the latest in his life-story, and follow it as far as we can.

John's life had been, until recently, untouched by love; but it has come to him at last. He had met Agnes Seery some months ago at an evening gathering in the home of one of his friends, and he was attracted by her quiet, well-bred manner of speaking and, above all, by her display of intelligence and good sense. Since that time he met her often—in fact whenever and wherever he could—until it became clear to him that he could not live happily without her continual companionship. When he was with her his bitterness and cynicism found no vent—life seemed better and brighter to him. Last night he allowed himself to show his feelings and declared his love. He had met her on her way homewards from the rooms where she taught music all day, and as they walked along, chatting on one thing or another, a feeling swept over him that he must speak, no matter what might happen, and speak he did in his own abrupt way.

"Miss Seery, may I venture to hope that my constant attention to you has not escaped your notice?"

"Why, Mr. Wayton, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I am blunt about it, I suppose, but none the less in earnest. You must have noticed that I have followed you about constantly for the past half-year. Do you like me to do this? Do—do you love me? There now, it's out, thank goodness!"

"Do you always propose in this matter-of-fact fashion, Mr. Wayton?" asked Agnes, smiling and blushing.

"Miss Seery—Agnes—please don't laugh at me. This is not an ordinary occurrence with me. Answer—do you or don't you care enough for me to give heed to my question?"

"Are you serious, Mr. Wayton?"

"Can you imagine anything else?"

"Well, I must say you have surprised me. Like yourself, I am unaccustomed to proposals and never gave such things a thought in connection with you or any one else?"

"But answer me, now that I have spoken—do you care for me?"

"As a friend—yes. In any other light I cannot say; the whole affair is too new, too surprising, for me to answer hastily."

"Is not this something like trifling?"

"Trifling, Mr. Wayton! Have you a right to say that to me? Have I, in my manner of acting toward you, led you to think that I was encouraging you? Don't you think you go too far?" Agnes was high-spirited, and in fact did not like the turn a hitherto harmless conversation had taken.

"Forgive me, Miss Seery! I know I am too blunt. But let me tell you my story, and I am sure you will understand why it is I have not the same way other men have. My life has been dreary, and you have come into it, it seems to me, to cheer and brighten it, whether you are willing or not." Here he poured out his story of loveless boyhood, empty youth, and disappointed manhood, Agnes listening attentively and at many parts of it showing sympathy in her face and manner.

When he ceased to speak she did not break silence, save to say, "Thank you, Mr. Wayton, for your confidence; you may rest assured I will respect it." This was all, and as they walked along side-by-side she continued to think deeply on all that he had told her.

Finally she spoke quietly and firmly. "Mr. Wayton, let me say to you what I think about your story. I can sympathize with you in many things, I think; but you make the whole world too cold. You have become so filled with one idea that you are prone to be morbid and selfish. You blame your father, who may have been mistaken, indeed, even though he meant well. You despise your brother, who spoke according to his lights. Why don't you blame yourself? The world is not as cold as you would make it out to be; there are warm-hearted people enough in it, I think." Agnes now paused, and then, gently still yet more firmly, continued: "One thing strikes me more forcibly than all the rest in your story, and in the light of that, even were I certain that I loved you, I would not consent to be your wife. You have smothered up in your soul all religious instincts, as far as you could, so that now you take a pride in calling yourself an

unbeliever. Why, Mr. Wayton, consider what *I* am—a Catholic, an intense Catholic, who love my religion above aught else on earth."

"Catholic, Miss Seery? You a Catholic!"

"Is there anything so surprising in that, Mr. Wayton?"

"But Catholics are so benighted, so ignorant, and you—again I ask your forgiveness, Miss Seery. But really, are not most Catholics ignorant?"

"You *are* amusing! We might know more than we do, no doubt; but I don't think we are alone in that matter. Did you never meet Catholics before? Are you so ignorant of their mental and moral qualities as all that?"

"Well, Miss Seery, excuse my ignorance, and remember that I never have come in contact with any one who could or would give me information in this matter."

"And when you were casting about during your soul's tempest, did you never think of the true 'Bark of Peter'?"

"If you mean the Romish Church, neither then nor now have I given it a thought."

"How, then, since you have so good an opinion of me, will you explain my being a Catholic?"

"In the same way in which I would explain many Protestants' adherence to their church—it is a matter of self-persuasion. I think, however, *they* are more justifiable in their belief, which is within the scope of their own reasoning, while that of Catholics is narrow and circumscribed by the dictation of others."

"Again you transgress, Mr. Wayton. However I am charitable and will ascribe it all to your lack of knowledge of my religion." Agnes was during the last few words of their conversation standing at the gate of her father's house. "Good-evening," she now said, holding out her hand, as though she considered the subject well exhausted.

"Good-by, Miss Seery; another disappointment has come to me."

III.

You can now understand in what state of mind John Wayton was. He considered everything to be at an end between himself and Agnes Seery, because his mind was too deeply imbued with unjust and ignorant ideas of Catholicism to cast out prejudice, even when it, prejudice, was opposed by love. He had never given her religious views a thought; nay more, as she never spoke about religion, he would be likely to

say, if the question of her belief arose, that she was too sensible to have any views. Alfred, his brother, would have acted differently, were he put in the same place. He would have told Agnes that she might keep her religious views; she might continue being a Catholic, and he would continue loving her; and deep down in his soul he would have hidden a determination to win her over from so antiquated, unprogressive, and unfashionable a faith as Romanism seemed to him to be. John could not do this, and so this morning he had risen early after a sleepless night, and had gone down to the beach to think it all out and indulge his misery. And thus he carried a heavy, hopeless heart with him as he went up the hilly road that led to the town.

He took up his daily grind of work in the bank, where he was book-keeper, with a lowness of spirit that had not been upon him for many days. His task, which before he met Agnes had been a mere task, had become, after he knew her, almost a labor of love. Those ponderous ledgers meant a good salary, and a good salary helped him to indulge in bright dreams of a home and comforts for Agnes. But all these dreams had passed, and to-day the rows of figures danced before his eyes, while his head ached with a dull throbbing pain. "Oh, I could throw the confounded things through yonder window!" he said. "If it were not for the looks of the thing, I would throw up the place and leave town. But I have some pride yet, and I'll stand my ground."

Some few days passed, one as wearisome as the other. He did not see Agnes during this time. Love, pride, and prejudice were involved in an unequally divided contest in his being. Love would whisper: "Go up to the Renway Library; this is the time when she is generally there, looking over the new books and magazines." Pride would say: "No, no; she did not seem to think your declaration of love worth a thought, especially when you looked for kindness, at least, after telling your story." Then Prejudice would step in: "Yes, and more than that, she began to taunt you with her blind old Romish faith. Keep away from her, and you will soon forget her." "Forget her!" was Love's whisper; "never." So the contest would wage within his breast until heart and brain would ache. Still he kept away from the places where they had formerly met.

It was on Monday that he had this eventful talk with Agnes, and on Thursday, just at dusk, he set out for a walk,

determined to shake off his miserable feelings. As he went along Elm Street he saw a church-door wide open; he saw many people streaming in through it, and looking up to the trim little tower that pointed up from the side of the building, he saw the cross standing out dimly against the darkening sky. An organ was sending forth strains of soft, sweet music that reached him through the open door.

"Perhaps this is a Catholic church," he thought. "I will go in and see some of the doings that have so great an attraction for her." He entered the church in a diffident, hesitating way, and sat back under the gallery. Some lights were burning dimly in the body of the church, but up at a small altar there was a pleasing arrangement of lights and flowers around a statue of the Madonna. It was May-time, and the people were there to show their love and devotion for Mary, the Mother of Christ. He felt like going out, as he began gradually to comprehend the significance of the lighted altar and the people gathered before it; this was a specimen of that very idolatry of which he had read. They were actually preparing to adore a plaster statue!

A determination to see it out came over him, and just then he saw a tall figure, clad in cassock and surplice, passing across the sanctuary to the altar and kneeling there. He knew it must be the priest who was to conduct the services. The music, which had been stealing out softly through the shadows of the church, now assumed a stronger volume and sounded out the opening strains of a hymn, which was taken up by a chorus of sweet, girlish voices. He had often in the old days listened to Madame Godin's rich, powerful contralto pouring out grand arias in St. Goth's, but never had her fine cultured voice aroused him as did those sweet, fresh tones of the children's voices in the gallery above him. He moved silently to a vacant seat beyond the space of the gallery, and listened with all his soul. The words themselves did not seem to strike him so forcibly; it was the music breathing faith, hope, and love in its every sound. He knew they were words of prayer and praise, offered to her whose statue was brightened by the lights before him. He forgot his prejudices now and attended eagerly to everything.

The children's voices ceased, and the organ sank in softer and softer tones into silence. And now the priest arose from his knees, and, turning to the people, spoke to them quietly and devoutly on their duty to God and their fellow-men. Pass-

ing from that point, he showed them the part Mary takes in the performance of those duties, exhorting them to implore her aid in all their difficulties regarding those duties, as God hearkens more readily to her than to men on earth.

As he was ending his instruction he said: "If any one should ask you whence you can find authority in the Bible for your devotion to the Mother of Christ, refer them to the accounts of the sanctification of John the Baptist, the joy of holy Simeon, the miracle of Cana in Galilee; tell him, moreover, that it is not to the Bible you look for all your acts of devotion, as many of them, and no doubt this one of devotion to Mary, were practised in the Christian Church before the Gospels even were all written."

A ray of light entered John Wayton's soul at those words, and a cold sweat beaded his brow. "What does he mean by speaking of the church previous to the existence of the Gospels?" he asked himself. "Can I have been blind all these years to the truth? It was the insufficiency of the Bible that forced me to lose my belief in Christianity. Can there be anything logical in this tradition of which Catholics are said to make an abuse?"

As these thoughts surged through his mind, stirring him to unrest, the silence was again broken as the organ sent out the sweet strains of a prelude. Then came two soft voices singing in a harmony that was exquisite. He thought he had never heard more touching notes, and the words, which he heard distinctly, suited the notes:

"Ave sanctissima, we lift our souls to thee;
Ora pro nobis, 'tis night-fall on the sea."

The voices continued the words of the dear old hymn, and sang it through with a devotion and fervor that made it a prayer. A sob wrung his breast as the conviction came home to him that one of the singers was Agnes. He had forgotten her in the vague unrest that had come to him, but now thoughts of her and of sacred things became mixed in his mind.

The priest now read some prayers, the import of which he did not grasp, and the services were ended. He drew back again into the shadows under the gallery, and waited till the people had dispersed and only a few were remaining in quiet prayer. He had no purpose in doing it except that of wishing

to go out unobserved, as he was well known in the city, and his presence in a Catholic church might come to his friends' ears and give them chances of chaffing him. He did not care what they would think; he merely hated chaffing. As he arose to go he met Agnes face to face, as she stepped down off the gallery stairs. She started slightly, then quickly recovering herself, bowed to him pleasantly, and passed out through the door without speaking.

IV.

When they had reached the street, John stepped to her side, saying: "This is the first time I ever entered a Catholic church, Miss Seery. I do not know what led me to do so, unless it were that your Church has occupied my thoughts so much during the past few days that, when I saw the people going in, I was tempted to follow and see what it is like. I enjoyed the children's singing very much; but when you commenced—you see I knew your voice—I was surprised. And yet I should not have been, as it is the only Catholic church in town, I suppose."

"Thank you for your kind words of appreciation; I am the organist of the church, you know. But how did you like the other parts of the services—the instruction, for instance?"

"I liked the services as well as a person naturally prejudiced against such forms of worship could like them. As for the clergyman's instruction, I would be much pleased if I could get an explanation of his remarks on teaching and practices anterior to the writing of the Gospels. That thought never came to me before."

"Well, Mr. Wayton, I am not, I am sure, well versed enough in polemics to instruct you or to enter into argument with you on the point. We have many good solid works of explanation of our doctrines, some of which I can mention to you. But I would advise you to call on Father Trafton, the priest who spoke to-night; he will do all he can for you."

"But, Miss Seery," John said, "I wish to know your opinion. What did you deduce from his words?"

"Why, that the devotion to Our Lady, who died about twelve years after Jesus' ascension into heaven, was practised by the Christian Church in the first century. Now that should be proved; and then contrast that, a fact, with the fact that St. John wrote his Gospel at the close of the first century; thence you can deduce the truth of Father Trafton's assertion,

namely: there is no need of searching the Scripture to have authority for our belief and devotion relative to the Virgin Mary."

"But is it an historical fact, that of the existing practice?"

Agnes was smiling now, as she answered: "The priest said that, not I. Go and ask him, as I said before. You see, as you said once to me, Catholics are ignorant." Here she was speaking quizzically. "I think it has always been so natural for me to believe these things without questioning, that I would make a poor attempt at answering a question. I have not many of the *pros* at my fingers' ends, and you may have too many of the *cons*."

"Miss Seery, I understand your meaning, and I think you do not understand me." John was speaking quickly, angrily almost. "If I thought the Catholic or any other church could give me a satisfied mind, could help me in my difficulties, could brighten the clouds that darken my life, I would belong to that church this very minute. Give me credit for sincerity. That drove me from a comfortable berth, lost me the favor of my father, and left me comparatively poor. That keeps me as I am, an unbeliever. Do you think I have reasoned myself thereby into being happy, or contented even?" Here a new thought came to him and caused him to look keenly down at her. "Moreover, don't think for a moment that I am seeking to gain favor in your eyes by entering a Catholic church or speaking about it to you. To-night I had made up my mind that I would try to forget you, and all this because you belong to a church and profess a faith which I believe to be pagan in tendencies and practices. I fear you have not grasped my motive in questioning you."

Agnes was abashed for a moment, for she was suspecting his motives and his questions, because of the conversation they had had on the previous Monday. She hesitated, therefore, in answering: "Mr. Wayton, can you not understand my feelings regarding you? I lost a very pleasing friend the last time we were together, and I have felt the loss keenly since. I surely did not gain a lover, nor do I wish to look on you in that light. You cannot blame me for suspecting, when I saw you coming out from the church just now. I have seen so many of my friends led into marriages that have turned out wretchedly because of difference in religion. And most of them made the venture depending on the apparent, and possibly well-meant, liberality of the Protestant party. I believed you when

you told me of your love for me that night, and so to-night I did fear that you would try to influence me by coming in with my views—not my religious faith, but my views. Now, therefore, I am grateful to you for what you have said to me, and I am ashamed of my too hasty judgment."

"I see you understand me at last."

"But now, putting aside everything except religion, why do you not inquire honestly and sincerely—don't interrupt me, please—into the Catholic religion? By honestly and sincerely I mean with a desire to learn the secret of our steadfastness in our faith, not to pick flaws in it. If you do, I know you will be a Catholic in time. Your religious instincts, which you have been putting down all these years, are Catholic." Agnes spoke eagerly and enthusiastically almost; this man's soul was dear to her now, dearer than all the love of his heart could be.

John answered quietly: "I will comply with your request. I think, though, you assume too much in foretelling my conversion. I would attend Catholic services regularly if there were another church in town; it would be embarrassing to me to go to your church every Sunday."

"There is a new parish in the town, and the chapel is at present on Park Street. Why not go there?"

"I will. I would prefer, however, to meet your clergyman; Father Trafton, I think you said he is called. How and when can I do that?"

"Call at his house any time when you are at leisure; he lives in the rectory, to the left of the church, and on the same street. You can open your mind and heart as easily to him as you have to me. Well, here I am at home, and I must bid you good-night, Mr. Wayton, as I must give a lesson to a pupil whose day is taken up by her work. I cannot, therefore, ask you to come in; we workers cannot always suit our own inclinations. Come to see us when you can." A smile and bow, and Agnes entered her home and John went on his way.

V.

As he strolled along in the calm evening light a sense of satisfaction stole faintly over him, and his thoughts became brighter than they had been since Monday. She had never invited him to visit her before this evening; they had merely met in one place or another and made talk with each other. He knew her well enough to understand that she was making

no advance to him, but simply following an impulse of her frank, girlish nature, which was moved to enthusiasm when she dwelt on her beloved religion.

It would take too long a time to describe his motions of heart and mind during the days that followed. He fulfilled his promise by going to see Father Trafton, and went again and again, being led by the interest which the priest's conversation excited in him. Point after point of long-standing prejudice was reasoned away, and he felt like laughing at himself when he thought how little he had known about a religious faith which was diffused through the civilized world. Tradition and the Bible were now reconcilable in his mind; the liturgy of the church, so filled with symbolic meaning, interested him, and he followed and understood the movements of priest and people at Mass in the little chapel on Park Street, where he was present every Sunday.

He acted on Agnes' invitation and called at her home, where he met the other members of the Seery family. Here he spent many a pleasant hour in conversation with her parents or sat listening with delight to her singing and music. He had a good tenor voice, and did his part to make the time pass pleasantly. One thing he liked, namely, beyond the fact of expressing pleasure when he told her of his respect and esteem for Father Trafton, she never reopened the subject of religion to him after the night they met at the church. He would have resented any allusion to it, if she had; for he was by no means on the way to the church, so he told himself often. Agnes knew he was on his way, and she was content with his progress. She could have told him of many an earnest, heart-felt prayer for his conversion that found its way from her pure soul up to the throne of God. She was beginning to think of him many times during the day, and the thoughts caused a sweet restlessness within her heart. But she did not pause to analyze her feelings; she was thinking of something higher and better than human love, his soul's salvation.

Summer came and went, and she was so taken up with some extra work she was doing, that she did not meet John as often as she did during May and June. She knew he was away on his annual vacation, as he had called to bid her good-by. One afternoon she was walking down on the beach, gazing out on the vista of sky and water, while a sweet, gentle melancholy stirred her heart, when she heard a firm, quick step on the walk above, and looking upwards she saw him coming towards

her. When he reached the place where she was standing, she saw that he looked fresher and younger than he had ever seemed to be, and as he took her hand in a tense, eager clasp she knew that something greater than the delight of seeing her moved him.

"Why, you should go away more frequently, if you improve as well on every vacation as you have on this," said she playfully and yet nervously.

"Miss Seery, I am so happy, so much at rest. I am a Catholic! I went to a monastery near New York, and there made a retreat of a week, and when that ended I was received into the church. Father Trafton advised me to do this. Would to God I had met you before I did, for through knowing you I have been led into the true fold of Christ. How can I thank God for his mercy? And how can I thank you, the instrument of that mercy? Peace has come to my soul—peace that leads me to love the whole world, it seems to me. I went to my father after my reception into the church, and I know now that I had been harsh in my judgment of him. He actually sympathized with me in my change of heart and soul, and said to me: 'John, I may not believe in Roman Catholicism and all it teaches; still it is Christianity, and I would prefer ten times over to see you a Roman Catholic, rather than see you as you were when you left me—a cynical, sneering unbeliever. That it was which made me so stern in outward seeming toward you, even when my heart yearned for you, my son.' I left him and Alf with the most cordial feelings of love and good-will, and with a prayer in my heart that the light that has shone on me may illumine their souls and lead them to see the truth."

Agnes' eyes were dimmed by happy tears, and she pressed his hand, which still held hers, as he concluded his eager, almost incoherent, account of himself. And so they stood on the sands, side by side, looking out over the expanse of water to where the setting sun was making golden pathways that seemed to stretch down the horizon to infinite depths beyond.

THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY AS APPLIED TO THE CHURCH.

BY CORNELIUS M. O'LEARY, M.D.

HISTORY has been defined by the prince of Roman orators as philosophy teaching by example, and if this definition be correct, then the philosophy of history may be described as the science that deals with the forces which prompted those examples, which gave them tone and significance, and which seeks to explain their origin by their purpose. This science strives to reveal the hidden springs of those actions that glow on the pages of the historian, to sink the plummet into the depths of the human heart, to bring to light the secret motives that inspired the policy of cabinets, the wars and treaties of princes, the alliances of nations, and the causes that led to revolutions, and brought about the overthrow of dynasties.

SPECULATIONS OF THE ANCIENT HISTORIANS.

Without the light which this important science supplies history would sink into a mere chronological narrative of events, in which men would appear as mere puppets on the world's stage, moved at will by some hidden agent, whose purposes are hopelessly cloaked from view. The very earliest historians, the mere chroniclers of what they heard and saw, dimly perceived the necessity of assigning some cause for the events which they recorded, and each one, following the bias of his moral and intellectual nature, accounted for the occurrences which he embodied in his narration. Thus the piously inclined Herodotus, the reputed father of history, referred everything to the will of the gods, and though it was difficult in many instances to reconcile the divine pleasure with the character of the events recorded, his piety and credulity enabled him to find therein a satisfactory solution of the problem.

Subsequent historians, impressed with the obvious inadequacy of Herodotus' philosophy, and deeming it in accordance with reason to seek more proximate causes than the divine will, sought this explanation in the tortuous windings of the human heart, in the hopes, fears, and ambitions of men, and in the countless motives that sway their conduct. And herein we find

the true beginnings of the philosophy of history; for one step behind every momentous occurrence there must exist a motive, and back of this motive a condition, interwoven with other conditions, the relation between all which it is the mission of the true historian to study and ascertain. The more numerous are the motives that fall within the ken of the historical student, the more clearly does he establish the relation between them; and the more fully does he exhibit them, as consolidated and reduced to unity, the more readily in proportion will the logical mind accept his interpretation of events and acquiesce in his conclusions. But it is obvious that this method of philosophizing on the data of history is variable and capricious, inasmuch as it depends upon the mental bias and training of the writer, whose explanation must receive its coloring from the particular point of view from which he surveys the field of inquiry, and from the habits of thought which he has acquired. And, indeed, this we find to be so in the case of the celebrated historians of antiquity. The most accomplished of them all, the eloquent and observant Thucydides, was an astute politician, and delighted in displaying his political sagacity, by seeking an explanation of the occurrences which he chronicled in purely political sources, in the wily schemes of statesmen, in the ambitions of military commanders, and in the jealousies and animosities of neighboring rival states.

MATERIALISTIC EXPOUNDERS OF HISTORY.

It is plain that the human heart, being many-sided and prolific of change, cannot be circumscribed in its activity by any one set of motives. And hence Thucydides, notwithstanding his marvellous ingenuity, has not only frequently failed to grasp the full significance of the important events he has handed down, but has deceived and misled his readers by misinterpreting them. In further proof of the essentially one-sided character of a philosophy of history which ascribes all historical events to the operation of human conditions as their ultimate cause, we need but refer to the masterly narratives of Xenophon and Tacitus; the former refers all events to the causative influences of the moral order in general, while the latter limited their cause to the operation of the baser and darker passions of the human heart. This limiting character of a purely human philosophy of history is equally exhibited in the pages of Sallust and Livy, as well as in the works of those modern historians who have seen fit to turn aside at times, and

at times only, from the effort to compass fulness and accuracy of narration, in order to deal with the study of purely historical causes. For there is this marked difference between ancient and modern history, that while the former is more speculative and philosophical, the latter chiefly aims at truth of narration, accuracy of statement, and fulness of detail. And the reason of this difference it is not difficult to discover. The sources of information which antiquity supplied to the historian were few and unreliable, and frequently fiction and fact were inextricably blended together, so that it was impossible for the annalist to assure his readers that his narration of events was in the main correct and reliable, and he consequently inclined more freely to the congenial task of speculating on causes, and weaving fancy unto fancy without end. The modern historian, on the other hand, is in possession of those canons of investigation which constitute the art of historical criticism, and the currents of his energy flow toward proofs and verifications, and the establishment of the authenticity of documents, or their rejection on the ground of being spurious.

Historical criticism deals chiefly with the sifting of testimony, the credibility of witnesses, the genuineness of historical monuments, and the whole machinery of proof whereby discrimination is made between the true and the false. And so numerous are the precepts of this art, so absorbing the necessity of constant watchfulness which it imposes, that the historian has little time or taste to account for those occurrences which he has brought under so fierce a glare that their existence seems to be their only explanation.

The modern historian is not necessarily impartial, but he strives to warp the truth, not so much by mistaken speculations concerning causes, as by coloring his narrative so adroitly as to produce the impression at which he aims.

MODERN WORD-PAINTING AT THE EXPENSE OF TRUTH.

Picturesqueness of style is more consciously sought after by the historian of modern times, since narrative is all in all with him, and he must consequently be above all things an accomplished teller of tales. It is true he can never rival the child-like simplicity and charm of Herodotus, nor the exquisite pen-pictures of Thucydides, nor yet the stately flow of Livy's milky richness, nor the depth and vigor of Tacitus, for he is all too conscious of what he is about to be perfect; but it is none the less true that he subordinates reach of thought and astuteness

of speculation to the charm of narration and the interest which the dramatic quality of his story is calculated to awaken. Gibbon is essentially a narrator, bubbling over with facts woven into a fascinating tale; but he affects the philosophical style of narrative, and becomes ponderous in striving to be aphoristic. He rarely undertakes to probe causes, and when he does so he proceeds in an elephantine way, as, for instance, when he hopelessly and helplessly seeks to apologize for the imperial persecutors of the Christians.

And who that has been dazzled by the beauty of Macaulay's entrancing page and the torrent of tropes that flow from his pen, will not recognize on his part an ambition, first and foremost, to please, and, at a long interval after, to instruct? He has a pleasant story to tell about William and Mary, and he tells it inimitably well; but he uses his abundance of material as a dramatist uses incidents, that he may hold his reader spell-bound by the matchless art with which he draws the picture of a period as it presents itself to his one-sided imagination. And the rugged style of Carlyle is but a reflection of his conception of what appeared to him to be a great and worthy character, as when he chose to apotheosize Frederick of Prussia and make him a hero for men to imitate and worship. He is the Æschylus of history, and influences his readers by the force of a rough and expressive phraseology—a phraseology that overpowers by its weight. But whatever peculiarity attaches to the productions of ancient and modern historians, whether they shine by the charm of their narrative and the fascinations of their style, or sway their readers by the shrewdness of their observation touching the social and political causes of events, it is evident that, while they limit their investigation to secondary causes, each one must apply philosophy to history according to the bent and character of the sum of his moral and intellectual qualities, and so rob this interesting science of its essential qualities of unity and uniformity.

THE QUESTION OF A DIVINE RULER IN MUNDANE AFFAIRS.

We come now to a consideration of an aspect of the science of history which, while admitting the necessity of thoroughly sifting historical occurrences in the light of human motives and agencies, and while even extending the operation of these causes along more complex and far-reaching lines, looks in the last analysis to the designs of an all-wise Providence as the ultimate cause of human occurrences. This view of the

philosophy of history completes it as a science, reduces it to its proper head in the classification of human knowledge, and relieves it from the unscientific character of conjecture and mere cumulative probability. But it is not an easy matter to form a clear and correct idea of this divine intervention in the affairs of men, since the inquirer is prone to come to grief on the Scylla of fatalism, on the one hand, whilst shunning, on the other, the Stoic's Charybdis of a passive, non-intervening deity, whose Olympian placidity is never disturbed by the lights and shadows that fall athwart human lives.

Christian theology assures us of the existence of a Supreme Power, judge and arbiter of the universe, the creator at once and conservator of all things, without whose consent not even a sparrow falls to the ground, and into whose broad designs every physical, mental, and moral act of ours enters as the warp and woof of a mighty fabric. Thus, the petty deeds of our daily lives, our passing thoughts and aspirations, our fleeting hopes and fancies, our fears, our joys and our sorrows, and our projects palpitating with fresh life—these, as well as the larger actions painted on the canvas of life, and constituting the great drama of humanity, are the raw material out of which Providence builds up its purposes in time, out of which it shapes its marvellous designs for eternity. The span of its infinite operations continues to blend the lives of the first created among men with the lives of those who even now fret their brief hour on the world's stage, and welds out of all a strange and mysterious whole. It takes up the tangled skein of human lives from the very beginning, and from their interlacing odds and ends of good and evil import weaves, in patience and in wisdom, the perfect fabric of a world divinely redeemed. It exhibits to us the archetypes of all things, of all thoughts, and of all deeds, as cradled in the Divine Mind from eternity, and actively reproducing themselves in time, through the operation of necessary laws and the exercise of man's free will. This conception of Providence unifies and simplifies the idea of the cosmos, and exhibits it to us as subject to law, yet not destructive of free will; as the abode of that perfect order which, rightly viewed, is never disturbed, even by the crimes and passions of men. For as the shadows in a picture play an essential part in the artist's work, brightening the lights and freshening the tints, so do the follies of men and their frequent revolts against the eternal decrees of their Maker become part and parcel of the divine economy, and contribute to the

accomplishment of its designs. Just as the genius of a mighty captain forecasts with marvellous accuracy the blunders which his adversary is about to commit, and embodies their results in his own plan of operations, massing here, detaching there, and strengthening everywhere, as the short-sightedness and incapacity of his opponent suggest; so does the Almighty, only with infinite foresight and unerring accuracy, weave the results of men's infirmities into his own designs, nor yet disturb in aught the perfect freedom they enjoy. Was it not in the very hot-bed of political machinations and intrigues, amid the mad ambitions of men and the jealousies of great parties, that those events occurred which led up to the battle of Actium, and thereby brought about the blessed era of profound and universal peace, foretold for centuries before, when the heavens were to open and rain down the just? Brutus and Cassius had conspired freely against Cæsar, and freely too did Antony and Octavius enter the lists against those two, till the storm of conflict was finally lulled on the historic waters of the Ambracian Gulf. Thus we might say, that the very birth of Christianity best exemplifies Bossuet's and Schlegel's conception of the true philosophy of history, the Christian conception of it, which takes into account the manifold motives of men, the passions of the human heart at white heat, the greatness and littleness of the human soul, man's towering ambitions and defeated hopes, the fine-spun projects of his busy brain, his subtle schemes and craftily concerted plans, his hatreds, jealousies, and vows of vengeance, and exhibits them as conspiring, and conspiring freely, to render that hallowed and gracious time a time of peace and rest to a soul-weary and passion-torn world.

But behind these secondary causes, operating along the plane of natural activities, is beheld the will of God bending consequences and directing events to the consummation of its purposes and the fulfilment of its eternal designs. This conception of history beholds Divine Providence converting human agencies from their intended and ostensible purposes to the accomplishment of far different ends; it beholds the lightning flash burst from the murky cloud-mass, making that the source of luminous beauty and grandeur whose inky blackness had but an instant before all but blotted out the heavens. And from that moment onward, throughout the awful struggle of the early church with those twin arch-foes of the Gospel, Roman stoicism and pagan sensuality, throughout the bloody days of Nero, Domitian, and Marcus Antoninus, we constantly

behold the powers of darkness arrayed against the powers of light, and still perceive the cause of truth marching along in triumph through the providential conversion of human enormities into instruments of human progress and enlightenment, and the uplifting of humanity to the heights of Christian purity and grace. Surely it may be said in this sense that the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church, for with every blow that the cruel arm of Rome struck at divine faith, divine love was kindled afresh in the hearts of those who believed, and heavenly hope grew brighter in their souls.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY SEEN IN THE RESULTS OF HERESIES.

Even the very mistakes and offences against truth that afflicted the church within her own lines became prolific of good, and every heresy that was broached within her own bosom served to cement a fresh course of erection in the ever-growing proportions of the divine edifice. Here I do not mean to touch upon the debatable ground of doctrinal developments which the eloquent pen of the great Newman has made memorable, and which paved the way to his entrance into the church; I wish, rather, while admitting the constantly growing need of a fuller expression of doctrine in the face of new heresies, to regard this as a providential equipment against coming dangers rather than the result of a true esoteric evolution, a fresh phase of organic development from within. The definitions of new dogmas may have reference as well to the necessities of a period as to the suppression of false teachings, and in both cases the church is but fulfilling her mission as the watchful mother of wayward children with whom the operation of countless influences, alien to her spirit, is constantly going on, implanting new impulses, creating fresh energies, and opening up new channels of activity, whereby the spirit of a period is revolutionized and the face of society is renewed. Thus, whilst it is true that the condemnation of Arius by the Nicene Council more definitely presented to the faithful the orthodox view of the divinity of Christ, it is equally true that this early expression of the full meaning of the Incarnation was a providential means of setting the seal of ultimate reprobation on the most destructive heresy that rent the bosom of the church before Luther sounded the tocsin of religious revolt on the banks of the Rhine, and of saving society from intellectual chaos.

The numberless controversies that grew out of this unhappy event invariably spent their force upon the barrier which

the hands of Athanasius had erected against it, and had not the rationalistic spirit which it engendered met a constant rebuff in the decrees of Nice and Constantinople, this hydra-headed monster would not only have hastened the downfall of the Empire of Rome, as it undoubtedly did, but its ravages would have spread throughout the whole of Christendom, and so have retarded the progress of Christian conversion for centuries. But, under the guidance of Providence, not only did the early and explicit statement of the true doctrine of the Incarnation serve as a breakwater for all time against the most insidious and formidable heresy that could assail the church, but its final extirpation eloquently bespoke the zeal with which she labored for the advancement of civilization and the promotion of human happiness in every direction. For with the disappearance of Arianism, or rather its relegation to a few semi-civilized Germanic tribes, the church at last became free to address herself to the momentous task of moulding into shape the discordant and chaotic elements which the moral and intellectual decay of pagan Rome and the irruption of northern barbarism had thrown into fermentation.

It is with difficulty that any mind can realize the condition of European society at this juncture. The last remnants of Roman civilization were disappearing, the profligacies of those monsters who had arrogated the proud title of the Cæsars had seamed society from top to bottom with iniquities, and the refinements of oriental vice had degenerated into the unspeakable coarseness of Roman brutality. The air of the dying and dismembered empire of Augustus reeked with pollution, for every vice had reached its zenith—*omne vitium in præcipitis stetit.* Into this slough of double-bred corruption, into this seething mass of emasculated humanity, there burst, like a torrent of scoria, the steel-sinewed hordes of the North, whose day-dreams were of carnage and whose baptism was in blood. For them the fair fields of Italy possessed no beauty; its sloping hillsides, empurpled with the grape and perfumed with the spices of the South, were as ruthlessly trampled by the charging squadrons of Alaric as though those hardy troopers of the North were riding rough-shod through the dismal swamps of their own barbaric home. The sword and the torch speedily changed the richest provinces of the empire into a desolate wilderness of woe, the sad memorials of whose past grandeur, the stateliest monuments of antiquity, were shivered into fragments by the battle-axes of the Vandal, the Goth, the

Ostrogoth, and the Visigoth. It was to evoke order out of this chaos, to reduce this discord to harmony, and to build out of those unpromising materials a new and better civilization, that the Church of God was solemnly called upon by the wailing voice of despairing humanity. Who can rightfully estimate the magnitude of this work, or accurately measure the resources needed for its accomplishment? Yet the church, faithful to her trust and relying on Divine Providence, undertook the herculean labor, and after ages of wearisome endeavor, after repeated disappointments and discomfitures, at last beheld with satisfaction the rude and rebellious elements settle into place, and saw the fairest structure of all times, Christian civilization, spring from the imperishable foundation of divine truth. And that there was a providential intent in the fact that the task thus assigned to the church, of creating a new civilization rather than of accepting and modifying a pre-existing system, must be apparent to those who, guided by the light which the philosophy of history supplies, comprehend the essential character of Christian civilization. It was necessarily the introduction of a new order, the erection of a new structure, for the foundations of which even the ruins of the past had to be cleared away, since even the negative qualities of barbarism were preferable to a civilization which was intrinsically vicious, in which natural good was inseparably wedded to evil.

SOCIAL ROTTENNESS OF THE OLD ROMAN SYSTEM.

For it is indisputably true that beneath the veneer of Roman civilization, beneath the stern virtue of Cato the Censor and the Stoics, which have shed a false lustre on the domestic life of Rome, slavery and the degradation of woman lay coiled like a serpent at the root of society. Therefore, gigantic as was the task, the necessity was all imperative of brushing aside every living vestige of the past, so that no leaven of the old might be left to contaminate a civilization whose corner-stone was to be a redeemed and regenerated humanity. In this interesting chapter of her existence we behold her gradually breaking the shackles of the bondsman, proclaiming the identity of his origin and destiny with that of his merciless owner, and convening council after council for the purpose of wiping out for ever this blackest stain in the history of the human race. And that she adopted the policy of gradual emancipation is proof both of her practical wisdom in matters affecting the temporal concerns of man, as well as her compassionate regard for human

infirmity. Her numerous councils, those of Orleans, Paris, Verneuil, Lyons, Rheims, London, and Coblentz, extending over centuries, bear eloquent testimony to her desire to blot out this curse of society, and to crush the infamous doctrine of paganism, a doctrine to which even Plato and Aristotle subscribed, that nature had established an essential difference between slaves and freemen. That she signally triumphed in her efforts, in the teeth of the most violent opposition; that she vanquished the avarice of owners, over-rode the deep-rooted prejudices of centuries, and eventually broke down the hated barriers of caste, affords a convincing proof that her mission is indeed divine, and that the lines of her activity lie where the finger of God points.

WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION.

The other chief achievement of the church at this time, and one which entitles her to the undying gratitude of all the generations of men unto the end, was her deliverance of woman from the depths of a degradation too deep to discern, her release from a bondage whose shackles cut deeper into the heart and the soul than sharpest lash ever cut into the quivering flesh of an abject and cowering slave. She brushed the soiled wings that had trailed in the dust of filthy Rome for centuries, and their purity and strength were restored. She lifted woman from depths into which no man had ever sunk, up to heights of purity and grace which no man can ever reach, and gathering together the written and unwritten laws, the abominable traditions, practices, and customs which had served as the instrument of woman's degradation, she placed them under her heel to crush into everlasting death, as the heel of a Virgin had crushed the head of the serpent.

These two benefits which the church conferred upon mankind may be regarded as the brightest gems that sparkle on the brow of civilization, for no society is safe where the masses writhe in the death-clutch of slavery, just as no society can be pure and refined where woman does not reign as queen. And so she erected these two glistening mile-stones along the highway she was hewing to a new and better civilization, that those who followed her beck might, in contemplating them, draw the breath of renewed hope and take courage for the future.

THE AGE OF THE MONKS.

Then came the dark and difficult days of feudalism, when

society was split up into petty warring communities, dominated by bandit barons and thieving churls; when every man's hand was raised against his brother, and neither life nor property was safe. There then existed no people in the modern meaning of the term, for the lords were tyrants to their vassals and rebels to their sovereigns, and in the conflicts between them the men and women of the time were crushed as between upper and nether mill-stones. But the church, ever fertile in resources, met the pressing needs of those trying and turbulent times in her customary spirit of patience and perseverance. She looked round the wide spaces of her sanctuary, and beholding there hundreds of men aglow with holiness, and quickened by fires of divine love, she summoned them to her, and commissioned them to preach the Gospel to the serf toiling in the field and to the lord carousing in his hall.

The signal is given, and these hundreds of holy men, inflamed with supernatural zeal, go forth into the highways and byways of Europe, proclaiming peace and hope unto all. They wrestle with the ignorance of the hewer of wood and drawer of water, and rebuke the pride of the mailed chieftain whose foot is planted on the necks of the people. They founded institutions, built monasteries, reclaimed waste land, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and made the rough places of the Continent to bloom like gardens in the South.

This and more did the monks of the middle ages accomplish. They fostered the spirit of individualism by proclaiming the dignity of man, and thereby sowed the seeds of those dim, wavering, and uncertain democratic impulses that then for the first time softly stirred the hearts of men, and begot the golden hope of national births and deliverances. Monarchies were established, community lines were blotted out, villages succeeded to seigniorial dependencies, and then, for the first time, men gathered together in sufficient numbers to feel their own power and to estimate their own worth. The change from feudal isolation and barbarism to regular forms of government was a decided advance in the line of social and political reconstruction, and rang the death-knell at once of Roman solidarity and Franco-German feudality.

THE POPE THE SHIELD OF THE OPPRESSED.

But the national instincts were as yet undeveloped, the timidity engendered by ages of oppression and semi-servitude still lurked in the hearts of the people, and though they had been

delivered from the bonds of vassalage, they failed to enjoy a particle more freedom under the larger tyranny of princes. Naturally the church found herself in closest touch with the monarchical system of the times. Therein lay the only hope of humanity, and the light of deliverance from oppression seemed to shine from the throne and lay centred in the crown. But the throne was, in another sense, an object of solicitude to the Holy See, for its chief support lay in the good will of its subjects as bent and fostered by the strong and shaping hand of Rome. This solicitude meant that monarchs should not overstep the bounds of moderation in their sway, or oppress those whom they were appointed to rule, and whose happiness it was their privilege to promote. But the sovereigns of those times rarely took this large and unselfish view of their functions, and too often they looked upon their subjects as the instrument of their ambition, whose lives were but as stepping-stones to the consummation of their projects. Protest after protest emanated from the popes against this oppressive violence of princes, till the straining bond between them snapped. Then the great Pontiff whose dying words, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity," are the truest index to his character, brought matters to an issue by rebuking the despotism of Henry IV., and summoning the haughty Emperor of Germany to the eternal City. We all know how this memorable struggle ended; how right triumphed over might, and the cause of the people struck deeper root into the soil of Europe, and thenceforth grew and prospered, and waxed stronger day by day.

Though much obscurity still surrounds the history of this period, and the noisy quarrel about the papal investitures has cast other and more important issues into the shade, the discerning student of history cannot but see that the real struggle of that time lay between the emperor, on the one hand, and the pope, on the other, standing forth as champion of a crushed and impoverished people. The absolution of imperial subjects from their oath of allegiance to the tyrannic ruler of half Europe was the first note of modern democracy ringing clear and triumphant through the world, the harbinger of many a subsequent revolt against the cruel sway of despots. Quick on the heels of those stirring events came one of still more startling import, whose influence on the church and on society will not cease to be felt until the end of time; an event with which the name of Gregory VII. is gloriously and inseparably entwined.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE REAL PRESENCE.

As St. Athanasius had vindicated the cardinal doctrine of the Incarnation against the attacks of Arius, so Gregory, acting under a truly divine impulse, upheld the most precious dogma of our faith, the Catholic belief in the real presence of our Lord in the Sacrament of the Altar, against the insidious assault of that slipperiest of heresiarchs, Berengarius of Tours. Never were the wiles of the arch-enemy of mankind more adroitly exercised than in the many shifts then made by the friends and abettors of this champion of an infamous doctrine to evade papal condemnation. But the vigilance and resolution of Gregory proved superior to the tricky evasiveness of his opponents, and he compelled Berengarius to subscribe to such a clearly formulated statement of the Catholic doctrine that all subsequent attacks fell harmless and inert at its feet. This formal and explicit exposition of the doctrine of transubstantiation at this time was truly providential, since it was the embodiment of all the teachings and traditions of the church touching the Eucharist, from its very cradle down to the year 1079; and this article of our faith continued to be a target of the deadliest shafts subsequently levelled against Christianity, up to the time of Luther's formidable revolt, but this seasonable statement of the truth blunted their edge, and neutralized their venom. The interests and principles contained in the Christian idea were now sufficiently organized and consolidated to enable the church to prosecute with energy and independence her work of civilizing the world in accordance with the spirit of her Founder, and of breaking down the opposition to her plans that mainly proceeded from the strifes and ambitions of princes. This instinct of antagonism between tyranny and the papacy naturally led the masses of the people to regard the Roman pontiffs as their friends and allies, and this congenial bond between them had the happy effect of both mitigating the harshness of princely rule, and of tempering the fierceness of the first turbulent outburst of the democratic spirit.

The student of history cannot but be amazed at the profound discrepancies in the statements and opinions of historians who have made the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the subject of their investigations. The Protestant historians, without exception, delight in picturing the arrogance and tyranny of Rome during those two centuries, whilst the oldest chroniclers and the most recent annalists of all exhibit a condition exactly the reverse.

UNFITNESS OF HISTORIANS FOR THEIR SELF-APPOINTED TASK.

The truth is, the majority of historical writers do not come to their allotted task with the requisite dispositions. They fail for the most part to cultivate the historical spirit by virtue of which the mind, divested of all partiality and partisan inclinations born of prejudice and passion, is enabled to view all questions in the clear light of truth alone. Yet how few really do this! How few, for instance, can to-day discuss with calm impartiality the philosophy, the causes and effects, and contemporaneous influences of the Crusades! How few can speak in unimpassioned accents concerning the Inquisition and the circumstances of the times in which it took birth! And yet, unless one comes to the study of such questions in this absolutely impartial frame of mind, there can be but little prospect that the light of truth will illumine his efforts. But more essential still to this happy mental equipoise is a spirit of charity, so needful in the prosecution of historical inquiries; the feeling that binds all men, even unto the most distant generations of the past, in the bonds of a universal brotherhood; the spirit that prompts every man, conscious of sharing the infirmities of our common humanity, to look with indulgence upon the shortcomings and imperfections of his brother-men of long ago. This spirit, which alone can help us to feel, and feel intimately, that the blood which flows red and warm through the natural gates and alleys of the living body to-day, is kindred in impulse with that which coursed through the veins of the men and women who trod the world's stage in the dead centuries of the past. If, animated with this spirit, we should rend the sable envelopment of wars and revolutions, of sieges and sacks, of butcheries and conflagrations, that lies thick and heavy over the records of the period of the Renaissance, we should perceive, deep beneath it, the spirit of our modern love of liberty struggling to the surface, quivering with the same energy and life that once palpitated in the heart of the ancient Roman, but now purified and exalted by the fires of Christianity. If we could remove the scales of prejudice and passion from our eyes, and unseal our lids to the light of the truth alone, we would see throughout those eventful years of restless strife and change the church of Christ ever fighting the battles of humanity, hastening the days of our deliverance, and making straight the paths that led the way to social and political regeneration.

RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION IN THE SACRED CITY.

BY ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.

THE strangest point which strikes the student in his survey of the churches of Rome is their outward appearance in relation to their interior details.* With noteworthy exceptions, their outward aspect is not prepossessing; and as a rule, the greater the interest within, the less is the exterior attractive. For dignity and grandeur the churches rely on position, size, length, width, and height—in proportions which make average old or middle-age English churches look small and low and poor. Even where the façade has been piously left for the future generations who have failed to avail themselves of the privilege to complete the design, the building is redeemed from critical contempt by a well-shaped dome suspended in mid-air, or by a light, elegant campanile of many stories and windows increasing in number with each successive story. But, once within the holy fane, whatsoever may be the prepossessions against being impressed, and whether the temple be rectangular, or cruciform, or circular, or oval, or any combination of these mathematical figures, the outside is forgotten. Of course there are many exceptions to the general impression here conveyed. Amongst other churches, always excluding St. Peter's, perhaps the most perfect specimen in the whole world of a Christian temple surrounded, in one composite block, and with one uniform idea pervading the builder's mind and imparting itself to the student's eye, is that of St. Mary Major. On whichsoever side is inspected the cluster of buildings for the worship of God and the abode of his ministers, one is struck with the unity of the plan and the harmony with which the design is carried out. The west front (speaking architecturally) with its graceful column in front; the double-storied and arcaded narthex gallery for Papal benediction; the bold parapet surrounding the whole, with five statues of heroic size surmounting all; the clock-containing campanile, with its pyramidical roof—per-

* *A History of Architecture in all Countries.* By James Fergusson. Third Edition; vols. i. and ii. London: Murray. 1893.——*Rome, Ancient and Modern.* By Jeremiah Donovan. In four volumes. Rome. 1842.——*L'Année Liturgique à Rome.* By X. Barbier de Montault. Fifth edition. Rome: Spithover. 1870.——*Diario Romano.* Rome. 1879.

haps not the most beautiful specimen of a bell-tower in Rome—and the two canonical residences flanking the centre: the whole is an imposing edifice. The view half way down the Esquiline hill, on the top of which stands the Liberian Basilica, to one looking upwards at the east end of the sacred edifice, is also impressive. Here one perceives a substantial block of buildings in rich time-colored travertine surmounting the highest part of

Convent and Belfry of St. Pudentiana.

the hill. A magnificent flight of steps reaches from the nearest convenient level spot accessible to carriages—which is built in more than a single sweep with a bold curve in the middle. This leads to the platform on which the basilica is built, and the east end rises in due course, with its fine apsidal sanctuary, surmounted by a semi-dome, enriched in its turn with ancient

mosaics, and flanked by two low, tower-like bastions roofed with cupolas. The whole effect is worthy of the conception which imagined and the talent which produced this noble church. St. Mary Major forms an exception to the average external appearance of Roman churches.

Once having crossed the sacred threshold, however, the vision of piety, devotion, and beauty which meets the eye destroys any unfavorable impression which may have been created by the outward aspect of basilica, church, or chapel. The contents and details, architecturally speaking, of a typical church in Rome may be described, in outline, from features taken from many buildings and combined in imagination into a consistent whole. Of course, such a church as the following seeks mentally to reproduce does not exist; but each detail of it may be easily identified, and the whole forms a picture in imagination to one who has devoted time and thought to the creation of such a design. The church, one of the grand basilica type, stands in a commanding situation in the Eternal City. Before it is placed a sacred enclosure, four-sided and of a like breadth with the length of the west-front, sufficiently large to allow of the entrance of carriages, to contain a central fountain of pure water, and to be surrounded by a covered cloistered colonnade. This colonnade starts from the large entrance gates and runs, on either side, round three sides of the enclosure until it meets and is lost in the west-front of the church. The latter is bounded on the west by a columned portico placed at the top of a dignified flight of steps, and communicates with the interior of the building by three large door-ways. You enter by one of the smaller side doors into an aisle. On gaining the nave, you place yourself, backed by the great west door, facing the east; and looking down, through a vista of pillars some two, three, or four hundred feet, you contemplate a scene of architectural grandeur and beauty. A nave and four aisles, with sanctuary and transepts and side-chapels, complete the vista at first glance. The aisles are divided from the nave by a series of marble pillars, of a single stone, with an architrave above; and the side chapels open out of the aisles, and besides fulfilling their chief object of worship, afford places of solitude, contemplation, and repose for both the pious and those who seek the consolations of our holy religion. The pavement, unencumbered with seats, is made of rich parti-colored mosaic marble work, which goes by the name of, but is not, *opus Alexandrinum*, in endless variety of pattern, angular, circular, polygonal, or kaleidoscopic. The

roof is flat, paneled, and deeply coffered—the panels being ornate with enrichment of carving, paint, and gold, and the centre of the nave is filled, in a larger compartment, with an oil-picture, by some master hand, of the Assumption of Our Lady into heaven. Between roof and pavement, on the top of the architraves, runs a triforium gallery, the columns of which, joined by round arches, support first the triforium galleries, next the clerestory walls, and then the roof. The church has lately been restored with taste and judgment; and between the lower row of pillars and the top of the balustrade of the triforium a series of pictures has been painted illustrating the life of the saint to whose memory the church is dedicated. The windows here, like all the finest glass in Rome, are colorless and admit only the pure Italian blue of heaven. The altar, well elevated, stands on a platform, at the entrance of the chancel; it is placed basilica-wise, is surmounted by a baldacchino on porphyry pillars, and is surrounded by seats for the priests, the whole being covered by a semi-dome, whence look down on the sacrifice and worshippers gigantic forms in mosaic of our Lord in glory, enthroned with Our Lady seated on his right hand, and a company of apostles and saints, dead or living at the date of the mosaic. In front of the sanctuary, and beneath it in the crypt, has been excavated a *confessio*, which contains the uncorrupted body of a servant of God, enshrined in a precious casket of metal, glass, gold, and jewels. Of course, there stands, it being Easter-tide, the paschal candle; the bishop's throne, in the centre of the apse; the ambone, whence are read the epistle and gospel in Mass; a baptistery, with a font sufficiently large for immersion, in a chapel near the west end; and a sacristy, at the altar of which marriages are wont to be celebrated, of the size of many an English church.

It is impossible, however, to describe, as a single typical example, the many variations of form or detail of which a study of the churches of Rome causes one to be familiar. No two of them are quite the same, nor nearly the same, though a general family likeness, so to say, is witnessed in many of them. Each one possesses its own characteristic, or perhaps several characteristics, which being named immediately brings to mind the sacred fane which contains it, or them. For instance, to speak of but a few—the position and ascent to Ara Cœli, the underground church and atrium and ambones of St. Clement, the four-aisled basilica of St. Paul's with its forest of columns, the cloisters and mosaics at St. John Lateran, the flat, deeply coffered ceiling and inlaid pavement in St. Mary Trastevere, the

white marble Greek Ionic monolyth pillars and the two sumptuous chapels and the relics at St. Mary Major, the triforium galleries and upper chancel at St. Lawrence, the perfect catacomb of St. Agnes, the beautiful bell and campanile of St. Pudentiana, the statue of the saint at St. Cecilia, and the widespread and magnificent bird's-eye view of Rome from St. Onofrio.

Something cursory remains to be said of the official staff of priests who are responsible for working the churches of Rome, and more space is demanded than can be given for a due treatment of the works of mercy and others that are connected with the several ecclesiastical centres. Of course, the usual works of mercy, education, charitable relief, and so forth, are attached to the various parochial churches. To other churches are affiliated hospitals for both men and women in sickness and distress, for incurables, the homeless, lunatics, pilgrims, children, the aged, and women in child-birth. On this question the evidence of an impartial critic may be quoted. "Few cities in Europe," says the author of *Murray's Hand-book to Rome*, "are so distinguished for their institutions of public charity as Rome; and in none are the hospitals more magnificently lodged, or endowed with more princely liberality. The annual endowment of these establishments is no less than £120,000 a year, derived from lands and houses, from grants, and from the municipal treasury. In ordinary times the hospitals can receive about 4,000 patients" (*i. e.*, about one patient to every 50 souls of the population). San Spirito, an old foundation first of the eighth and then of the twelfth century, is the largest hospital, and there are ten or twelve other principal hospitals, in addition to which public charities for medical, surgical, and charitable cases "there are several small institutions of a more private nature, belonging to different nations and corporations—the Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Lombards, Florentines, and Lucchese have each their several hospitals." To these may be added other institutions of a more secular type, which are either connected with the various churches, or have individual churches attached to them: *e. g.*, seminaries and colleges; the university; an observatory; museums, Christian and other; many magnificent libraries, several being of the first class; a printing-press which, probably, contains fonts of every printing type in the world; and the cemetery and catacombs of Rome.

The devotional uses to which the churches of Rome are dedicated can be also treated only with brevity. Statistics given above suggest the amount of priest-power available for Divine worship daily in the Eternal City; but they do not convey the

whole truth. We have seen that the Holy Sacrifice is offered once daily for about every 130 or 140 of the inhabitants by secular priests, and apart from the offerings of the regulars. Nor does this exhaust the actual opportunities for daily worship to the average member of the Roman family, or of the foreign guests who frequent the city nearly all the year round. For many churches are opened only occasionally; and many conventual churches are opened only at an early hour, and are then closed for the day; and many are the Italian and other priests who visit Rome, say their daily Mass and add to the intercessory power of the Church. For instance, there must be considerably upwards of 100 Masses offered daily in St. Peter's alone; and in a small national Spanish church, situate in a back street, the writer was informed, on inquiry, that 25 Masses were usually said before noon. These form the staple of the daily services in Rome; it may be said form the minimum of worship; for, in addition to these morning offerings in all the temples of God, the capitular and religious churches publicly recite the hours of prayer, some, if not all, in certain churches in rotation. Benediction is given daily at certain hours all the year round; in three churches or chapels there is perpetual adoration; and there exists a system for Exposition at certain other churches, according to the days of the week, and according to the Sundays in each month. Moreover, in Advent and Lent, litanies, the rosary, devotions for a good death, the Via Crucis, and other spiritual exercises are conducted either daily or so many times a week.

But there is a still more elaborate division of priest-work in Rome, on principle. That principle, as has been already suggested, consists in treating the population as one huge Christian and united family, and each church, or set of churches as the one centre for united worship, in regard to any given service or day, for the whole of Rome—so far, indeed, as is consistent with parish organization and the requirements of the great seasons or holydays. In order to indicate all these functions in the various churches which are included in the scheme of services, a Sacred Diary (before named) is published by authority before the beginning of Advent in each year. The *Diario* contains the needful ceremonial information for the day, week, month, and year, and also for extraordinary occasions; and it is said that, in God-fearing families, the portion which applies to the coming day is wont to be read aloud by the head of the house after the Litany of Loreto, or the night prayers. The scheme is elaborate and effective: and opportunities for worship,

divine or secondary, are fairly divided amongst all the more important churches of the city. First, the ordinary and extraordinary functions are arranged for a comparatively small number of churches, in a daily order, and on greater festivals. Then, in a wider range and in a larger number of churches, they are arranged for every day in the week. Then, in a still more extended circle, the like is given for each Sunday in the month. And, lastly, in order to include the largest number of churches, the functions for every day in every month in the year are tabulated. Moreover, where the information is needful, or the time is variable, the hours of Divine Service are also mentioned. These functions for the most part cluster around the Church's daily and pure offering, Holy Mass, in varied degrees of solemnity, High Mass, or Missa Cantata, Exposition, Procession, or Benediction, in addition to Vespers, or in Lent to Compline. From the end of November to the beginning of June there is a complete system of adoration and intercession before the Holy Sacrament, in the Quarant' Ore, at certain selected churches in order. Again, there is—as is well known, though it must be said in order to make the statement approach to completeness—an organized system of devotions held in all the older churches of Rome, which have their origin in the dimmest antiquity, and are called the Stations. They are held all the year round, but chiefly in Lent, and then daily. The several churches in which the Stations are held put on a festal appearance. All the relics, treasures, objects of note, value, or interest possessed by the sacristy are exhibited; the arches are wreathed and candelabra are hung from above; the pillars are draped in crimson cloth, velvet, or silk, and the pavement is covered with leaves of the aromatic smelling box, or other greenery; the high altar is ablaze with candles, the side altars are lighted, and the shrines, *confessios*, and underground chapels, or churches, or the adjoining catacombs, are illumined; and the faithful repair thither from all parts of Rome to keep festa and to perform their devotions. Solemn Mass is sung, perhaps by a cardinal, probably assisted by the Papal choir, and for the rest of the day the temple becomes a centre of attraction for the city, to prince and peasant alike. Once more, missions of a day's length are regularly preached in certain churches in rotation, on all the feast days of each month; in other churches longer missions of eight days are held; in one of which a holy sacrifice is offered according to the use of various national rites, Greek, Armenian, and Latin; and sermons are delivered in different tongues; devotions (sometimes with a sermon) are held before a sacred image

of the Madonna, and daily in as many churches in the city as are dedicated to the Mother of God as there are days in the month, to implore Divine help "for the liberty and exaltation of our holy Mother the Church" (perhaps instituted by the present Holy Father?); whilst Novenas, Triduos are held, and *Te Deums* and *Veni Creators* are sung, panegyrics are made, and litanies are recited at other specified churches. These functions,

Church of SS. Cosmas and Damian.

of course, are all supplementary to or are distinct from the ordinary routine of festival, fast, or feria, holy days and seasons, vigils, eves, and octaves; they all find a place in the *Diario Romano*, in about one hundred closely printed pages (which contains, also, brief historical, astronomical, and horological notes, etc.): they all form a part and parcel of that system of organized devotions which has been perfected with the growth of

ages, and may be witnessed in actual working order, and is the hereditary birthright and privilege of the Roman people at the hands of their spiritual ruler, the Holy Father.

A few words in conclusion may be ventured upon. The system of worship which obtains in the churches of Rome is noteworthy both in its organization and details, as well as for the extent and perfection to which it is carried. What the results may be, not, of course, inwardly, of which no man can speak, but outwardly, even a passing stranger may testify. The result, so far as a foreign visitor on an occasion witnessed, and in the matter of attendance at the spiritual feast provided gratuitously for all who would come, was markedly satisfactory. Specially of the large numbers of men who were drawn to Divine worship can he state without hesitation that such was the case. Whether in the churches frequented by the people, as St. Agostino; or in the fashionable resorts for sermons, as the Gesù; or in the great basilicas for worship, as St. Maria Maggiore—in all was this law observed. And the satisfactory result applies to the stronger sex; for, from the days of Calvary downwards, the weaker sex has ever predominated around the Crucified. It might have been expected, without speaking proportionately, that the popular churches would be thronged with men. But, to find in the church of the Jesuits that the men—many of them genuine working-men in obviously working-men's garb—absolutely preponderated over upper-class women of the religious world, for the Sunday morning sermon, was not to be expected. Yet they were there in comparative numbers to which the present writer has seen no approach in England. Whilst, at the early, Low Masses on a certain Christmas day at St. Peter's men were present in such vast numbers, in proportion to the other sex, as to suggest the inquiry, Where can the women be? There were crowds of men—the majority being of the lower orders—who surrounded each altar, and moved from altar to altar in turn, to the almost entire exclusion of the women. Of course early domestic duties kept many women from the basilica, save for their Mass of obligation, or their three Masses of devotion; perhaps St. Peter's is not the parish church for a large population in the Borgo; certainly there were crowds of the *contadini* from the Campagna present in their peculiar costume. In any case, explain the matter as it may or can be explained, the fact was as it has been stated, and that fact is not unworthy of being placed on record in these rough notes on the Churches of Rome.

PEDRO: THE TALE OF A YOUNG TRAMP.

BY A. E. BUCHANAN.

T was evening time—evening for the laboring man; for the aged one also; and for the tired, foot-sore beggar-boy, who trudged along to the only roof that sheltered him, and to the hard master who had beguiled him from his happy home in Southern Italy to work for the daily bread of them both.

Pedro was only a tiny boy when Dodo Ramsay—so-called—took him "for a sail in a beautiful ship to see the fine prairie-land"; but he was not too young to realize that all he then saw was considerably unlike, and not to be compared with, his own dear home; and this thought left an aching void in his young heart, which seemed to increase as he grew older, even though he had the consolation of hearing Dodo once say that he was only to be with him "just while he was a boy."

At nightfall it was Pedro's duty to return from the city with the pence that he had earned by singing and playing on the little harp that he carried all day long. Sometimes he was so fortunate as to earn several dollars, but if he were ever compelled to return with a less sum than *one* dollar a summary chastisement was visited upon him for the deficiency; and it happened that this evening the poor boy was returning with only sixty cents, after a day of untiring efforts to gain more. This was, happily, a rare occurrence.

Well knowing what awaited him, Pedro had scarcely the heart to go back; but he was always sincerely true to duty, and his almost too faithful life was beginning to set its marks upon his handsome face, while those dark hazel eyes of his—which silently spoke their gratitude for every cent he received—only grew more pensive and more beautiful as his little life increased in sadness.

So onward he went. Dodo was, as usual, in the smoky corner of his hut, awaiting the result of the boy's toil.

"How much?" was the surly greeting from the miserable old man.

Pedro shook with fear, but bracing himself, as he always

had done, for the fiery ordeal, he put the copper coins upon the table, and was turning to effect a retreat, when Dodo dealt him such a blow across the face that the poor boy staggered and with difficulty retained his consciousness. But that recuperative power of his served him in his need, and, reaching the door, he managed to gain the kindly refreshing evening air. After bathing his aching head and resting awhile, he felt less the smart of the blow than the base ingratitude of the man for whom he had honestly worked in heat and hunger and thirst. Such was Pedro.

The inborn and early nurtured spirituality, and the sweet, peaceful temper of the boy were the mainspring of his quietness under such provocations. His soul had been fashioned from the first to live the higher life, and to bear injuries with meekness.

There was a cottage not far from the hut in which lived an aged couple—Jean Beaujour and his wife Eugénie. These good people were fond of Pedro, and, knowing the ill-treatment he sometimes received, generally watched for him as he went in the evening to do the "chores." Seeing him leaving the hut evidently in tears, they made ready a parcel of cakes for his pockets as soon as they perceived him at the barn; for they were aware that Dodo was under-feeding him, besides giving the lad still less when he returned with any amount under a dollar; so that on this miserable night the poor boy limped back to the hut comforted by his good friends, and able again to face his enemy.

Dodo bestowed upon him a basin of bread soaked in water, which, after the beautiful hot cakes he had eaten in the barn, hardly served for digestion before lying down to rest upon his straw pallet.

Feeling somewhat stiff in the morning, after he had completed his early work and eaten his frugal breakfast, he set out once more to try his luck in the big city, the streets of which he was beginning to know by heart. After a walk of more than three miles—for Dodo took care to live well out of town—Pedro began his minstrelsy in a busy corner of one of the crowded thoroughfares leading to the city. By some influence, unaccountable to those who never take note of the diplomacy of Providence, his voice was never sweeter than when he commenced his little song, one that he had learnt as a child in Italy—"La Perla"—and the passers-by stopped to listen as if spell-bound by such sweet strains coming from the poor beggar-

lad. Their pity soon became practical, for one after another the bright silver coins were put into his cap, which was getting quite weighty; then followed a real gold piece from a lady who was passing somewhat hurriedly. Pedro could only see that she was "una bella signora who looked at him with beautiful eyes." As he looked upon the shining coins, the result of only an hour's work, his heart leaped for joy and the mist was in his eyes in spite of himself. At last the passers-by grew less, and he felt that he could stand there no longer. He therefore lost no time in going to a quiet lane where he knew he would be safe from any intrusion, and there, on the friendly old block upon which he had often before taken his piece of bread—his mid-day meal—he sat down and carefully counted his money.

Musing upon what Dodo would say, and also upon the delightful prospect of an evening at his books, he suddenly recollected that he had a commission for Dodo which necessitated his return to the city.

Here we must not forget to mention that Pedro was no illiterate boy; he had been to school at intervals, so that Dodo might avoid *lex terræ*, and, being very intelligent, he had learned more thus than many who are there altogether. One little book was often seen peeping out of his pocket as if he read it on his rambles. This was the *Imitazione*.

At last the sun began to show his evening signal for return, and Pedro retraced the steps that in the morning he had taken with a heavy heart. Just as much as he dreaded going home on the previous evening, he was glad to return to-day. His headache—the memento of his master's punishment—was quite gone, and his limbs—poor boy! they seemed to go of themselves.

Arriving at the hut, there was Dodo in the same dusky corner as ever, and with the same surly countenance; but he raised one eye to look at the lad, and lo! what a change. He had seen in an instant, by Pedro's tell-tale face, that something unusually pleasant had occurred, and his adamantine heart was melted accordingly. Down went coin after coin upon the table: nickels, dimes, quarters, dollars, and—Pedro held it a moment playfully — a twenty-dollar gold piece! How bright, how beautiful it looked! Dodo's eyes sparkled with delight.

"That's all," said the boy.

"And enough too, my lad; vera good, vera good for one

day; you shall have vera fine supper"; and Pedro went, considerably lightened, to do his "chores."

Turning off at the back of the barn in order to run to tell the Beaujours of his good luck, he thought he heard an unusual sound, coming, it seemed, from the direction of the hut; but after stopping for some minutes to listen, and not hearing it again, he hurried on and gave the old folks an account of his good luck. This done, he ran back to finish his work, and then returned to the hut. But a terrible sight awaited him! There, beneath a huge rafter that had fallen from the ceiling, lay Dodo. Pedro endeavored to release him, but could not bring him to consciousness. He ran to the cottage for Jean, and then to the city for a doctor; and the two returned with all speed, but too late. Dodo had shown but one sign of consciousness, and, Jean said, he then murmured something like "Pecca—Pedro—Peccavi," and fell back dead.

"Ah, yes; poor Dodo!" said Pedro, "he was saying he was sorry. God have mercy on him!"

The doctor remarked that the blow which the rafter had given him was quite sufficient to cause instant death.

Eugénie put the hut tidy, and Jean volunteered to stay there while she took the boy to their cottage and gave him his supper, for he was almost fainting from over-exertion.

Arrangements were duly made for giving Dodo decent burial, and the money which had been earned by Pedro's beautiful voice on that morning, and which was still in the old man's pocket when he was called so suddenly to his account, was now to defray the expenses of the funeral.

When all was done, and the earth had closed over what remained of the man who, for greed of gain, had been so cruel and hard a master to an innocent boy, and they were talking over the incidents of the last few days, it occurred to Jean that a board in the corner of the hut was broken or loosened by the fall.

"Pedro," said the old man, "did you notice how that board in the corner was out of place?" To which Pedro replied in the negative.

"We must look to that," continued Jean. "I wonder what made Dodo stick to that corner in the way he did. Did you ever know what became of all the money you earned? He never spent any, for he never left the hut; and the little he gave to you to bring groceries and things was but a little indeed. What could he have done with it all?"

Pedro was no better informed than he, so that he could only think over what seemed to him a great mystery.

"If you could find something of your earnings, my boy, we should be happy. What *did* he do with it all?"

Jean paced the room and wondered. Suddenly he thought of something that appeared to throw a light upon the subject; and Eugénie simultaneously asked if there was no place in the hut where he kept it? Pedro had never noticed, but Jean said:

"Enfin!"—Jean was a Frenchman—and suddenly waking up, as if from a dream, he suggested that they should all take a walk to the solitary hut.

"Here, Pedro," said he, going to the corner—Dodo's favorite place, and where the rafter fell—"this is what I mean; what's the matter *here?*" And they tugged at the plank to put it into its place, when a screw gave way and it came out altogether, revealing at the same time something that resembled an old sack.

"Le bon Dieu!" exclaimed Eugénie.

"Ah, le bon Dieu!" echoed Jean solemnly. "This was his bank; no wonder the man stuck to this corner; it's pretty weighty"; and he dragged it onto the floor. It was no easy matter to count the cents, but Jean was intent on numbering the dollars. At last it was found to be upwards of four hundred dollars, and he proposed that they should take it to a bank at once.

"This will help you along, anyhow, my lad," said Jean thankfully; and Pedro responded with gratitude and joy. The boy had long cherished a scheme which he had not revealed, even to them.

This idea was awakened one evening when, having pleased Dodo by bringing home several dollars, the latter talked very freely of Italy, and implied that his—Pedro's—mother and sister were there; while, on a map that the boy had in his atlas, he showed him the place where the family owned an estate. Many other little stories of the boy's babyhood were related, which Pedro used to ponder over, very often, as he tramped along his weary way.

It was still early in the day, so that Jean put the newly-discovered money into a satchel, and they both set off to the nearest bank to deposit it safely.

The same old road to the city, Pedro; but now under what different circumstances! Your worn-out clothes are about to be

cast away, and kind old Jean, who is by no means devoid of good taste, will see you in a becoming suit before you leave the city again.

For the purpose of procuring a complete outfit some dollars were retained from the "big sum" that was deposited in the bank, and, added to his nice appearance, Pedro carried home a very large parcel of extra requirements. It was touching to see the moist eyes of his good friends when he stood on the threshold of their cottage door the embodiment of all that was good and handsome. He was pale and sad-looking still, but the interior peace that had marked the boy's life kept him strong to bear the reaction attendant upon such a sudden and great change in his eventful life.

Then followed those halcyon days of calm after storm, and the old people began to wish that "such as Pedro" could "always bide with them."

But the boy used to study the map of Italy, and he told them of the places where Dodo said his family had lived. "Don't you think, Monsieur Jean, that I could find some of them if I were to go back now?" he asked timidly one day when he was specially intent on tracing railway lines on a map in an old time-table that he had become possessed of.

"I don't see *how*, my boy; but I do wish you could, for they're your own, and Dodo told us he ought not to have brought you out here. It wasn't his name they go by, and I don't see how you *could* find them."

Pedro smiled as if he felt more assured of success than Jean naturally could feel; and he continued: "I might as well spend a little of the money in trying, and if I could not find them I would come back to you."

"Of course you can go to Italy easily enough, nowadays, with a ticket straight to the place; but, my poor boy, I'd grieve to have you lose yourself and your money, and get into troubles again," urged the old man.

"I wouldn't take more money than I wanted," rejoined Pedro; and Jean saw that the idea was settled in the boy's mind, and that it must be carried out. His eyes began to get misty, and he went out "to see after that goose of a Betty that was always getting into other people's fields." Poor old Jean! he loved the exiled boy as his own son. And Eugénie, she only said "Bon" to herself, as she sat thinking over the queer times.

"Jean will fix it all for you, Pedro, mon pauvre garçon,"

she began, after some moments of silence, during which Pedro had some promptings to tell her that he thought he might play at "the strolling singer" when he got to Italy; but he kept his secret for fear of giving anxiety to his good friends. Jean forwarded every plan for the speedy departure of Pedro, and our hero was soon on the deck of a fine ship on his way to his own loved land. To one who had never tossed on the sea of life this might have been too bold an adventure; but to Pedro it was a pleasant pastime, with bright anticipations.

"How blue the Mediterranean is to-day, dear Eleanor," said a delicate-looking lady in deep mourning to the tall, graceful girl at her side. "Put back the hood a little; I should like to give something to that poor child. Montpensier used to say it was cruel to pass by those little beggar-boys, for they are nearly always ill-treated." And the little fellow's cap received so many soldi that he literally danced with delight. "We did think," continued the lady, "that we could always live quietly in San Remo, but look at the crowd of people on the Terrace. Here is Ronald Weber; how the boy grows!"

The usual salutation followed and the youths passed on. Ronald Weber had a companion with him, evidently about his own age, who remarked:

"Who may that be? Who are those ladies in such deep mourning? The one in the chair looks so awfully ill."

"She is the Marquise de Salva," replied Ronald, "and the young lady is her daughter; pretty girl, isn't she? And she has the sensible name of Eleanor. Substantial sort of name, isn't it?"

His companion was silent.

"Don't you hear a fellow expounding to you? What a reticent old man you are!" continued Ronald; and he changed the subject to give a list of the amusements in San Remo, until it was time to return to their hotel.

The two boys had made each other's acquaintance as boys will who are staying at the same hotel, and they began to reconnoitre San Remo together. Ronald Weber saw much that he liked in the lonely stranger, who, though intensely reserved and very shy, seemed to have a refinement about him that suited Ronald, and there was no other youth at the hotel so near his own age.

"I say, old fellow, I heard you rehearsing something in your room this morning; are you going to sing at a concert

to-night?" asked Ronald one day when they were off betimes on one of their excursions.

"Do you mean that croaking I was making over a song. I used to be able to sing all right," replied his companion.

"I don't see what there is amiss about it; and I wish you would favor me with a repetition when we can get to the piano by-and-by," continued Ronald.

"I'll tell you where I'll sing it for you," was the eager reply. "If you will show me where that lady lives—we met her yesterday, you know—I'll sing the song through, somewhere near her house."

"Northumberland! man, that's what the beggars do!" exclaimed Ronald. "Oh, I see!" changing his manner as the other laughed aloud; "you're going to serenade that young lady." Evidently believing his friend to be joking, he pointed to a pretty villa that topped the trees at the end of the road by the terrace. "The high wall on that slope round the corner is at the back of their house—"

"Just the place," interrupted his new friend, who forthwith urged him on in that direction, and, reassured by his own incredulity, Ronald followed suit.

On arriving at the spot, to his utter amazement the song was begun quite seriously, and with such pathos that he was charmed in spite of his fears. Directly it was over a gate in the wall—which they had not noticed—was quickly opened, and a man servant passed out who evidently recognized Ronald.

"There!" exclaimed he, "I'm in for it now. He is François, the marquise's butler, and he noticed me."

"Oh! never mind, Ronald; I'll try to make it all right somehow; don't trouble about it," said the other feelingly.

"But you are a queer fellow, and I would never have come with you if I had thought you were in earnest," persisted the former.

At this moment the Mediterranean breeze wafted towards them the deep, unmistakable sound of the Angelus, and, surprised to find it so late, they hastened back to the hotel.

"Behind time to-day, Ronald," said his father, as the boy took his seat at the luncheon table. "We've been served nearly half an hour. You have had quite a long stroll. François has just brought a note from Mme. de Salva asking you to go there."

"Me?" said Ronald, looking up in very uneasy surprise. "What can Mme. de Salva want to see *me* for?"

"Some little plan of hers for your amusement, no doubt. Poor lady! she bears her terrible losses with immense fortitude. Go as soon after luncheon as possible."

Ronald's appetite was very greatly impaired by the unexpected news. His mind was ill at ease, while he questioned himself unmercifully as to why the marquise had sent for him; therefore, after an apology for luncheon, he repaired to the Villa Marina.

The marquise was in the library when he arrived, and the kind greeting that he received on the threshold of the door completely reassured him. Advancing to meet him, she said: "My dear Ronald, I am so very anxious to know who was singing a charming song outside our gate this morning that you must excuse my having sent for you *in propriâ personâ*."

The youth became hot and cold alternately, and with some hesitation replied: "You must refer to Mr. Ramsay for the meaning of that extraordinary performance. He is a fellow about my own age who came to the hotel alone the other day, and his room being next to mine, we soon became friends. He is a peculiar sort of fellow, but when he told me he was going to shout in that vagrant way I, of course, thought he was joking. I am awfully sorry if it annoyed you, Madame la Marquise."

"Not in the least, I assure you; quite the contrary—we became very interested. You say his name is Ramsay—a Mr. Ramsay and quite alone?" repeated the lady. "Eleanor!" she continued, as her daughter entered the room, "Ronald says that it was a Mr. Ramsay, a new arrival at the hotel, who was singing this morning."

"And you know him, Ronald; was he not with you yesterday when we saw you en passant?" asked the young lady.

"Yes," replied Ronald, who began to wonder what was coming next.

"Would Mr. Ramsay come with you to take tea with us this afternoon, if you would give us that pleasure?" inquired the marquise.

"Oh, yes! thanks," rejoined the disconcerted youth; "we should be delighted to come. I can answer for Ramsay, as he has nothing in the world to occupy him at the hotel."

This proposition shortened that dreaded visit, and it was not long before Ronald returned to the hotel, and then, taking three steps at a time to gain the second floor, he found his friend quite ready to excuse a raid upon his solitude.

On hearing the story of the visit to Villa Marina, the latter considered it a joke in retaliation for his morning performance; nor did he believe in the invitation until he found himself actually in the presence of the two ladies whom they had met the day before.

For a while the conversation—about nothing particular—went on around him. The young stranger was unused to society, although he had travelled considerably, and, after all, he was a mere boy.

At last Ronald remarked: "This friend of mine is the warbler of San Remo, Madame la Marquise."

"And," replied the marquise, "how delightful it would be to hear some of his warbling in this room!" There was a tremor in the lady's voice as she continued: "Mr. Ramsay, will you allow us to take advantage of this piece of information? Will you give us the pleasure we are all coveting, of hearing you?"

"Do you play your own accompaniment?"

The younger lady stood near the piano, and as the song was begun at once—though with a little hesitation at first—she could not resist a few chords, and a facile movement of hers, that suited it admirably.

The marquise took a chair by the side of them, and became intensely interested as the boy's voice grew more and more charming.

"How beautifully you sing it!" they exclaimed simultaneously.

"Where in the world," continued the lady, "if I may ask you, did you learn that song and the air?"

"My sister taught it to me when I was a very little boy, before Dodo took me away to America. He died last November. Once he showed me the places on the map where my family used to live. My sister was ten years old when she wrote that song herself, and she said no one was to sing it but me. I thought, if I could find her—"

"Giulio! my own lost Giulio!" exclaimed the poor marquise. She clasped the boy in her arms for a moment, and then, supported by her daughter, sank back into a chair completely overcome. Tears—tears of joy—were speedy restoratives. Pedro—for it was he—told them all, describing "Dodo," who proved to be a worthless cousin of his father's, and for whom they had searched for nine long years, that they might gain some clue to Pedro's whereabouts. But the man was not

to be found. A few letters of Dodo's which Pedro carried, although containing only minutiæ, served still farther to prove the identity, in the mind of the marquise, of the man who had caused them such terrible sorrow.

"And *Pedro!* how was it he called you *Pedro?* That alone would have marked you in some places. It is one of your names!" said his sister, whose delight was unbounded.

The news of the joy that had come so suddenly to supplement the grief of the widowed lady who had so lately lost her eldest son in an engagement near Gaeta spread quickly through San Remo, and our hero was recognized in a few hours as the little boy for whom such a long and wearying search had been made—the young Marquis de Salva.

The Beaujours were by no means forgotten. Pedro sent them "a lightning message" across the sea, and subsequently, as they could not be persuaded to leave their old home, provided them with an annuity that would supply all their needs. We recently heard that the young marquis was contemplating another beneficent act, viz., the erection in a certain city in America of a House of Refuge for young tramps.

THE TEACHERS.

BY JAMES RILEY.

GOD made the hills for thoughts sublime,
The vales for love and laughter;
Twin teachers they, of flowing rhyme,
To man for ever after.

And though one lead where glories ring,
And one be love's defender,
It is to teach the eagle's wing
Is near to longings tender.

Divinely linking dreams of soul,
They act on man's endeavor;
Inspiring answering songs that roll
For ever, and for ever!

As far as sunshine of the heart,
In language deep, all glowing,
They teach the old and higher part—
Perspective's dream bestowing.

They lead to Genius' silent sway,
That artist soul may capture
The golden measure of the day,
For unborn ages' rapture.

Inspiring nations to be brave,
They uphold all flags flying;
And strike the shackles from the slave
In words that are undying.

The highest goal is for the soul
  Of him who scales the mountains;
Who follows down the streams that roll
  From far perennial fountains.

All Beauty's dream is but a gleam
  Of hills and valleys drinking
The sunlight of each wayward stream
  That wells from fonts unthinking.

He drinks Life's waters and is cheered
  Who knows the vales will bless him;
The rime of time upon his beard,
  Suns linger to caress him.

Then hail the Light that lifts the night!
  The hills and vales adorning;
Showing afar the Maker's might,
  As on that first bright morning.

FOR RELIGION'S SAKE.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

VERY wretched was the condition of Ireland after the awful wail of lamentation arose on the shores of the Cove of Cork over the departing Irish army. Weeping Niobe trailed her dishevelled hair in the dust, and her enemies mocked at her grief. "Their youth and gentry (are) destroyed in the rebellion or gone to France," exultingly wrote the bigot Sir Richard Cox, on October 24, 1705. "Those that are left are destitute of horses, arms and money, capacity and courage. Five in six of the Irish are poor, insignificant slaves, fit for nothing but to hew wood and draw water."

In less than a year after the last Irish sword had flashed on Irish soil the thunders of sectarian persecution began to roll, and the dread rain of penal laws to descend. The Treaty of Limerick, which guaranteed the Irish Catholics their ordinary rights as men and Christians, was ruthlessly torn to pieces. Catholic lords and commons, venturing to attend the first Irish Parliament of the reign of William III., were confronted with the oath of supremacy, declaring the King of England to be head of the church, and affirming the sacrifice of the Mass to be damnable; refusing to take it, they were promptly excluded. All the Catholic judges were removed from the bench and Protestant lawyers put in their places. Five years later even Protestants who had taken Catholic wives were disabled from sitting or voting in either house of Parliament.

An act was passed (the seventh William III.), which is practically in force to the present day, disarming the Catholics; any of those dangerous persons who dared have arms or ammunition, even for the purpose of shooting crows or rabbits on their farms, were liable on conviction to be exhibited in public with their

heads and hands secured in the degrading pillory, after the public hangman had torn their backs with the cat-o'-nine-tails. Any person who dared have his child educated by a Catholic teacher forfeited all his estates, both real and personal, and was deprived of the right of bringing any action in law. Any Catholic who dared possess "any horse, gelding, or mare of the value of £5 or more" forfeited the animal to the first Protestant who discovered it and gave information to the authorities. Any Catholic prelate, priest, or friar who dared remain in Ireland after May 1, 1698, was liable to be seized and transported; if he returned after transportation, he would be adjudged "guilty of high treason, and to suffer accordingly"—*i. e.*, on the scaffold. Any laborer who refused to work on a Catholic holyday was made liable to a fine of two shillings, or, in default of payment, punishment with the lash.

Such was the preliminary discharge of thunderbolts; such was the treatment accorded to the articles so recently signed in all military good faith by a group of gallant officers circled round the Limerick Treaty Stone! In the Irish House of Lords ten Protestant peers and five Protestant bishops rose and nobly protested against such perfidious conduct, but in vain; the infamous measures passed and became part of the law of the land.

Thus the gloom deepened, bringing woe and degradation alike to gentle and simple of the proscribed faith. As for the Catholic nobles, now suffering for having drawn sword for unhappy James II. as against his parricidal daughter, Mary, the light blue banner of St. Louis, sprinkled with the golden fleur-de-lys, waved over the cream of them, brave fellows who had left behind them 1,060,792 acres of rich Irish land, their forfeited estates, now divided among the Williamites. Their commands were now ringing out on many a European battle-field, as the red uniforms and white cockades of the Irish Brigade came on to the charge. How their poor brethren at home, riding about on sorry nags, their homes liable to nocturnal search and their wives and daughters to insult by the coxcomb ascendency squireens who lived around them, must have envied many of them even their honored graves on the banks of the Rhine or the Scheldt!

It is one thing to make a law, another to enforce it. Those vexatious priests and friars will not down or disappear. They hide on the moors and the mountains, in caves and woods, in the cabins of the faithful peasantry, occasionally in the "priest's hole" or secret chamber in some Jacobite mansion. They say

Mass, and administer the sacraments and spiritual consolation to the oppressed people, and brave the rigors of the law. Fearless and devoted as the pastors of the early Christian church are they, these lion-hearted Irish clergy of the penal days.

Again the fetter-forge in Dublin goes to work, and a new and

They hide on the Moors and the Mountains.

terrible assortment of chains is produced. A truly pathetic scene is that witnessed in the Irish House of Commons on a February night in 1704, when three Catholic advocates appear at the bar to plead the cause of their fellow-religionists against the fearful additional code which is about being launched against them—the eminent counsel Sir Toby Butler (who had been solicitor-general for the vanquished King James), Richard Malone, and Sir Stephen Rice, the first two in the black robes of their profession, as representing the Catholic body, the last in plain citizen attire, he appearing for himself as one of the aggrieved. Sir Toby makes an eloquent and argumentative speech, appealing to law, to justice, to manly fair play, and ordinary human sympathy: but vain to look for the latter qualities in the aggregation of tyrants whose faces, grim and dogged with hate and bigotry, glare upon the speaker. Many a jury has good Sir Toby faced, but never one so utterly unsympathetic and prejudiced as this. Dealing with some of the clauses of this new "Act to prevent the further growth of Popery," he says:

"For God's sake, gentlemen, will you consider whether this

is according to the golden rule, to do as you would be done unto? And if not, surely you will not, nay you cannot, without being liable to be charged with the most manifest injustice imaginable, take from us our birthrights and invest them in others before our faces."

But his earnest pleading to these precursors of the A. P. A. fall upon scornful and impatient ears. Next day the bill is ordered to be engrossed and sent up to the House of Lords. Here the appeal is repeated, and with like miserable result; so finally the measure becomes law—and such law!

By it if a child of a Catholic turn Protestant he immediately makes his father tenant for life, with no power to sell or mortgage the estate; and the child, if under age, is taken from the father and placed under the guardianship of the nearest Protestant relative or of the crown. Catholics are prohibited from purchasing lands, and they may not obtain leases for more than thirty-one years, nor can they inherit lands from a deceased Protestant relative. On the death of an estated Catholic his land must be gavelled or evenly divided among all his children —so that eventually, unable to live upon the product of their scanty holdings, they shall be obliged to sell to Protestants—the only legal purchasers; and thus all Catholic estates will be eventually swallowed up and disappear. No Catholic shall be eligible for office or for voting for one unless he takes an oath renouncing his religion.

At length, despairing of driving out the Catholic clergy, the government adopted the device of having them come in and register their names and the names of the parishes "of which they pretended to be Popish priests," with sundry other information, on the tacit understanding that Catholic worship would be tolerated if it were only practised in quiet, out-of-the-way places—much as the mayor of a modern American city might be induced by a "pull" to tolerate gambling. Each registering priest was required to furnish two "sufficient sureties," bound each in the penal sum of £50 sterling, that he should be "of peaceable behavior, and not remove out of such county where his or their place of abode lay, into any other part of the kingdom." Accordingly, on the specified registration day, that of the quarter sessions held after St. John Baptist's day, 1704, the poor soggarths issued from their retreats and repaired to their respective county towns, where they duly gave down their names and other particulars to the Orange clerk of the peace, and bonds were entered into by their sureties. The latter were in

many cases friendly Protestants, substantial Catholics having grown scarce under the stringency of the penal code. Here is a sample registration from the diocese of Killala:

Popish priest's name, James Monely; place of abode, Cloontekilly; age, 55; parish of which he pretends to be popish priest, Killcoman, Erris; year orders received, 1677; place he received orders, Dublin; from whom he received them, Dr. Foster, Titular Bishop of Kildare; sureties' names that entered into recognizances for him, according to act, Manus O'Donnell, Rossturk, and George Brown, Liskillin.

Next year, 1709, brought over the infamous political trickster, Thomas, Earl of Wharton, with no less a personage than the polished essayist Addison, of the *Spectator*, as his secretary; and now the persecution took a notable bound in meanness and malignancy. By the registration of five years previously the names and residences of the parish priests had been obtained; these were now ordered to come in and take the oath of abjuration—swear that the pope was not the head of the church—on penalty of being considered guilty of *præmunire*, or holding allegiance to a foreign power, and accordingly prosecuted for high treason. The clergy could not and would not take a sacrilegious oath; consequently they had to leave their homes and assume disguises in order to evade the numerous host of "priest-hunters" that now started on their trail, their cupidity excited by the offer of the following rewards:

For the arrest of an archbishop, bishop, vicar-general, or other person exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction, . £50
For the arrest of a monk or friar, or any secular priest not duly registered, ... £20
For the arrest of a popish school-teacher or usher, . £10

On Dr. O'Rorke's appointment by the pope, in 1707, as Bishop of Killala, in the west of Ireland, Prince Eugene presented him with a gold cross and a ring set in diamonds, and introduced him to the Emperor Leopold. The latter, by private letter, warmly recommended him to Queen Anne of England, and to all his allies by a passport written on parchment, signed by Leopold himself and sealed with the great seal of the empire. So, bidding adieu to a pleasant life in courtly and cultured circles in sunny Italy, Dr. O'Rorke set out to tend the spiritual wants of his persecuted flock among the wild mountains and moors of Mayo. In passing through London he received favorable audience of Queen Anne, who even gave him

letters of recommendation to some of the leading men of Ireland; but even the friendship of England's queen could avail him nothing under the gloom of the Irish penal laws! Arrived in his diocese—its first bishop for over half a century—he was dogged as a popish spy and in imminent danger of capture. Assuming the alias of Fitzgerald, he made his way to the lonely bogs of the Joyce country, where for some years he found shelter in the cabins of the devoted peasants. Thence he made his way to Belanagar, in Roscommon, the residence of his brother-in-law (husband of his sister Mary), namely, Denis O'Conor, head of a family which had long supplied kings of Connaught. Here the hunted bishop found frequent refuge, and from here he often dated his letters in the style of the fugitive Catholic hierarchy, "Ex loco nostri refugii." In one of these letters, to a friend in Rome, he mentions that the Irish Roman Catholics trembled at the idea of writing a letter, that when they ventured to write they wrote in Irish, and that he risked his life by posting a letter for Rome, though it regarded only his pastoral and temporal concerns. A lively and hospitable place was Belanagar even in that time of persecution. One Christmas eve the company present included a dancing-master, a fencing-master, an Irish master, a crowd of educated gentlemen, and the celebrated Turlough O'Carolan and a crowd of other harpers for the Midnight Mass.

In the same year that the Sligo magistrates tried to ferret out information as to the whereabouts of Catholic bishops and priests, Mayor Edward Eyre of Galway led a file of soldiers to the Franciscan convent in that city, thrust the nuns into the streets, ordered them to quit the bounds of his jurisdiction, and converted their convent into a barrack. The nuns made their way to Dublin, where their religious habits soon attracted attention, and by rude official hands they were led to jail. Such was the fanatic fear and alarm caused by the arrival of these few weak women in the capital that special governmental orders were at once issued for the arrest of Archbishop Edmund Byrne of Dublin, Bishop Nary, and Dr. John Burke, provincial of the Irish Franciscans; but probably the execution of the order was difficult as the enforcement of the act upon which it was based.

Prominent among priest-hunters was the notorious John Mullowny of Mayo, nicknamed by the peasantry, from his odious calling, Shawn-na-Soggarth (John of the priests). Originally a Catholic—his Irish surname, with orthographical irony,

signifying Devotee of God (Mael-Dhomnaigh)—he embraced the Reformed religion from a spirit of lucre and, like the typical turncoat, became a bitter hater and persecutor of the faith which he had deserted. The appearance of Shawn-na-Soggarth is thus described by a Mayo writer: "In stature he was rather under the middle size, while the shoulders, which supported a short, thick neck, surmounted by a bullet-shaped head, were by no means on a level, one aspiring some inches above the other.

"He knocked Him senseless with one powerful Buffet."

But then his arms were of unusual length, his chest of ample breadth, and the legs, that formed the pedestals to this superstructure, of that bowed description generally indicative of great strength and firmness of footing. It was the countenance, however, that constituted the portion of Mullowny's person that, once seen, could not be easily forgotten. His complexion was colorless, and his features heavy and massive, though not deformed. But it was his deep-set eye, with its overhanging heavy

brow, the numerous surrounding furrows that belonged not to his years—for he was a young man, though with but little of the lightness or buoyancy of youth in his person or aspect—and the character of his large and prominent mouth — that most eloquent of all our features—that told, as distinctly and more truly than words might tell, that within rioted passions which had never been checked, fierce, relentless, uncontrollable, though at times there was a cat-like expression of cunning mingled with the ferocity of the aspect." He acted chiefly under the directions of Sir John Bingham of Castlebar, a violent persecutor, who, in rigorous enforcement of the provisions of the penal law, had laborers flogged at the cart's tail through the streets of that town for refusing to work on Catholic holydays.

Bingham was the ancestor of the present Earl of Lucan, whose late father luridly distinguished himself by exterminating hundreds of families of Mayo peasants and also by issuing the fatal order which sent the Light Brigade to destruction in the valley of Balaclava.

Vivid memories of Shawn-na-Soggarth still survive, especially in the neighborhood of the stately old abbey ruin of Ballintubber, where were performed many of his noted feats of priest-hunting. "Tha ma keese bleeun echy" (my year's rent is paid) was his usual exulting expression on finding the trail of a likely quarry, and his favorite oath was "By the glory of hell." One Sunday morning he surprised a Catholic congregation hearing Mass in the corn-loft of Myles Bourke, when his appearance created such confusion that the flooring of the loft gave way, precipitating about two hundred persons a depth of sixteen feet, causing many bruised and broken limbs and the crushing to death of an aged mendicant. Shawn coolly watched for and pounced upon the celebrant, Friar David Bourke of Clare-Galway; but the latter knocked him senseless with one powerful buffet and made good his escape. On another occasion, simulating extreme illness, he entered the cabin of his sister, Widow Nancy Loughnan, and begged her to bring him a priest, as he felt his last hour had come. After some hesitation the woman, who knew where a priest was in hiding, complied, and very soon the venerable Father Bernard Kilger (or Kilker), uncle of the Friar Bourke already mentioned, stood beside the couch on which Shawn was shamming death-sickness. "By the glory of hell, I have him at last!" cried the ruffian springing up and seizing the clergyman, whom he hurled to the floor. The widow seized the tongs from the hearth and striking her villanous brother on the

hands compelled him to loose his hold, so that the priest was enabled to get up and rush to the door; but ere he could pass out Shawn plunged a dagger twice into his neck, laying him a corpse upon the floor!

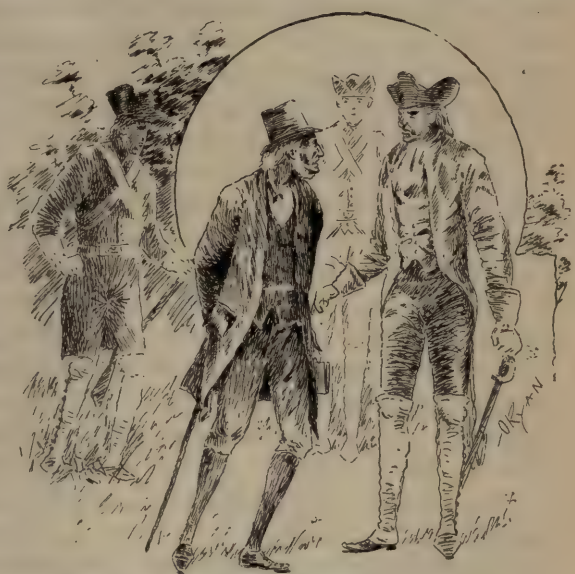
The funeral of the murdered priest was attended by his nephew, Friar Bourke, or, as he was familiarly called, "Father Davy," disguised in the white cap and long blue cloak of a peasant woman. Shawn, who was truculently on the watch, recognized the friar despite his disguise and rushed to seize him, but was hampered by the interference of some of the women attending the funeral, while the friar, throwing off cap and cloak, made a run for life and liberty. A sharp chase ensued. In passing through a plantation the friar's foot caught in a root and he was hurled to the ground. Ere he could arise Shawn was upon him, his pistol-butt lifted to strike. Suddenly, in response to a hint shouted by a third party who had joined in the race, the friar drew from his breast a skian or long knife, which had been given him for his protection, and plunged it into the side of his enemy, who dropped his pistol and fell. The third party, a peddler—called Johnny McCann, but whose real name was Andrew Higgins, and who was a nephew of one of Shawn's clerical victims—now came running up. Drawing the skian from the wound he remorselessly plunged the red blade again and again into the body of the priest-hunter, fiercely bidding him look up and see who was killing him, and ceasing not till the cruel features of Shawn had grown rigid in death.

The body of Shawn-na-Soggarth was interred in a little ruined chapel adjacent to Ballintubber Abbey. Over his grave grew a singular ash-tree, long an object of curiosity to visitors even after it had become a leafless and withered trunk. Springing from one side of the grave, it bent downwards to the other and took root again, forming an arch across the grave mound and sending up a second stem. The peasantry regarded it with awe, considering it placed there by Providence to isolate from contact with Christian remains the dust of the blood-stained priest-hunter.

Another noted member of the profession was a Portuguese Jew named Garcia, through whose vile efforts two Jesuits, three secular priests, one Franciscan, and one Dominican were apprehended in Dublin and banished the kingdom with the usual warning of death if they dared return. Several of the priest-hunters were Jews, some of whom pretended to be priests in order to win the confidence of the people and increase their

receipts of blood-money. Sometimes these miscreants were saluted with showers of missiles and curses from both Protestants and Catholics. Various were the ways taken to outwit them. Once, when a party of them had almost surprised a priest in the celebration of Mass, a gentleman of resource, Mr. Charley Phillips of Cloonmore, in Mayo—of a family now extinct—threw the priest's chasuble over his shoulders and started off at a rapid pace, leading the eager pack a lively dance over fields and fences, quite away from the real trail, and being at length captured only to be discharged by the amused magistrate before whom he was brought, who happened to be a personal friend of his.

It had been ascertained that there were 1,080 registered priests in Ireland, yet despite the cruel manner in which the infamous laws were enforced against them, and the ruthlessness with which they were continually chased like wolves or other vermin, only thirty-three of them came in and took the odious oath of abjuration, and of these not more than a dozen abandoned their faith to accept the £30 per annum which Lord-Lieutenant Wharton offered as a bribe to any Irish Catholic priest who would turn Protestant.



"THE SLIGO MAGISTRATES TRIED TO FERRET OUT INFORMATION."

Another bribe offered by the wily Wharton was an annuity from the estate to any child of an estated Catholic who became a Protestant. If a Catholic wife turned Protestant she thereby became entitled to receive a share of her husband's chattels. As for the heir of a Catholic, he had, to become at once the virtual owner of the estate, merely to "read his recantation" in the nearest Protestant church and obtain such a certificate as the following, which is a bona fide specimen:

"Mordecai, by Divine Providence Lord Bishop of Killala and Achonry, greeting:—We do hereby certify that William Fenton, now an inhabitant of the parish of Kilmacshalgan and Templeboy, hath renounced the errors of the Church of Rome, and that he was by our order received into the communion of the church on Sunday, the 24th of April last, and that the said William Fenton is a Protestant, and doth conform to the Church of Ireland as by law established. In witness whereof we have hereunto affixed our manual seal this 4th day of March, 1737. —MORDECAI, Killala and Achonry."

Bitter were the family feuds, great the filial injustice, many the gray heads that went down in sorrow and dishonor to the grave under the operation of the penal clauses that encouraged the son to rob the father. Among the most remarkable sufferers was Peter Brown, ancestor of the present Marquis of Sligo. Peter, the son of a Jacobite colonel who was one of the signers of the Treaty of Limerick, possessed estates lying along the shore of Clew Bay and often attended Mass in a barn which stood on Carnalurgan hill, where now stands his monument, a square block of freestone with the inscription, "Orate pro anima Petri Browne qui me fieri fecit, 1723." Peter's son John turned Protestant, dispossessed the old man, became a rabid persecutor of the faith he had forsaken, and otherwise so pleased the government that he obtained the title of Earl of Altamont. The grandson of this earl, who founded the present pretty town of Westport, was created Marquis of Sligo for voting for the infamous Legislative Union between England and Ireland, and his grandson in turn is the present marquis, who proved himself in the days of the famine one of the most merciless and sweeping of exterminators.

Sometimes the son did not get the better of the father in the trick of apostasy. Owing to an after-dinner dispute between Christopher Nugent of Westmeath and his son Lewellyn, or Lally, the latter determined on revenge and set out for Dublin. The father, divining the son's object, also set out for the metropolis, where by taking a shorter road he managed to arrive first, and proceeding without delay to Christ Church promptly "read his recantation." On leaving the church he met his son, entering with similar interested purpose, at the door, and galled him with the jeer: "Lally, you are late!"

The Irish Catholic gentry being ardent huntsmen and steeplechasers, and admirers of good horseflesh, the mean penal clause restricting their ambition to horses of not more value than £5

naturally caused them much annoyance and humiliation. Daring riders and high-toned gentlemen, they chafed at seeing upstart shoneens, fellows who neither knew the points of a good hunter nor the pleasure of taking a six-foot wall, superbly mounted and swaggering in the cavalier distinction the law conferred upon them but nature never could. Under these circumstances some of the Catholic gentry ventured to provide themselves with good horses, and their popularity with their Protestant neighbors made the insulting law a dead-letter; but not always. One day when a Catholic gentleman of good old family, Mr. Kedagh Geoghegan, of Donower, in Westmeath, drove into Mullingar in a carriage drawn by four fine horses, he was approached by a rich Protestant named Stepney, who proffered £20 and claimed the four horses as his, according to law.

"Just one moment, Stepney," said Geoghegan, and with his own hand he shot the four noble animals dead. Then, with a brace of pistols held by the barrels in each hand, he returned to the would-be legal robber.

"You can't have those horses, Stepney; I have shot them; and, unless you are as great a coward as you are a scoundrel, I will do my best to shoot you. Choose your weapon, and take your ground."

The baffled poltroon retreated amid the contempt and derision of his co-religionists; and thenceforward, to avoid a similar outrage and emphasize the contemptible nature of the penal laws, his cattle, whenever he visited the county town, consisted of four oxen.

Another Geoghegan, fearful that a kinsman would outwit and rob him by the 'verting system prescribed by law, turned Protestant. In Christ Church, when the sacramental wine was presented to him, he drank off the entire contents of the cup, and was in consequence rebuked by the officiating minister for his lack of decorum. "You needn't grudge it to me," he retorted; "it is the dearest glass of wine I ever drank."

That afternoon he entered the Globe Coffee-room in Essex Street, which was crowded by members of the "ascendency" and the higher class of Dublin citizens, and, gazing round defiantly, with his hand on the hilt of his sword, said:

"I have read my recantation to-day, and any man who says I did right is a rascal."

This occurred on a Sunday. Next day he sold his estate, and on Tuesday returned to Catholicism. When twitted on his

rapid change he declared: "I would rather trust my soul to God for a day than my property to the fiend for ever."

Suddenly, in the midst of all this shabby oppression, while the wretched Parliament of the English colony in Ireland was concocting fresh schemes for the further degradation of the Irish Catholics, came tidings which shot through the hearts of the latter a grand, wild thrill of joy and exultation. It was the news of Fontenoy! The Irish Brigade had at length met their hereditary foes, exacted a bloody vengeance for years of wrong and oppression, and notably helped to humble the might of England before the world.

"Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects!" swore King George, and next year, with the object of relaxing those laws, he sent to Ireland as lord-lieutenant the courtly Earl of Chesterfield, now an old beau of fifty-two. The "Mass-houses" were allowed to reopen, the priests might appear in public without fear of the handcuffs, the people visit the holy wells without terror of the lash. Chesterfield politely mocked at the fears of the indignant; he said the only "dangerous Papist" he saw in Ireland was Miss Eleanor Ambrose, a Catholic beauty who attended his court.

PROFESSOR NITTI'S "CATHOLIC SOCIALISM."*

ATHOLIC SOCIALISM is the first of a series of volumes which are to treat in turn the different phases of contemporary socialism. Its author, Francesco S. Nitti, a voluminous and learned writer on all social and economic questions, is professor of political economy at Naples University. Published first in 1891, this, his most important work, has since been translated into French and English. The fact that it won the approval of the late Cardinal Manning is sufficient guarantee of our giving a critical summary of the volume.

The book professes (Introduction, p. ix.) to give an impartial and unprejudiced account of what Catholics have been doing the world over in regard to solving the problem of the "Sphinx of our modern society—the Social Question."

Naturally enough, the work is tainted with the false Italian liberalism which views Christianity and its Founder through the glasses of the French rationalists. Döllinger is praised for his noble protest against the dogma of Infallibility, which, according to Professor Nitti, is "contrary to the spirit of Christianity and the traditions of the church" (p. 123); the Syllabus is denounced as "opposed to reason and science" (p. 250); the popes from the time of Charlemagne have been "animated solely by the desire to preserve and extend their temporal power" (p. 395).

Many indeed of the men whose work he so vividly describes have protested again and again that the terms Catholic and Socialism are utterly incompatible. They maintain that Socialism properly so called is founded on materialism, atheism, and the denial of private ownership; therefore it is absurd to speak of *Catholic* Socialism. One might reply that Socialism is to-day a very lax term; if, then, Catholic Socialism be defined as "a system which aims at the betterment of the working-man physically, intellectually, and morally," what boots it to quarrel about words? But there is some confusion in Professor Nitti's mind, for he speaks of the contradiction between the pastoral

* *Il Socialismo Cattolico.* By F. S. Nitti. Torino: Roux. 1891.—*Le Socialisme Catholique.* By F. S. Nitti. Paris: Guillaumin & Co. 1894.—*Catholic Socialism.* By F. S. Nitti. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

of the Bishop of Perugia (1877), which speaks so eloquently of the sufferings of oppressed working-men, and the Encyclical of Leo XIII. (1878) wherein the Holy Father denounces Socialism as destructive of civil society (pp. 374–5). But there is no contradiction here; the first is not *socialistic* and the second *anti-socialistic*. Rather, the former is the church's defence of the poor which dates from the beginning; the latter is the church's protest against the nihilistic and anarchistic disturbers of peace and order.

Modern Socialism, says Professor Nitti, is like modern democracy whence it springs, a product of the last one hundred years. The people have but lately become possessed of political liberty. Are they the gainers thereby? No, they are now seeing that political liberty is not the panacea they looked forward to; the economic slavery under which they now bend is still harder to bear since politically they are free. The key-note of the situation is struck by the Holy Father when in his encyclical on the Labor Question he says: "By degrees the working-men have been given over, isolated and defenceless, to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition. The evil has been increased by rapacious usury, which, although more than once condemned by the church, is nevertheless, under a different form but with the same guilt, still practised by avaricious and grasping men. And to this must be added the custom of working by contract and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

It is the evils of this our modern industrial system which have been the occasion of the rapid spread of Socialism. The flame has been fanned by the appeal to the economic doctrines of the liberal school, by the fatalistic views of Hegel, Schopenhauer, by the infidelity born of Protestantism. When men expect nothing from God, when they look upon this world and the things of this world as their all, it must needs be that they revolt at the thought of suffering and pain. These must cease, they say, for to-morrow we die.

It is the misery of the working-classes and the extensive propagandism of the atheistic Socialist among the people that have taught European Catholics the need of interesting themselves in the social problems of the day. Their school is in reality but the growth of the past thirty years or so; but they

are a well-organized body, with a well-defined programme, with a body of earnest clergy and laity doing their best to ameliorate the condition of the working-man by means of the press, the platform, trades-unions, co-operative associations, popular banks, state aid and the like.

Many agree with the ultra-socialist as to the need of an utter transformation of our modern social system, but they are at the same time enemies of that socialistic state wherein personal energy is stunted and the individual becomes a mere cog in the great wheel of government. Whereas materialistic economics can but prate of the struggle for existence and of the operation of natural laws, and whereas the sum of its philosophy is that force is the only power deserving recognition, Christianity holds out her arms to the poor and disinherited, and, while putting in bold relief the rights of justice, teaches them resignation till a better time dawn.

With a chapter (ii.) on the "Social Struggles of Antiquity," wherein he shows that Socialism as we know it did not exist among the Greeks and Romans, because the idea of the "same absolute right of all to share in the government and wealth of the nation" (p. 35) was foreign to their way of thinking, Professor Nitti goes on to discuss "The Economic Origin of Christianity and the Social Traditions of the Catholic Church" (iii.)

This is the most unfortunate chapter of the book. From beginning to end it is but a travesty of the truth. With Renan, Letourneau, and De Laveleye for guides, what wonder that he fall into the pit? After a false picture (a copy after Renan) of the state of mind among the Jews as to the iniquity of being wealthy, he maintains that private ownership is opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, that the rich as rich are anathematized by our Lord, that the Fathers of the church are at one as to the incompatibility of wealth and Christianity. He writes: "The parable of Lazarus became the parable of the *bad* rich man when the Christian body felt the need of justifying the possession of wealth, but it is in reality only the parable of the *rich man*" (p. 61). No proof of this is adduced, and yet the occasion of the parable was a rebuke to the covetous Pharisees (Luke xvi. 14).

The parable of the unjust steward is fruitful of the following strange exegesis: "Wealth is therefore contrary to eternal life, since the robbing of the rich to benefit the poor is not only praiseworthy, but worthy of the kingdom of heaven"! (p. 63).

But how revolting to think of Christ as the approver of fraud and injustice! Nay, he is holding up to the disciples the example of the farsightedness of the men of the world as compared to the spiritual dulness of the men of the kingdom. "Blessed are the poor *in spirit*" (Matt. v. 3) are the words of the beatitude. It is not always the poor in worldly goods that are so; in so far, therefore, as they are eaten up with the desire of riches, they fall not under the blessing. Whereas the rich, if they act as the stewards of God's bounty, if they "be not high-minded, nor trust in the uncertainty of riches" (I. Tim. vi. 17), may well be called blessed. "*Non enim census, sed affectus in crimine est,*" says St. Ambrose—"The crime consists not in the having of wealth, but in the inordinate love thereof."

The question as to the communism of the Apostles and the Fathers of the church, and their denial of the right of private ownership, has been raised time and time again, and has been as often refuted.

Communism was never a *sine quâ non* of church-membership; the Fathers were not opposed to the rich as rich; they were not loud in their denunciations of the right of private ownership. We have St. Irenæus to the contrary (*Adv. hær.* 2, 32); and St. Clement of Rome (*Ep.* §39), Justin Martyr (*Ap.* 1, 67), Tertullian (*Ap.* 39), St. Augustine, and others of the fathers urge the duty of almsgiving on the rich. In fact the inference from the passage cited from St. Ambrose (*De Officiis*, I. xxviii.)—overlooked by Professor Nitti, for he undoubtedly quotes second hand—is "Therefore, according to the will of God or the bond of nature, we are bound to help one another . . . by kindliness, by service, by money. . . ."

Undoubtedly the questions nearer the hearts of the early Fathers were religious rather than economic. They lived and wrote to show men "the way, the truth, and the life," not to expound social theories. Yet withal they ever recognize the existence of rich and poor, and in no place declare the rich *ipso facto* outside the pale of the Catholic faith. Passages especially condemnatory are easily explainable if we keep before us the principle laid down by Leo XIII., "that it is one thing to have a right to the possession of money, and another to have a right to use money as one pleases."

As for the Apostles, St. Ambrose (Ser. 18) quotes chapter the fifth of the Acts of the Apostles as proof positive that the early Christians were free both in the selling of their land and

in the handing over of the proceeds. St. Augustine (*Quod vult Deus*) also cites it against the heretics known as the *Apostolici*, who were of Professor Nitti's mind in this matter.

Chapter iv. deals with the relations of Catholicism and Protestantism to the social question. The Reformation is spoken of as "a religious reform for the benefit of the wealthy classes in Germany" (p. 75), and Luther is blamed for his attitude towards the peasantry he had incited to rebellion, and for the closing of the convents and the sequestration of ecclesiastical property whence so many poor were daily fed and supported.

The Catholic Church of the middle ages is described truly as devoting nearly half her revenues to the maintenance of the poor, and the abbeys and priories are held up as the breakwater against pauperism. The conclusion of the chapter is that the Catholic Church is better prepared than the Protestant churches to deal with the social question.

Chapters v., vi., and vii. treat of the work accomplished by the German Catholics and the economic views of the principal leaders.

Socialism as a political party in Germany dates from the time of Lassalle and Marx, some thirty years ago. And yet it has spread like a prairie-fire among the people, and is to-day the most powerful party agency in the German Empire.* The causes assigned by Professor Nitti are the traditional feeling of dependence on the state, the sudden foisting of universal suffrage upon the people on the eve of the war with Austria, and, lastly, the determined opposition of Bismarck, which only strengthened the foe it meant to destroy. German Socialism takes a very practical form, and is unique in counting among its adherents men of all classes.

The German clergy were the first to enter into the labor problem. Theirs it is to have carried on the work with the greatest success. In 1863, when Social Democracy was in its infancy, we find Döllinger urging the "Gesellen-Vereine" to be up and doing. These labor-unions had been founded in 1847 by Father Kolping, himself at one time a poor working-man. They were mutual-benefit associations devoted to church and labor interests. They had charge of schools for the education of the children of the working-man; of savings-banks for the earnings of the parents; of societies for bringing the young men

*From 1871–1895 the votes for Socialists elected to the Reichstag were respectively 102,000–2,000,000 (*Forum*, March, 1895).

together; they provided for the sick and the unemployed. When Father Kolping died, in 1865, there were four hundred of these associations, comprising a membership of eighty thousand; to-day they are double this number.

But the first man to give prominence to the Catholic movement in Germany was G. E. von Ketteler, Bishop of Mayence. His book, *Die Arbeiter frage und das Christenthum*—Christianity and the Labor Question—caused quite a sensation throughout Europe. It was the church's duty, he declared, to look after the temporal as well as the spiritual interests of her children; it was his duty as a Christian and as a bishop to take up the case of God's poor.

He laments that under our industrial system "labor has become a merchandise subject to the same laws which govern other merchandise, . . . the result often being that human merchandise is sold below cost price—in other words, necessity frequently forces the working-man to labor for a salary insufficient to provide for the most urgent needs of himself and family" (p. 126). He is loud in his disapproval of the policy of *laissez-faire*, maintaining that "to leave poor men with all the natural and social disadvantages under which they labor *free* to compete with the rich and powerful is a mere mockery of liberty" (p. 127). Liberty of contract often means the liberty to die of hunger.

While the state should tax parishes and property to aid the very poor, the betterment of the working-classes as a whole devolved upon the church. The best method would be the organization of co-operative associations of production supported by voluntary contributions from the well-to-do faithful. His plan was similar to Lassalle's, except that the latter demanded a million thalers from the state, while the bishop depended on the charity of German Catholics. Catholic charity in the past had founded convents, schools, hospitals, reformatories, and in every way had helped the needy and infirm; to-day its mission was to help the working-man. Later on, when this appeal of his met but little response, he gave his support to those who looked rather to the state for aid.

Bishop Ketteler's example was a rallying point for the German clergy. Societies devoted to his views were everywhere formed; a review, *Die Christlich-Sociale Blätter*, was started by his friend Canon Monfang; labor congresses were held. Around the new review there soon gathered a group of Catholics, men such as Father Hitze, Count Losewitz, Drs. Meyer and Rat-

zinger, whose influence was soon greatly felt in the way of labor reform.

Canon Monfang maintained that the state should prohibit all work on the Sunday, if only as a hygienic measure; it should reduce the hours of labor for adults, and absolutely forbid the working of women and children. Especially is this latter necessary, as experience proves that factories are often dens of corruption where employment becomes the price of a woman's honor—where evil associations are the ruin of a child's after-life. The state should also regulate salaries, and advance money to trades-unions, as it does to railways and other enterprises of moment. Militarism, which yearly takes away thousands of laborers from the fields and work-shops, the learned canon denounced as strongly as do the Social Democrats to-day.

Fully to appreciate the spirit which animates these men, one should read carefully the speech of Father Hitze at the Congress of Freiburg-im-Breisgau. Among other things he says: "The economic and social reverses of our day have created new duties towards souls, they have laid open new paths. . . . If you wish to fulfil the duties of your position, you must study the problems of the age. . . . Yes, we must study the Social Question; we must learn how to distinguish what is just from what is unjust in the claims of the working-men. . . . We must ever proclaim the Christian ideal in the midst of the errors and confusion that surround the Social Question. We must show that economic progress must be inspired by that ideal" (p. 148).

After a summary of the views of Canon Hitze, and of the labor reforms brought about by him and his supporters, a sketch of the work of Fathers Keller and Winterer in Alsace follows. Here, as in other parts of the Continent, Catholics are divided as to the advisability of a return to the corporations of the Middle Ages, adapted, of course, to the age and country. Professor Nitti is opposed to them in any form whatever. In Austria Baron von Vogelsang succeeded in having them established in 1883 for certain industries, despite the opposition of the liberals and the Jews, but his example has not been followed.

Chapter vii. is given to a brief sketch of the Association of Manufacturers which looks after the factory-workers, the above-mentioned Gesellen-Vereine, and the Bauern-Vereine of Bavaria and Westphalia, which are devoted to the interests of the small land-holders of southern Germany.

There is no doubt that this attitude of the German Catholics is important, for it saves the people from the atheism of the Social Democrat, and acts as an incentive to similar work elsewhere.

Austrian Socialism is likewise of late date owing to the fact that most of the country's wealth was drawn from the land, and industrialism was in the chrysalis stage. But the misery of the people ground down by the exactions of the Jews, wild speculation, vast monopolies, and evils akin to these, soon prepared the way for its spread. Anti-Semitism in Austria is at once explained when we see that it is due to economic rather than religious causes, the press, the banking, the Bourse, and most of the land* being in the hands of the Jews.

Maxen, one time professor at Göttingen, was the first to popularize in Austria the views of his friend Bishop Ketteler. But the Protestant Dr. Meyer and the Baron von Vogelsang were the first and principal agents in the forming of a strong party devoted to the interests of the working-man.

Dr. Meyer held that the state should regulate both the production and distribution of wealth, that it should fix a minimum salary, limit the normal number of hours for work in the different branches of industry, aid in establishing co-operative stores, enforce the old laws against usury, pass agrarian laws† to protect small land-owners, organize the trades into corporations, establish boards of arbitration to settle differences and the like. With Vogelsang the solution of the labor problem is in the return to the old-time corporations. It is owing to his appeal that an investigation was made into the condition of the Austrian working-man, and such wretchedness and misery did it bring to light that it spurred on the Reichsrath to many social reforms.

"In no country of Europe," says Professor Nitti, "is the condition of the working-man so favorable as in Switzerland" (p. 242). The market is not overstocked with workmen, salaries are pretty stable, the manufacturers are as a rule just to their employees. Profit-sharing is practised in many of the cantons, co-operative societies of consumption, mutual-benefit associations, unions of masters and workmen are common.

Chapter ix. deals chiefly with the work of Gaspard Decurtins, a man who has had great influence on labor enactments in

* They own 33⅓ per cent. of Hungary; 8 per cent. of Galicia. The Rothschilds alone own 25 per cent. of Bohemia.

† In Hungary alone the number of small proprietors has of late years decreased by 500,000.

Switzerland. He unites with the radicals and socialists to obtain the needed reforms, on the ground that "hunger knows of no distinction of creed or party." He has caused the institution of the "Sécretariat Ouvrier," an intermediary board appointed by the trades-unions and paid by the government. Its office is to present to the government the claims of the workingmen, and their complaints as to the non-observance of the industrial laws. He also worked hard for an international legislation in favor of the working classes, for industrialism has everywhere the same problems and the same difficulties; with the radical deputy, Favon, he was indirectly the originator of the International Congress of Berlin.

The French Catholics are divided into two schools in regard to the Social Question. The first follows the lines laid down by Périn and Le Play; they are opposed to state interference and the revival of the old corporations. The second is modelled after the theories of Hitze and Vogelsang.

Charles Périn, professor several years at Louvain, believed that a reform of the Christian social order was needed. Opposed to the liberal doctrine of *laissez-faire*, he declared that although the state should grant general protection to the laboring class, no law could burden the capitalist with such onerous duties as compulsory insurance and the like. He also denies the right of the state to regulate production or distribution, and looks on charity as the sole remedy of existing evils. In his eyes the social problem is rather a moral than an economic question.

Just after the horrors of the Paris Commune, was founded, under the able leadership of the Count de Mun, the labor associations known as "Les Cercles Catholiques d'Ouvriers." France was divided into seven sections, and these again subdivided for purposes of thorough organization. In fifteen years there were over one hundred of these associations in France.

Originally the society was to assume the corporative form, as De Mun hoped great things from a return to the compulsory corporations of the Middle Ages; he has since abandoned the idea. His picture of our social system is gloomy indeed. Having enumerated the many factors which have gone to widen the breach between rich and poor he writes:

"Is not such a state of things to be condemned as unjust and unchristian? Our age will go down to history as the age of Usury. . . . It has made Christian society relapse into the morals of heathendom. Prates it of liberty? I see but the

slavery of the working-man. *Laissez-faire?* It is but a formula to consecrate the abuse of force." Like his colleagues in Germany and Austria the Count de Mun has effected much in the way of labor reforms.

The chapter on England is chiefly interesting from its account of that great friend of the working-man, the late Cardinal Manning. In his eyes our modern industrial system is destructive of the domestic life of the people, for it turns "wives and mothers into living machines, and fathers into creatures of burden. . . . We dare not go on in this path. These things cannot go on; these things ought not to go on." "Labor is a social function; and as such should not be subject to the law of supply and demand."

The last chapter, on the "Papacy and the Social Question," mentions the Holy Father's letters of encouragement to the various European leaders, and briefly summarizes the encyclicals which in any way touch upon the social problems of the age.

According to Professor Nitti, the Encyclical *Novarum Rerum*, "although blaming the privileges of the capitalist, and deploring the lot of the working-man, by no means proposes remedies commensurate with the evils it deprecates" (p. 388); "It consists only of vague and ill-defined statements" (p. 389).

It would seem that a cut-and-dried treatise on political economy had been expected; the Pope's aim was rather to set forth the claims of justice and charity, to lay down general principles such as those of a just wage, the particular duty of the state in protecting its working population and the like, and finally to set the seal of the church's approval upon the work already effected by Catholics in view of a question "greater than which the world has not yet faced."

Professor Nitti's book is valuable in so far as it presents a picture of the activity of Catholics abroad. Let it act to us as a spur in the same direction. There are many social problems in this country waiting to be solved. Take but one, the crowded tenement-house of our large cities—the hot-bed of disease, crime, immorality, and irreligion. There is a remedy. George Peabody's gift of $2,500,000 now provides pleasant homes at low rent for over twenty thousand of the London poor. "Every one then should put his hand to the work which falls to his share, and that at once lest the evil which is already so great may by delay become absolutely beyond remedy."

MARY MOTHER.

BY ELIZABETH GILBERT MARTIN.

DEAR, and most dear, thy purity,
O Mother of the Word,
Which drew, from far eternity,
The smile of the Adored!
Time was that fair prerogative
Outshone to me the rest:
Scarce for its splendor could I see
The Infant on thy breast.
The smile of God! the ecstasy
Of thy returning smile
When into time He summoned thee!—
These rapt me, even while
I saw thee 'neath the dreadful Rood.
"Deep, Mother, is thy sorrow,"
My mind would muse, my heart meanwhile
Rejecting thought so narrow.

Was He not thine, the Uncreate Love?
Thine, too, the Incarnate Son?
What time or grief to thee, when These
Thy clear eyes rested on?

I know not if the mood were wrong;
I know that it is past.
Dear to me now thy motherhood,
Thy grief-struck eyes, upcast
In anguished sympathy to Him
Whose faintest pangs, to thee,
Were those that tore His flesh and dyed
With blood the saving Tree.
Yea, if one dare to praise Him, wise
With wisdom strange and dread,
Was God when, coming man to men,
He was of woman made!
O Mother-heart! most like His own,
Creative, yearning, vast,
Filled with strange joy, strange bitterness,
To thee we turn at last,—
We mothers, sorrowing for our own.
Oh, pure all thought above!
Yet likest God in purity?
Nay, but in deathless love!

THE MADONNA DEL SASSO, LOCARNO.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

"OUR LADY of the Rock" is the most wonderful feature of the beautiful scenery round Locarno. The "Sasso," or Rock, rises abruptly behind the little old town to the height of several hundred feet. This daring natural spire is crowned by the pilgrimage church and the monastery. The "Sasso" stands, at all points but one, absolutely clear of the semi-circular heights that shelter Locarno; and the buildings are mortised to their rocky pinnacle in such firm fashion that it seems as if they were a natural growth. The coral insects are scarcely more cunning builders than were some of the old monks.

"ST. CARLO BORROMEO CAME HERE IN 1567."

The sanctuary dates back to the year of the plague, 1480; and its origin is interesting. Locarno and the neighboring villages suffered severely by the pestilence. One hamlet goes to this day by the name of the sole survivor of those fatal days —Orsolina, or Little Ursula, and another townlet is called Solduno—a corruption of Soltant' Uno (But one man left).

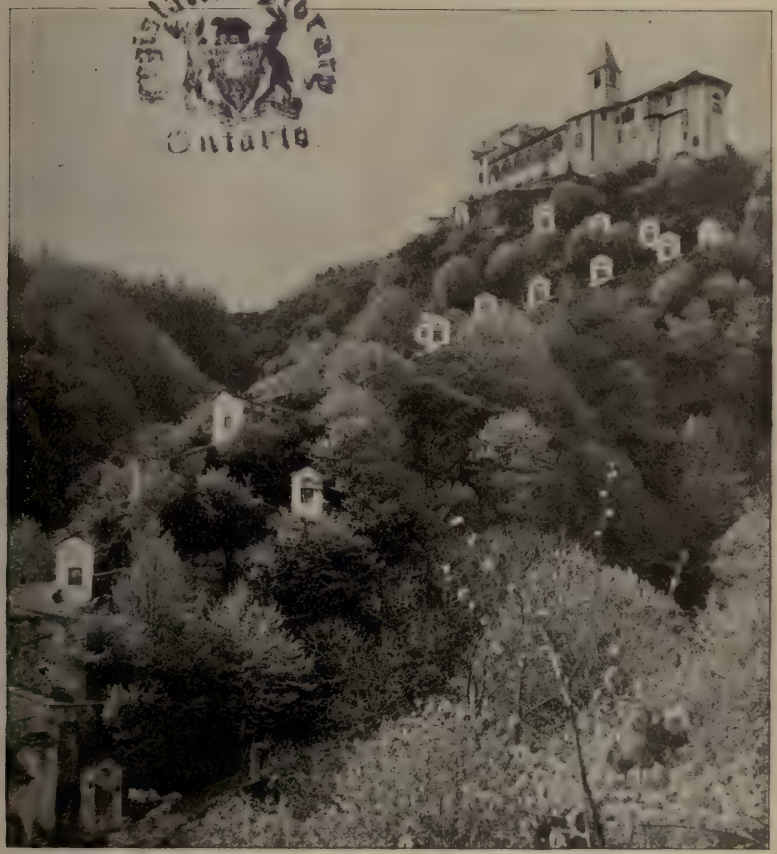
Fear and mourning were widespread when Fra Bartolomeo d'Ivrea, kneeling in prayer in his cell in the Franciscan friary down in the plague-stricken town, raised his eyes one bright

LAGO MAGGIORE.

August night towards the mountains and saw a vivid space of light upon the arrowy summit of the "Sasso." Against this luminous background appeared the Blessed Virgin surrounded by angels. The good friar was commissioned to build there a shrine, and was filled with the faith that, if the pious work were

undertaken, the pestilence would be stayed. He set about his task immediately. The Masina family gave him the site. Others promised him labor or treasure for his undertaking; and after his vision no death from the plague occurred in the whole neighborhood.

In 1487 a chapel was finished and consecrated. Fra Bartolomeo came up from the friary, and lived close by the new


Legislative Library
Ontario

"The Stations," Locarno.

sanctuary in a little hermitage. After a time a house for the Friars Minors was erected against the chapel walls, and used as a *dépendance* of the monastery down below; and it was not long before the Locarnese and the inhabitants of all the surrounding townships came flocking to the shrine to pray their good Mother's intercession on their behalf. Princes of the church were amongst the pilgrims. St. Carlo Borromeo came here in 1567, and again in 1570.

It is beautiful to see, in these unbelieving days, what numbers of the faithful visit this sanctuary, and how edifying is their demeanor. The steep zigzags which mount the hill are bordered by shrines in which are painted the Stations of the

A TYPICAL SCENE.

Cross; and all day long, and nearly every day, in autumn and early winter, pious people of all classes and of every age may be seen trooping up the sharp-stoned inclines, or devoutly kneeling before the stations, or in the church above.

There are numbers of ex-votos hung upon the interior walls: a whole gallery of pictures illustrating granted prayers; scores of gold and silver hearts, tokens of gratitude; wax models of limbs, once ailing, now sound; some crutches of cured cripples; thank-offerings of patient embroideries, framed and glazed; and mural tablets setting forth names, dates, and circumstances; everything, everywhere, painted or deeply stamped G. R., for *grazie recivute*—otherwise, favors received. It is always pretty to watch the little children creep away from their kneeling mothers and pass slowly, in awed procession, before the paintings of calamities—falling walls; burning houses; sick-beds; boats in danger;—perils happily surmounted! most certainly, those young minds take in, through the eye, pious impressions that otherwise could not possibly have been conveyed to them with equal vividness.

Locarno has been Swiss (it is in the Canton Ticino) since 1513, but to all outward appearances the place is Italian. In general build, features, and complexion the people are of the south. The Locarnese gymnasts form a complete contrast to their northern compatriots when they compete together in the intercantonal *Turnfeste*. Locarno's sons seem rounded, graceful, almost girlish, beside the angular, heavy men of the German-speaking cantons, or the spare, muscular French-Swiss. The Ticinese have the "pointed hands" of the Latin races—shapely, like antique sculptured hands. They have the classic heads, too; and the dark eyes and vivacity of Italians.

The architecture of Locarno also recalls Italy. The streets are, in great part, colonnaded. Houses run up to a *belvédère*—suggesting the habits of southerners, who provide themselves with a roof-garden for a pleasant lounge in the hot summer twilights. Most of the local gardens on lower levels have their *pergola*—a pillared walk, tapestried throughout the leafy months by the thick greenery of vines. And the language is *la dolce favella*.

Descending the Alps from the Swiss side, and passing down to the Lago Maggiore by the Pilgrims' Road, just below the church built over the tomb of *Il Beato d'Ivrea* (Fra Bartolomeo, of the vision), an odd example of Italian *naïveté* greets the wayfarer. On the end gable of a little hostelry stands a brightly-colored fresco, representing the Assumption. Underneath the painting is a long wooden shelf on brackets, laden with jars of flowers, candlesticks, and a lighted lamp. Just under this pious decoration (it is very like a class-room altar) there is an inscription. The traveller first jumps to the conclusion that it is

an aspiration, a text, a dedication—in short, something religious; but it is nothing of the sort. On closer inspection it reads: *Vendita di vino, birra, egassose;* or, "Wine, beer, and effervescing drinks sold here"!

They are fond of open-air painted letterings for the walls about Locarno. A peasant's house bears the words: *Tempore felici, multi numerantur amici. Si fortuna exit, nullus amicus erit.* ("Happy days, friends in numbers. Fortune turns her back, no friend remains.")

A GRANDMOTHER FROM LOCARNO.

Is it not a vague echo from Ovid's "Tristia"?

"Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos:
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris."

Have we, in this motto, the taste of a pessimist peasant? Or did some simple soul ask an irascible man of letters to select his motto for him? The passing stranger is unequal to the task of resolving these questions.

One trait of the Locarnese is more Swiss than Italian, namely, their extraordinary industry. The women carry enormous loads on their shoulders, in baskets called *gierli*. Lambs, kids, calves, some stone's-weight of bread, a cask of wine, a colossal pile of roped leaves for bedding for the cattle, hemp for rope-making or for weaving the coarse, home-made linen, or fire-wood, can be put inside or heaped upon a *gierlo*. Often the wood-cutters, or the gatherers of broken branches, are hardly to be seen for their burdens. Birnam Wood staggers swiftly up to Dunsinane; and no one, save the foreigner, is startled.

The industrious children who follow their grazing goats are knitting as they walk. The old dame, who watches her cow in the orchard, plies the distaff. The mountain-sides are terraced, and land is created where, originally, there were but cliff and precipice. In this old-fashioned corner of the globe the people still wear "costume." The women have dark dresses and dark aprons, brightened by the snowy sleeves of their "empire waists." Every valley seems to have some small distinguishing feature in its uniform, so that neighbors recognize each other at a long distance. Taken one by one, none of the local dresses may seem very beautiful—for there is little charm of color; a figure tied in across the chest, or even just below the armpits, may lack beauty of form; and the heavy wooden shoes, like pattens, strike the unaccustomed beholder as very clumsy. Still, a crowd of these peasant-women, in the Locarno market-place, is highly picturesque. They are Italian in their taste for rainbow-colored head-gear—tying bright 'kerchiefs over their hair, whether it be still youthfully dark, or silvered, or snowy. Otherwise, their uniforms are strangely dull in hue, compared with other southern costumes.

Early and late these peasants toil. The sun is bountiful to them. Corn waves in yellow patches on the shoulders of the mountains, just below where the chestnuts grow, beyond which again the stone-pines flourish. Half-way down the hillsides there are olives, vines, root-crops, and vegetables; and, by the shores of the Great Lake, glorious sub-tropical gardens. Their "own Madonna" blesses her faithful children still from the pillar-like "Sasso"—blesses them with sunshine and the healthiest of climates, and some of the finest fruits of the earth.

OLD ROME AND YOUNG ITALY.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

PRESCRIPTION or lapse of time is the magic elixir which is supposed in territorial affairs to transmute the wrong of unlawful possession into the right of legal ownership. It is by virtue of twenty-five years of possession that "United Italy" asks the world this year to condone and smile approval on her occupancy of the Papal territory and the City of Rome. The astounding effrontery of the spectacle touches the depths of cynicism in politics. The ambassadors of the great powers are asked to participate in the celebration of an event which strikes at the very root of the principle which ambassadors represent—the principle of public faith. The seizure of Silesia by Frederick had a more respectable claim to anniversary honors than the event which "United Italy" now celebrates; the nations might with as much reason be asked to celebrate the partition of Poland. When international perfidy becomes a glory and an honor to those guilty of it, then Europe may decently be asked to join with a successful marauder in revelling over his broken pledges. Now, the law of nations affords no precedent for the condonation of international robbery. It gives the usurper no prescriptive title, further than what he is able to make good by the strong hand. This is a fact so well established by manifold precedents that it is entirely unnecessary to warn United Italy of the danger she stands in from any sudden fluctuation in the game of European politics. By a gambler's chance she won; by another she may lose any day. And is the civilized world, in its sober senses, to be asked to countenance the principle that violence and plunder are permissible because the plunderer is strong and the victim weak? This is, indeed, the principle which Italy is asking the world to sanction by its celebration of the events of Porta Pia.

To the middle-aged readers of to-day it is unnecessary to recall the facts of the seizure of Rome by the army of Victor Emmanuel. To the young it is not irrelevant to rehearse the salient facts of the case. For more than a decade of years previous to the outbreak of the war between France and Germany

two forces, diametrically opposed in principle but co-operating for a common object, had been converging on Rome, with a view to its absorption and the overthrow of its government. On the one hand were the tatterdemalion legionaries of the Revolution, whose apostles were Mazzini and Garibaldi—hordes of assassins and carbonari, atheists and blasphemers, whose idea of patriotism was plunder, and the means of attaining Italian unity the stiletto. On the other, the organized forces of the Piedmontese government, which, profiting by the French successes over Austria, advanced into Lombardy and occupied the Quadrilateral, and, moving downwards from Turin with the march of the Revolution, successively made its temporary headquarters at Milan and afterwards at Florence, preparatory for a dash at Rome whenever the fitting opportunity appeared to present itself. This monarchical force saw nothing flagitious in utilizing the forces of the Revolution, whose ostensible motive was the establishment of a Republic; and the Revolution was equally flexible in its attitude towards the monarchy, whose sworn foe it affected to be. Under the astute guidance of Cavour and the friendly co-operation of the English Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, the movement for "Italian unity" was so engineered as to blind the European governments to the real nature of the agitation, and the means by which it was sought to be accomplished. Whilst the Garibaldian sans-culottes were sent into the territory of the Papal States to ply the dagger and make anarchy, the troops of Victor Emmanuel were massed along the border, with the benevolent object of "maintaining order." The Garibaldian rabble were held in check by the Papal Zouaves, under the chivalrous General de Lamoricière, and were completely routed later on by a number of French troops at Mentana. But on the declaration of war in 1870 the French troops were withdrawn, and the cry "On to Rome!" arose from the revolutionists all over Italy. Victor Emmanuel affected to bow to the national will. The desire to gratify Italian aspirations became a more potent influence with the son of Charles Albert, the "Re Galant'uomo," than the faith of treaties and the honor of nations; and hence, without a shadow of justification for the deed, the Italian army was ordered to march against Rome, as against a foreign invader, and summon it to surrender. Pius IX. was not the man to yield up the trust confided to him by divine commission at the behest of any spoiler, and the insolent demand was rejected. Then the artillery of the invader added its voice to the shout of the Revolution, and ere many hours

were over a breach was made in the walls, at the gate called the Porta Pia, and though the gap was heroically defended by the handful of Papal Zouaves, the Pope, seeing that further bloodshed would be in vain, commanded a surrender, and the city was occupied by the army of "United Italy."

These are the simple facts of the case up to that point. The first act in the drama had been successfully played. Open international robbery had been done in the face of the European powers, and not one had uttered a word of protest. The Papal States and the City of Rome were as truly an integral part of the European comity as Switzerland was, or Belgium, or Holland, or any of the lesser states which, surrounded by powerful neighbors, are guaranteed in their sovereignty by the usage of nations and their own inherent right. It is a vital principle in international ethics that no unprovoked aggression shall be made by large states against small ones, and even if the smaller give provocation it is likewise the understanding that the small one shall not be absorbed or wiped out if defeated, since its existence is necessary to the preservation of the peace amongst the others. But all these considerations had been flung to the winds by the government of Victor Emmanuel. It seized upon its prey without the smallest pretext of provocation; and when the crime had been accomplished it set about the work of adding sacrilege to plunder. The sequestration of an immense number of churches and religious institutions followed the seizure of the pope's palace of the Quirinal for the king's use. Scores of religious establishments were broken up and their inmates sent adrift. The revenues of the church were pounced upon; the sack of Rome by the Goths and Vandals was imitated, but on a far more formidable plan, for those barbarians were but transient visitors, whilst their imitators had come to take up a permanent abode. To furnish a cover for these monstrous proceedings the Italian Parliament was called together, and asked to pass a measure called a Law of Guarantees, whose object was to tender the pope as Head of the Church an annual income, in lieu of the revenues forcibly seized, and to provide incomes for as many of the clergy as the government deemed to be necessary for the spiritual work of the city. But Pius IX. unhesitatingly rejected any such compromise with the shameless spoilers of the church. He would have none of the money offered him, and his successor, Leo XIII., has no less nobly stood by the indefeasible rights of the Holy See. Not a penny of that allocation has ever been

touched by either of the popes; and it is safe to prophesy that as long as the Italian government remains in Rome in the position of an intruder and a usurper, so long will the Papal policy treat it as a criminal not to be bargained with or entitled by any means to have its felony compounded. Neither pope has left the Vatican since the invader entered the city. The Pontiff has no freedom of movement through the city which the popes have made. He is practically a prisoner in his home. But both Pius and Leo have unflinchingly stood up for the right of the church and the right of the temporal sovereignty ever since the usurpation. They have again and again protested against the continuance of this usurpation, and the hampering of their action in the government of the church by the constant encroachments and the incessant meddling of the secular authorities. No notice—no official notice, at least—has been taken of these protests. Only the world of listening and observing Catholicism has noted them. But they may bear fruit more suddenly than the indifferent listeners think. The pope has not been dethroned from his temporal position. He is there the acknowledged sovereign still, and his services as mediator and arbitrator are often sought by outside powers. The dynasty which was responsible for the assault on Rome, by its withdrawal of a useless handful of troops, has been swept from the face of the earth, and the dynasty of the spoiler appears to be tottering to its fall, while he himself has been summoned to account for the violent hands he dared to lay upon the Church of God. Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel were not the first monarchs to find it is not a good thing to lay sacrilegious hands upon the pope and the church. These remain no matter who comes or goes, while the prize of the spoilers crumbles in their hands like Dead Sea fruit.

It is always monarchs who are in desperate straits who resort to enterprises of a nature palatable to the mob. The necessity of Louis Napoleon was cruel when he resolved to appeal to French hatred of Germany; the Revolution almost held his throat in its merciless fingers. The need of Victor Emmanuel was still greater. It was not alone that an empty exchequer and a plethoric list of demands upon it made his life miserable, but the dogs of the Revolution kept barking at his heels. He was forced on as by an irresistible fate, until he found himself before the walls of Rome, to be used as a battering ram against the sacred gates by the common enemies of pope and monarchy. This great international crime—this out-

rage against heaven and human law—overtopped all previous infamies of lawless confiscation in daring sacrilege; in magnitude of spoliation it simply baffles the powers of description. Hundreds of churches, monasteries, and nunneries, throughout the Italian peninsula, were seized, their inmates ruthlessly turned out, their pictures, furniture, and fittings sold by auction, and the buildings themselves turned into barracks or dens of infamy. The amount of revenue diverted from pious uses during these twenty-five years can never be adequately ascertained. To measure it millions of dollars must be brought before the mind, and these millions measured by the thousand. No such *spolia opima* were ever before gathered in by conquering hordes; but it was wealth poured, as it were, into a sieve. "United Italy" has gained nothing by it. Beggary was one of the reasons which drove her to robbery; beggary more hopeless stares her in the face now, after twenty-five years' enjoyment of the riches of the church.

But it is not even as the maximum act of vandalism and fraud that we are called upon to consider the seizure of Rome. There are much higher crimes than those against civilization; there are crimes against God—crimes whose direct aim it is to insult the majesty of God and trample the cross of the Saviour in the dust. This crime is *facile princeps* of all that horrifying category. No concealment of their objects was made by the leaders of the Revolution. To destroy Catholicism root and branch throughout Europe was the object they openly professed; and not only Catholicism, but all Christianity. "We cannot advance one step without striking the Cross" was the declaration of Giuseppe Farrari, one of the foremost Revolutionists. "Italy has risen against the system of Christianity. The Italian people is called upon to destroy Christianity," declared Signor Crispi, now the Prime Minister of "United Italy." "Between us and the Pope there can be no truce." The cries of these reformers bear indeed a remarkable resemblance to those which Milton puts into the mouths of the demons in *Paradise Lost*.

It would not be decent for Catholic rulers, as those of the house of Savoy professedly are, to openly countenance such shocking impiety as this, but decency might have led them also to discountenance it in their ministers and in the Italian Parliament. But such was not the case. The sentiments uttered over and over again by radical deputies in that assembly differed only in form of phraseology from the platform cries of

the revolutionists. The course of the rulers and the ministers was indeed baser, for they added to impiety in deed the odious vice of hypocrisy. They professed to aim merely at abolishing the temporal power of the pope; it was not long ere they disclosed the intention to control the spiritual power as well. Various measures were introduced into the Chamber of Deputies with that object, the most notorious of which, known as the Law on Clerical Abuses, struck directly at the religious work of the Catholic Church in Italy. Acts for the purpose of compelling the clergy to do military duty, and other measures of an equally oppressive character, soon demonstrated that there was something more in view in the seizure of the capital of Catholic Christendom than the mere abolition of the pope's temporal power.

The courage with which the beloved Pontiff, Pius IX., constantly raised his voice in protest against these iniquities, surrounded though he was by his enemies, must always excite our admiration. In that ringing Allocution which electrified Europe in the March of 1877 the Holy Father put himself on record thus:

"But do not think, venerable brethren, that amid so many misfortunes, which afflict us and weigh heavily upon us, our soul gives way in despair, or that this confidence with which we await the decrees of the Almighty and Eternal God is failing us. In truth, since the day on which, after the usurpation of our state, we formed the resolution of remaining at Rome rather than of seeking a tranquil hospitality in foreign countries, and that with the intention of keeping a vigilant guard by the tomb of St. Peter for the defence of Catholic interests, we have never ceased, with the help of God, to fight for the triumph of his cause; and we still keep up the fight, nowhere giving way to the enemy unless we are driven back by force, so as to preserve the little that still remains after the irruption of these men who sack and pillage and strain every nerve to destroy all. Where other aids have failed us for the defence of the rights of the church and of religion, we have made use of our voice and our protests. You can testify to this yourselves, you who have shared the same dangers and the same sorrows as we have. You have, in effect, frequently heard the words which we have spoken, either in reproof of fresh attacks or in protest against the ever-increasing violence of our enemies, or when instructing the faithful by wise counsels, lest they should fall into the snares of the wicked, which are covered by a kind of would-be religion, and lest they should allow themselves to be surprised by the perverse doctrines of false breth-

ren. May God grant that they, at last, heed the warning of our words and turn their attention to us, whose duty and greatest interest it is to maintain our authority and systematically defend our cause, the justest and the holiest of all causes! For is it possible that their prudence fails to discern that it is useless to count on the solid and true prosperity of nations, on tranquillity and order among peoples, and on the stability of power with those who wield the sceptre, if the authority of the church, which maintains all justly constituted societies by the bond of religion, is disregarded and violated with impunity, and if her Supreme Head cannot enjoy full liberty in the exercise of his ministry, and remains subject to the good will of another power?"

It may be said, and has again and again been said, even by Catholics, that this is not a religious question, but a secular question—a question for the Italian people to decide. Admitting for argument's sake that religion has nothing to do with it, and that international right is equally out of the question, let us see what material gain has accrued to Italy from the triumph of the Revolution. The taxation during the quarter of a century under review has increased in the enormous ratio of about five hundred per cent. Italy has borrowed to the last cent she can borrow. Her public debt stood in 1890 at $2,500,000,000. On this she has to pay an annual interest of $153,000,000. To meet this enormous drain the resources of the tax-devisers are exhausted. Nearly all the necessaries of life are taxed—sugar, salt, tea, coffee—everything which enters into the daily food of the people. There is a house-tax reaching down to the hovel; the shopkeeper is taxed for his store and the peasant for his pig-sty. Many of the articles which pay duty are taxed several multiplicands of their value. So intolerable is the burden that the whole of Sicily rose in revolt against it last year, and the cry was that the rule of the much-anathematized King Bomba was bliss compared to that of "United Italy." In this way the great crime of the Revolution has been terribly avenged, and the vengeance necessarily was indiscriminate; all the people feel it. They are plundered as no people ever before were plundered; and the plunderers are in the Parliament and in the king's councils. In the name of unity and progress they have been robbed and enslaved.

It is no wonder that, seeing these things, thoughtful men outside Italy, as well as within her borders, have begun to cast about for a solution of so terrible an *impasse*. It appears to be, indeed, impossible that the present situation can exist much

longer. It has been suggested several times that Italy should seek a reconciliation with the Papacy, and there is no doubt that the great heart of Leo XIII. would only all too gladly welcome any genuine approaches towards such a desirable end. He has declared his mind very clearly on the subject, showing that whilst willing to forgive, he claims for the Roman Pontiffs full liberty and freedom from secular interference in the government of the church. In an Encyclical Letter of June, 1877, his Holiness laid down these propositions:

"What may be said generally of the temporal power of the popes holds still more strongly and in a special way of Rome. Its destinies are written large across all its history; that is to say, as in the designs of Providence all human events have been ordered towards Christ and his Church, so ancient Rome and its empire were founded for the sake of Christian Rome; and it was not without a special disposition of Providence that St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, turned his steps towards this metropolis of the pagan world, to become its pastor and to hand down to it for ever the authority of the Supreme Apostolate. It is thus that the fate of Rome has been bound up in a sacred and indissoluble way with that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ; and when, with the dawn of happier times, Constantine the Great resolved to transfer the seat of the empire to the East, we must admit with truth that it was the hand of Providence guiding him, that the new destinies of the Rome of the popes might be the more easily accomplished. It is certain that about this epoch, thanks to the times and circumstances, without offence and without the opposition of any one, by the most legitimate means, the popes became the masters of the city even in a political sense; and as such they held it until our own day. It is not necessary now to recall the immense benefit and the glory with which the popes have covered the city of their choice—a glory and benefaction which for that matter are written in indestructible letters upon the monuments and the history of all the ages. It is needless to point out that, deep graven upon her every limb, Rome bears the mark of the pontiffs; and that she belongs to the popes by titles such and so many that no prince, whoever he be, can show the like for any city in his kingdom. Nevertheless it is necessary to lay stress upon this, that the arguments in favor of the independence and freedom of the Holy See in the exercise of its apostolic ministry, become clothed with a new and special force when they are applied to Rome, the natural see of the Roman Pontiffs, the centre of the life of the church, and

the capital of the Catholic world. Here, where the pope habitually dwells, whence he directs, administers, and governs, in order that the faithful of the whole world may be able in all confidence and security to offer the homage, fidelity, and obedience which in conscience they owe; in this spot, if possible, the pope ought to be placed in such a condition of freedom, that not only shall his liberty not be contravened, in fact, by any one whoever he may be, but that this shall also be absolutely evident to every one; and this not owing to conditions subject to change and at the mercy of events, but from their nature stable and lasting. Here more than anywhere the development of Catholic life, the solemnity of its worship, respect for and public observance of the laws of the church, the quiet and legal existence of all Catholic institutions ought to be possible and without fear of hindrance.

"From all this it may easily be understood how incumbent it is upon the Roman Pontiffs, and how sacred is their duty, to defend and uphold the civil sovereignty and its lawfulness; a duty which is rendered still more sacred by the obligation of an oath. It would be folly to pretend that they would themselves sacrifice along with the temporal power that which they hold most precious and dear; we mean that liberty in the government of the church for which their predecessors have always so gloriously struggled.

"We certainly, by the grace of God, will not fail in our duty, and without the restoration of a true and effective sovereignty, such as our independence and the dignity of the Holy See require, do not see any open way to an understanding and peace. The whole Catholic world, very jealous of the independence of its head, will never rest until justice has been done to his most righteous demands."

In war there are victories which are as costly as defeats: Young Italy's victory over Old Rome is of that Pyrrhic order. It is a victory which clings around the conqueror like the poisoned shirt of the centaur around the limbs of the hero, in the myth. Young Italy places in vain her effigies of Garibaldi over against the Vatican palace, to insult the most august head in Europe; in vain she rears her figure of Bruno to outrage the religion of Christ. The church lives on, whilst the serpents of debt and decrepitude tighten their folds about the tender limbs of the callow stripling and disable while they madden, like the doomed youths in the Laöcoon. It needs no prophetic eye to discern the approach of a change. Gradually it is being realized in Europe that the Papacy is an indispensable institu-

tion; and that to be a useful institution it must be free. Thoughtful men, even non-Catholics, have long ago recognized this, and confessed that if Italy is to be saved from destruction —from the triumph of blaspheming socialism on the one hand, and the dishonorable grave of national bankruptcy on the other—it must be through a restoration of the freedom of the church and a reconciliation with the foremost of Italian citizens, the illustrious occupant of the Chair of Peter. By such a reconciliation the vast power of Catholic Italy, now held in check and neutralized by the continuance of the cause of quarrel, would be liberated and set in motion to stimulate the pulses of the national life. The most effectual barrier against the inroads of socialism would be found in this now dormant power; the credit of the country would rise with a bound on the news of the healing of this long-open sore; and the great Italian nation, united from end to end and undisturbed by a rankling domestic wound, would then be free and unimpeded in the working out of its own destiny. Then, and not until then, will it be possible to realize the aphorism of Cavour: "Italia fara di se."

I have nothing to add to the foregoing article, written by my request, in accordance with the desire of the Most Reverend Archbishop, except to give it my endorsement.

The Catholic World has steadily and consistently defended and advocated the cause of Papal Infallibility and Papal Sovereignty. Its conductors have always endeavored to receive all the instructions emanating from the Holy See with docility and obedience.

I desire and I hope that the wicked party of the invaders and oppressors of Rome may be speedily overthrown, and Leo XIII. be seated, in triumph and security, on the throne of his predecessors. In saying this, I express the unanimous sentiment of the members of the Congregation of St. Paul, and of the Catholic clergy and laity of the United States.

I wish for no disaster to the nation and people of Italy; but, on the contrary, for their true Christian regeneration, and temporal prosperity. The liberation, exaltation, and triumph of the Holy Roman Church is necessary for this end, as well as for the welfare of all Christendom, and of all mankind. May God speed the day when the restoration of the Sovereign Pontiff to the possession of his temporal rights shall inaugurate this happy era!

Augustine F. Hewit.

BIRTH-PLACE OF GILBERT STUART, NARRAGANSETT, R. I.

AN ARTIST PHILOSOPHER.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

NOW and then appears a man whose destiny seems to be to dazzle the world. Every age and every land produces them; and Dame Fortune, instead of being elusive, seems to delight in falling at their feet in obsequious service. The last half of the eighteenth century was particularly rich in such examples, not only in America but throughout all Europe, and the advent of names that were to become bulwarks of history was of almost daily occurrence. And among all these dazzling figures none was more picturesque and remarkable than that of Gilbert Stuart, the artist.

Sprung from an obscure part of Rhode Island, at a time when art was at a low ebb in America, he crossed the sea and at almost a single bound gained a recognized position among the foremost artists of the Old World. Even while in the studio of his friend and teacher, West, he demanded and received prices for his work second only to those paid to Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough.

Almost as soon as he commenced his studies his genius began to outstrip the precepts of his masters. His fellow-stu-

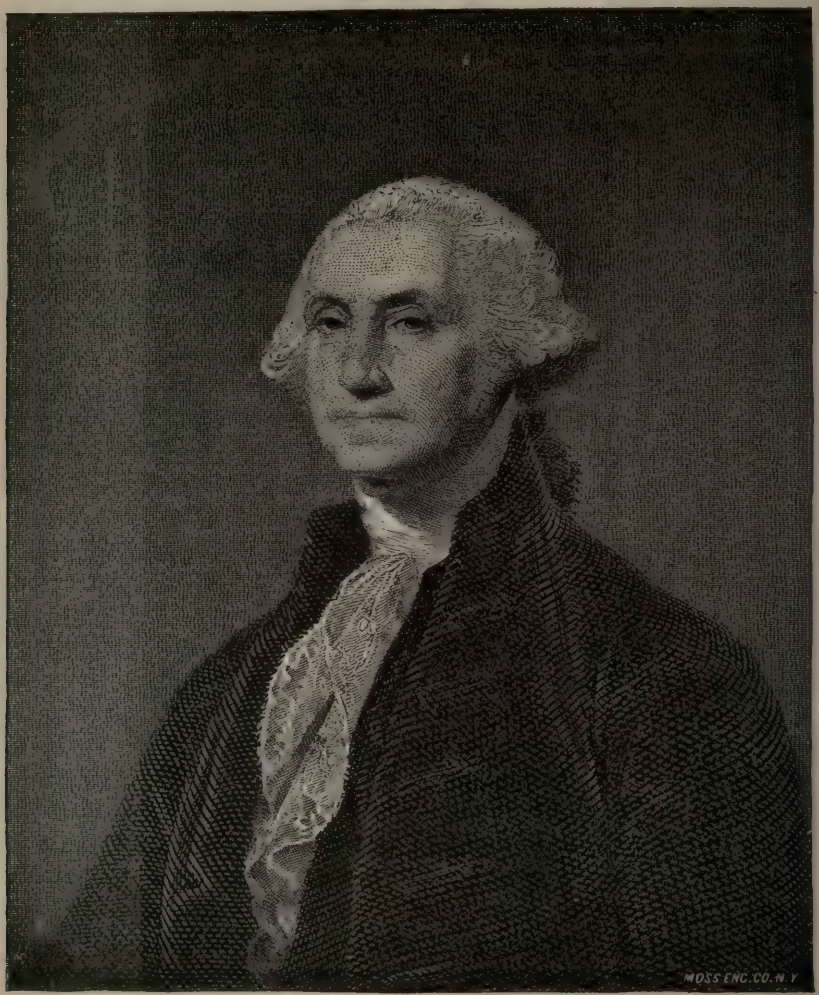
dents scoffed, then admired, then followed. The public saw his pictures and credited them to his master, then learned the mistake and paid him homage. West remarked to one of the other pupils one day: "It is of no use to steal Stuart's colors; if you want to paint as he does you must steal his eyes."

Most artists have years of precarious toil and repeated disappointments before they win fame or fortune, and not a small proportion of them go through life with only a modicum of either. When Stuart crossed the sea he was poor and unknown; when he left his patron's studio, a few years later, he engaged expensive apartments and began to entertain royally. He was remarkably gifted in conversational powers; quick, sympathetic, and humorous; and there was nothing in all the world he liked so well as to have a large circle of congenial spirits around him—painters, poets, musicians, droll fellows, actors, authors, and talented men of any professional or social line. Already he had a wide acquaintance among the nobility, and it was becoming a recognized fad for the fashionable world to have portraits painted by Stuart. Orders and money poured in on him; but as it freely came, so it freely went. He worked industriously during the forenoon, but always reserved the afternoons and evenings for his friends and social intercourse. A characteristic story is told of his arranging seven cloak-pegs in the hall, and then informing his friends that whoever called and found one of the pegs empty was to understand that he was invited to remain to dinner, but if the pegs were full he was to go away and try to come earlier the next day. In this connection Stuart says of himself: "I tasked myself to six sitters a day; these done I flung down my palette and pencils, took my hat and ran about and around the park for an hour, then home, got ready for dinner, approached my drawing-room with the certainty of meeting as clever men as could be found in society; and what added to this comfort, I knew not what or who they might be until I saw them, and this produced a variety every day without any trouble."

This lavish profusion of the present and utter disregard for the future was characteristic of Stuart's whole life. Anything that pleased himself or his friends must be had, whatever the cost. He kept no accounts, and frequently did not know whether pictures had been paid for or not. Receipts were a bother, so he did not take them, and in consequence was often obliged to pay bills the second time. Once he purchased a stock-farm and paid about four thousand dollars down, but no

papers were passed, and when the man died the payment became another item in the long list of the artist's losses.

But such things troubled him little. He was always crowded with orders, and when in debt, or in pressing need for money, had but to task himself to a few hours at his easel to remove



Stuart's Portrait of George Washington.

all present need for anxiety. People considered it a privilege to sit to him, and were ready to pay anything he thought proper to charge them. He painted the portraits of his majesty, George III., and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Joshua Reynolds, John Kemble, Colonel

Barré, and distinguished characters and nobles almost without number.

But assured as were his professional and social success, and strong as were the inducements held out for the future, he had a constant longing to return to America. His great ambition was to paint the portrait of Washington, and at last he yielded to the inclination and threw up all his engagements and orders.

Almost the first letter he received after reaching New York was a request for him to come to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and paint the portrait of the Duke of Kent, who offered to send a ship-of-war for him; but he declined, for it was his fixed determination to paint Washington at any sacrifice. Removing to

STUART'S PORTRAIT OF MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Philadelphia he took a house on the south-east corner of Fifth and Chestnut Streets. This building is still standing, with some slight alterations. Here he painted his first portrait of Washington, and it was only when he was too much overrun with work and his time was too much taken up with callers that he removed to Germantown, where the ruins of the building in which he painted may still be seen.

At this time Philadelphia was unusually attractive. Congress met there, and the society of the place was noted for its beautiful women and brave men. Mr. and Mrs. Washington were central figures, and the "Republican Court" has described the delightful entertainments which were given by the President's wife.

Stuart was pre-eminently a society man. He was a fine musician and played well on many instruments, his voice was flexible and rich, and his wit was keen and sparkling. He went everywhere, and his house on Chestnut Street was daily the resort of many prominent and fashionable persons. Here he painted most of the beautiful portraits that have come down to us: Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Bingham, the Marchioness D'Yrujo, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, and many others. And it was here that he painted portraits of Washington and Jefferson, and other distinguished men of the period.

Gilbert Stuart was an extraordinary man, and was not only one of the first painters of his time, but one who would have found distinction easy in any other profession or walk of life. His mind was of strong and original cast, his perceptions as clear as they were just, and in the power of illustration he has rarely been equalled—in a word, he was in its widest sense a philosopher in his art.

AT MOONRISE.

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

BEYOND the mists the constellations stand,
Faint fiery ciphers of the Trinity,
To which the Angel Azrael holds the key;
Dark sapphire shadows whelm the level land,
Upon the salt wind seems to float a band
Of phantoms, whilst the vast, melodious sea
Vibrates with mystic music. Ceaselessly,
The tides pour blanched libations on the strand.
The black east flushes,—the horizon burns,—
From out the deeps the red moon bursts. Blood-bright
The waters blaze and dartle ruby stars;
Surcharged with Beauty, my vain spirit yearns
To flower forth its rapture to the night,
Yet trembles,—conscious of Art's icy bars.

Ocean City, Maryland.

OLD HOUSES I HAVE KNOWN.

BY M. DE BRIANÇON.

CHANTMERLE.

THE name of this place means Song of Blackbird, and in visiting it once more I seem to hear again the morning music of life in happy childhood. The house is of gray stone, very old, very gray, with mullioned windows extremely high up, more picturesque than cozy. On the lawn in front stands a stone statue of St. Peter with a bunch of keys in his hand; he rests on a pile of stones, he and they being some of the *débris* of the old monastery, of which indeed the house itself is a part. May—she is my eldest sister—told me the hobgoblins come in after night-fall and take the coats and hats in the entrance lobby; that is *tall* for disembodied spirits. But all the same the place *is* haunted. We have Lady Ann's chamber, which we kindly keep as a guest-room. Every night at twelve o'clock precisely the door of that room mysteriously opens—it makes my blood run cold to think of it,—not the door you enter by, but another at the far end, leading, I can't tell where, up a steep, dark staircase. I think it was a way to the old chapel now in ruins. If you were in this house at night you would hear awful sounds, as of barrels bursting in the old monks' cellars underneath. We children were just as happy for all this. We had a beautiful garden with two entrances; one covered in the spring-time with lilac in flower and the other with laburnum. How we rioted and racketed all summer! not only there, but a little way beyond where the abbot had his fish-ponds, and beyond that again the old graveyard, where they had left a stone coffin unfilled, with just a stone pillow for the head; we were always fitting ourselves into this, and in and out of the ruined walls we found grand hiding-places. And do you think we slept one whit the less soundly because when the wind was from the west and sighed along the corridors you could hear all night the pitter-patter on the priest's walk? That is where Father Francis tells his beads year in year out. What delightful walks we took over the hills and far away and through the deep woods where grew anemones, blue hyacinths, and

primroses. Set in the midst of these was a chapel—much more beautiful than any I have seen since. I never hear rooks cawing or peacocks screaming without thinking of that chapel in the woods. There were statues and pictures there, and my sister, who was very little, said she did not fancy the saints, who were so fine, would think much of her in her cotton gown, but my little brother said: "Why do they put the saints like that? They don't look so in heaven; they have got their bodies on." The same little boy would not go out of doors when the stars were shining because he thought the great bear would eat him. When first he remarked the stars he said he knew heaven was up there all right, for there were little chinks in the floor and the light showed through. We thought our Lord was born again every Christmas night, and that we had presents at Christmas-time because the three kings brought some to the dear Infant Jesus and we had to be like him. Is this the same world that we live in now? the same blue sea and sky? the same sweet flowers and sun? Oh, no! childhood is fairyland, and the golden gates are bolted if once you step outside. Our happy little band was a chain with broken links; there were three small green graves which nestled near the old church by the castle; and our fond mother when her living children slept, those who were still left to her, and she had tucked them in and sat beside them in the shadowy room, oh! then, she opened wide her tender arms and gathered to her bosom her angel children, those who had flown heavenward at their early dawn of time, caressed them, wept over them sweetest of good-nights—to those who had no night but day for evermore. She taught us in a hundred ways always to remember them. We used to find their likenesses in pictures of angels: "This is Ally's likeness, mamma; and this one little Willie's; and here is Julie, dear little Julie!" Our mother kept us close together in her heart, and now is gone to see those other little ones; she had not to go with them when they went; they had no fear in going, even in going alone; it was not far, and the road was not dark. Children are so near heaven; but the longer we live the further off, alas! we seem to get. I know that the childhood we had and the childhood we remember are not the same, yet when all is said and done methinks it is the bluest bit in our earthly sky.

TEMPLE MUNGRET.

When my sister May was nineteen, and I—Monica—four years younger, we went for a time to Ireland and stayed with

her godmother, who lived at Temple Mungret. I shall never forget the first time we rode on an outside car. I said to the coachman, "Don't people ever fall off these things?" "I s'pose they do, miss," said he quaintly. This place is situated on a slight eminence east of the Shannon, which it overlooks, two or three miles distant from Limerick. The very spot on which the house stands was once the site of a building used by the Knights Templars as a hospital for their sick, their castle being near at hand. Some few hundred yards south of Temple Mungret stands the ruin of the ancient Abbey of Mungret, at one time said to contain fifteen hundred monks. It is related that Alfred the Great received in part his education in this monastery. There is a funny little story told of the learning of these monks, who were of the Order of St. Augustine. The religious of another monastery, also famed for erudition, were anxious to know if the reports of their science which had reached them were well founded; they therefore sent some of their brethren to visit them to see if their knowledge equalled their own. The monks of Mungret, instructed of their proceedings and not knowing if they should be able to stand the contest with honor, disguised some of their novices as washerwomen and sent them to wash in a stream over which the other monks had to pass. When they drew near and saw the women they began inquiring of them the way to the abbey, and asked them many questions, to all of which the apparent washerwomen answered in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, old French, etc. Immediately the travellers began to consult among themselves and decided it would be better not to continue their journey, for said they: "If the common people of this country are so learned what must the monks be?" I almost love that old abbey and the silent dead who sleep so peacefully beneath. It is a beautiful relic of past ages of devotion, and very sad and ghostly it looks of evenings. Two tall trees have struggled through the east window where the holy altar once stood. A king, the founder, lies below. Does his royal dust shudder from contact with the plebeian bones of these later times? They lie alongside now, but do they sleep, those buried ones? I often look across moonlight nights and ask myself questions as to how they feel and how we shall feel some day—the unseen world is close around us, oh! nearer than we think. This same spring, when May and I were in England, we took a walk one evening; shall we ever forget it? We came by wooded lanes to a time-worn church, and thought we would go through the

neat, grassy burial ground surrounding it, and if the door were open inspect the building. This we did, and staying over-long so that the moon shone in through the high windows, we felt like going home. It was not dark; the moon comes up in spring before daylight is done, so May thought she would go upstairs to the belfry, which she did, whilst I went outside and waited for her in the porch. In a few minutes she came down pale and startled. What had she seen? Oh! she did not know; she had gained a little room at the top of the stairs and entering was attracted towards a door which she thought led to the tower; she opened this door and here some awful presence froze her; she did not wait to become more intimately acquainted with it, but I have since heard that the village maidens share the same terrors and cannot be induced to go there after nightfall. You need not believe in ghosts to feel these things.

How mild and soft the Irish climate is! Almost always there are tears in its eyes and often they fall. I think the Irish character has a gentle haze about it something like the climate, which makes it very attractive and softens angularities. How nicely they put things; even the beggars (at the church doors there are quantities of them, like there are in Italy) say such 'cute things; if you are walking with a gentleman for instance, "Arrah, thin, give us something for the sake of the purty lady." A man feels like a brute to refuse. We often drove into Limerick, along the beautiful banks of the Shannon, especially on Sundays to church, when we always met a solitary individual walking out to attend the Protestant service at Raheen so as to make a quorum of three, that being the number necessary to obtain the government benefice. I think the clergyman's wife and the clerk completed the congregation. This was before disestablishment.

Ireland looks as if it wanted to be drained all over. May pretended she could not understand how Irish landlords were so poor, as they have no *drains* on their estates; they have been poorer since. One day she and I took a little boat and punted across the river to a place called Essex Lawn, which stands on the other side. During this short excursion we talked of serious subjects, as usual when alone; of love, its pains and joys, and then the sin of loving anything earthly too much with these immortal souls, and we concluded that an unfulfilled love might give more happiness than an accomplished one, seeing that familiarity breeds contempt and satiety destroys, and when

there is nothing more left to wish for should we not begin to want something else? I have learned since that love is immortal in its essence and consecrates the beloved object; true love, image of God's love for us, never tires; it is all that remains to us of the terrestrial Paradise. Adam and Eve brought it with them when they left; the angel with the flaming sword took pity on them and let it pass. We went up a long avenue and called on our friend Agnes, and we three girls together talked of things we prized—music and poetry and school-days, and touched a little on philosophy in a light girlish way, and piety, which is a woman's crown, and makes all her virtues tender and sacred. Woman, the first to fall, should still be the first with many loving wiles and winning ways to bring her hapless partner back once more along the thorny road that leads to the Heaven they forfeited. We sat in the lingering summer in a room looking southward, a ruined castle beyond. Then we spoke of relics, and the little sister fetched a box containing such. "Do you keep relics?" said Agnes, innocent mementoes of her young life and those she had known and loved therein. Amid the relics was an old pocket-handkerchief with a faded name that I knew well in the corner. It was never washed since it had been a relic, she said; no doubt she feared to lose the poetry of *his* last touch upon it. We came back through the changing leaves and low-hanging clouds, rowed over, and thanked God that no vain or idle word had passed our lips created to praise and bless him for ever. "Oh, my dears!" said our hostess to us on our return, "what *do* you think? Miss R—— has run off with her groom; is it not disgraceful? You would not do such a thing, May, would you?" "No, indeed!" replied my sister demurely, "unless—unless it were a *bridegroom*." There were plenty of would-be bridegrooms about, and so many cages open for May, you never knew which she would fly into; but she was a bird not to be easily caught. One of those numerous lovers one day said to her, after a great many pretty speeches, "But you must find our accents wretched." "Nay," she answered, "the accents of friendship are always delightful." It is as natural for an Irishman to make love as for the sun to shine on flowers, and this dear princess accepted all their adorations calmly and with a sweet unconsciousness as if it were a maiden's daily crown of life to be so worshipped. How well I remember one time—it was in September—I was upstairs and leaning out of our room window, which looked down on a lovely archway of white star-

like clematis, now in full bloom. Under this May was standing with Will Yarrow; she looked so pretty in her soft pale blue, with her shining fair hair crowning her stately head. I heard him say: "It is a great mortification for me to be forced to love you so, for I do detest your nation" (you might not believe it; they are not over and above fond of us English, but loving and *liking* are different). Will was rather lame, but he had the sweetest voice; it was like music, hearing him talk. I saw him pick up a clematis spray that fell from her dress; was his love like its bloom, so light and frail? No; he crossed the ocean three times only to look at the outside of the house where she dwelt, because—oh, well! their paths lay diverse, and he for many a year knew in his heart "the constant anguish of patience," but at last, like the blossoming of an aloe, an Indian Summer was granted them; when all hope of good things had vanished the best time came. Don't you remember, May, the odor of mignonette in the flower-beds, and in the pleasure-garden the roses blooming again like second loves, and the china-asters so grave and sweet adorning the gentle evenings, those evenings that climbed up the rosy western ways and slept on night's starry bosom?

LES VIGIERS.

Come with me to sunny France, far away down in Guienne, that lovely land that once belonged to the English; come to the Périgord, famous for good living, where you eat truffles and pâtés de foie gras, where there are no corn-fields but only vineyards and verdant meadows, where you make your own claret. Here I stayed a winter in an old château—could it have been winter? All the time 'twas glowing sunshine, and when February came it was quite spring. I was visiting a marquise, the mother of one of my school-fellows. The house is so vast that there were rooms upon rooms unoccupied, although the family was pretty large. First the present marquis, father of my friend, quite one of the old *noblesse*—when I say this I describe a perfect gentleman, of such courtly manners as you will rarely find nowadays. I can only begin to tell you how good and sweet was his wife—I have still a bracelet she gave me in parting, with her hair in a large carbuncle pendant from it. She prettily said, as the hair in the bracelet would retain its color when hers should be gray, so also should she cherish an unchangeable affection for me. If you want to know really nice people—graceful in speech, distingués in sentiment, brave

in misfortune—you will find them among the old French families. Besides Suzanne, my friend, there were two boys, younger, at college; her grandmamma, the old marquise, and her sister, Mlle. Claire, a dear old lady. We played "Boston" nearly every evening when the gentlemen came in from shooting—they seemed to have little else to do; and we ladies loitered through the day in a delightful manner, occasionally receiving friends at home and dining out at neighboring châteaux. My little friend was deformed, and her dear father used to carry her upstairs every night to her bed-room. The one they had given me was large enough to put a Canadian settler's house in. It would have pleased you to have seen its sofas and arm-chairs in amber, with shepherdesses and their little lovers embroidered on the backs—sofas as large as beds, arm-chairs big enough to swallow one. Down-stairs whole suites of rooms were hung with tapestry, principally representing battle-scenes, great warriors with staring eyes hewing one another. The house faced south—they all do in this land of sunshine. At the back was a Charmille (a grove of slender trees intersected with paths). We had a young artist staying here for a long time; he came to paint the family portraits. Don't suppose I fell in love with him, and lost my heart to his Vandyke beard and melting eyes; oh, no! He bowed and languished and threw kisses from his window overlooking the Charmille whilst I was gathering flowers, and listening to the nightingales; this made me run away laughing. I don't like a man that is ashamed to go to church because it is not considered fashionable for men to go. When he met me on the stairs one night and my candle had blown out (I won't say I did not let it out on purpose to see what he would do), he held his towards me with a most bewitching bow, and, his left hand pressed to his heart, murmured: "Voulez vous de ma flamme, mademoiselle." "Non, monsieur, mais je veux bien de votre lumière," I replied. The old marquise was very strict and would not, if she knew it, allow me to speak to any gentleman; they seem to think girls are not to be trusted; they don't know English ones. She lent me a book to read entitled *L'Amour dans le Mariage*, and what tickled me immensely was, the two instances given in the book were of English people well known in history. They appear to be unacquainted with the fact that it is an Englishman's daily bread to love and be loved in marriage. However, I was not thinking of any Englishman, and in spite of restrictions, Roger and I settled matters pretty straight between us. Roger is the only

son of the Baron de Briançon, whose land lies over the fence from Les Vigiers.

In those lovely February mornings I used to go out with my book or work and sit on a piled-up heap of stones at the end of the nearest vineyard before grandmamma left her room (we breakfasted late). Roger was a sportsman and generally found his way round there when out shooting; he was fond of beating that cover, he said. You would never have taken him for a young Frenchman, but a sturdy English squire; I suppose that is why I fancied him first of all. He and his father lived in their château, Les Rochers. I have since known it is a very pretty place, though in those days one of mystery to me. He used to come out of the morning blue across the shimmering *fils de vièrge*, like cobwebs on all the vines, in gaiters and knickerbockers; son of the gods, divinely tall though not divinely fair. Grandma said to me one day: "Mees Monica, why do you always wear that gray gown?" I did not reply, Because, chère madame, I don't want the servants to see me sitting on the gray stones talking to Roger; but the pretty young marquise said, caressing my cheek: "Our little Monica is always gentille, bonne maman, whatever she puts on." In the end there was no objection to the match—because why? I had a nice little fortune. Frenchmen are not supposed to marry for love, but when they do they make delightful husbands. *I* ought to know; we have been married some years now. We *did* enjoy those meetings; I suppose the spice of wickedness, being contrary to custom, made them delicious. Like a cynic said about eating a peach, it only wanted to be a sin to be perfect. Roger is not great at learning; when he was in philosophy at college they asked him "Qu'est ce que la force agissant selon la loi?" he replied he guessed it was a policeman. He did not go up in class for this, though some of his comrades thought he should have done. He has since said he shows his philosophy by making the best of a foolish little thing like me, being contented to bask in the smiles of his wife, and not caring to sit in the shadow of a very learned one; he is not the only man of this opinion I am acquainted with. Roger's father tells the biggest stories I have ever heard; but then, you know, it is said "See the waters of the Garonne and you will never speak truth afterwards." He is also a great boaster and terribly vain of his country, as are all other Frenchmen I have known (except one). "The French," he says, "are the bravest, the most honorable, noblest, truest, most heroic nation—they never fight for gain,

only for honor." "You have forgotten one of their good qualities, monsieur," said I—"their modesty." This puts me in mind of some old savants who were composing another French dictionary. They had got as far as Bataille, and were considering how to spell and pronounce it, when one of them remarked: "Gentlemen, we write Battle and pronounce Victory"; this was before Sedan, but after Waterloo. I believe it is their little weaknesses that make Frenchmen so amiable, but I don't think, with all their appreciation of women, there is any one of them capable of writing such dainty, exquisite things about them as our Mr. Coventry Patmore and John Ruskin have done. Every woman who reads what they say of her must, it seems to me, endeavor to become better so as to merit such praise; like a sweet little wife I know, who once told me her dear husband thought she had so many virtues she did not possess, that she was always trying to acquire them so as not to wrong his judgment. I am sure of one thing, that it takes a lavish supply of the oil of mutual kindness to keep the domestic machine running sweetly. It would seem almost better to strike some dear women than for those they love to speak harshly to them; they and children and flowers are alike in this, they cannot blossom out into beauty and sweetness under cloudy skies.

A dear old curé used to dine periodically at the château. He was awfully afraid of this young English girl; he heard she knew so much that she could speak English almost as well as French, and "Is it true, mademoiselle? Oh! but it seems so natural to me, you know, to speak in French," he said naïvely. "And have you learned Italian! Latin too and German!—tiens! tiens! tiens!"

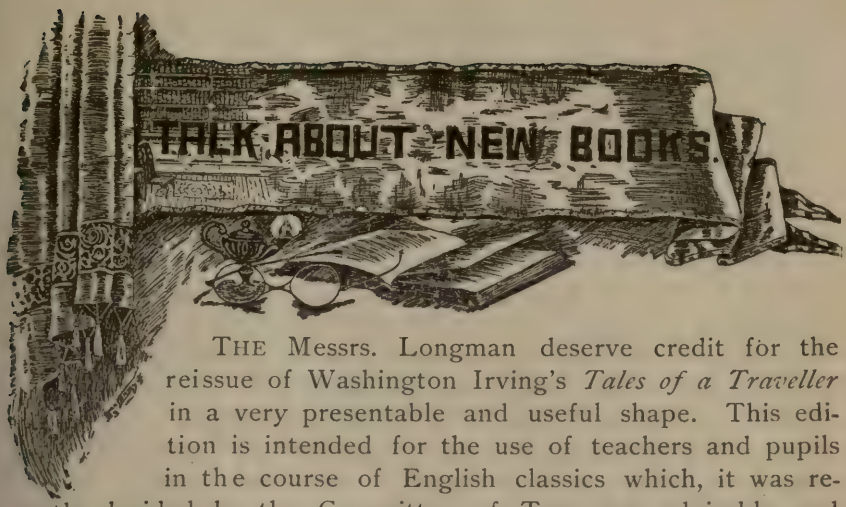
On Sundays we went to his poor, humble little church, which had a touching beauty of its own however. We drove in a carriage and pair through a delicious country.

The women here wear bright-hued handkerchiefs on their heads instead of caps, knotted knowingly by the left ear; little shawls crossed on the bosom, leaving the neck slightly bare but always adorned with a gold cross attached with narrow black velvet; their red petticoats do not reach to their ankles. How gaily they all chat and laugh, these peasants, as if they had no cares! When the carriage drives up they all turn and stare; they are not so respectful as the poor in England, who lived so long under feudal laws, and who have naturally more deference for superiors. It did one good to hear the curé preach; what he *said* does not matter—he was himself the sermon. How his

face shone! how through all his words and actions you felt he loved his Master, and you too longed to love and serve him better! I don't know where they spring from, these bons curés de campagne, they are so unlike all the other men one sees; perhaps it is their special training or the grace of vocation; there are hundreds and thousands of them scattered up and down the length and breadth of fair France. God is very merciful to give the people such humble and faithful shepherds.

Before I left Les Vigiers, I went to call upon our good curé and take him a girdle I had made for him (with a great deal of help and hindrance from Roger). A young lady may not go out alone in this or any other part of France, so Malie, foster-sister (sœur du lait, they call it) to the marquis, went with me; her mother had been his nurse, and the two children were brought up under the same roof. Malie had never lived away from the château; when she was old enough she married Pièrre, foreman on the property; they had one pretty boy of twelve, who was beginning to wait at table. Malie only spoke in French when addressing me, in patois to every one else, as did all the other servants.

This was the first time I had ever walked to the church. At one side of it, just before you came to the curé's little garden, was a Calvary—a large cross with a Divine Saviour nearly life-size. Before this we saw the curé kneeling, and we walked very gently so as not to disturb him in his devotions. I fancy I can see him now; his breviary lay beside him as he knelt, hands clasped, head uncovered, his long gray hair stirred by the wind; his eyes were raised to heaven, tears streaming down his cheeks. He seemed to say: "Are these thy hands and feet, is this thy pierced side, sweet Saviour, and didst thou in thy mortal life endure such sufferings, and all for me?" Mlle. Mathilde, his sister, kept house for him. She was little and thin, and no longer young, but so good, such a joyous creature, so full of charity, a life devoted to benevolence, so that she was never dull. She told me that morning a poor woman I had been able to help, through her, had been to see her, and that, thanks to the kindness done her, she had been rescued from misery and set on the road to prosperity. This made me feel happy.



THE Messrs. Longman deserve credit for the reissue of Washington Irving's *Tales of a Traveller* in a very presentable and useful shape. This edition is intended for the use of teachers and pupils in the course of English classics which, it was recently decided by the Committee of Ten, was advisable and essential as a substantial portion of modern education—to be "marked, read, and inwardly digested," not in a way to cause literary dyspepsia, but in a systematic and regular manner calculated to make a lasting and profitable impression. The edition is heralded by an introduction by Professor Brander Matthews and notes by Professor George Rice Carpenter; and may therefore be regarded as a Columbia College edition. We hope the book may have an extensive sale, whatever the fate of the pedagogical recommendations with which it is freighted. It is one of the most charming works of the kind in the English language, and deserves to be read, not merely for the purpose of having one's head stuffed with Washington Irving, but for simple sheer delight and recreation. In those days of literary rococo and monstrous perversions of Anglo-Saxon homeliness, it is refreshing to light upon a style which is neither bewildering in prosody nor demoralizing in sentiment, like the productions of George Meredith or Madame Sarah Grand. This edition of the *Tales* has only one drawback. The portrait of Irving which it gives as a frontispiece looks like a smudgy caricature.

The happy chance, prescience, premonition, or what you will, that named Alice Brown's last volume, *Meadow Grass*, has in it a touch of the perfection of genius. Just that would we call this collection of short stories, or rather annals, of Tiverton. There is a freshness about it, a sweetness of odor, a glint and gleam of sun-swept meadows most heartily welcome in these days of "fad" and "study," or psychological exposition.

We began by going to school at Number Five, "a little red school-house, distinguished from other similar structures within Tiverton bounds by 'District No. V.,' painted on a shingle in primitive black letters, and nailed aloft over the door," and ended by attending the circus given by the "Strollers" in Tiverton. In between we enjoyed the company of Farmer Eli on his vacation, whose joy was too great to be grasped and so became a pain, of Lucinda and her pathetic emancipation, of Mrs. Pettis with her indomitable will and determination never to grow old, and a score of others whose narrow lives ran in grooves to be sure, but grooves that lay in healthy soil and held all the sweet scents and sounds of simple country life. It is refreshing to read of such in this heated, dusty atmosphere.

To the myriads of books on rules of speech and writing Miss Lelia Hardin Bugg has elected to become a contributor. She has given us a book on "correct English,"* the product of years of note-taking, intended primarily for her own use and benefit, but as an after-thought given to a world sadly in need of useful information on rules of grammar. The claim she makes for this book is that it embraces more useful matter than any other single volume on the same subject. The frightful abundance of error in our ordinary conversation is amply proved by the immense number of corrections of vulgarisms embraced in the pages of Miss Bugg's book. If one were morbidly addicted to the habit of detecting flaws of this kind, a whole lifetime might be passed in that thankless pursuit. There are public schools without number, and we presume teachers of correct English in them constantly pointing out what vulgarisms and solecisms are to be avoided, but they make no impression upon the dead weight of habit. Pass through any street and listen to the talk of any group of people, and the frightful "ain't you" and the still more barbarous "was you there" are almost certain to crop up many times in the course of a few minutes. These are the commonest errors to be met with amongst the work-a-day crowd; with folks supposed to be better instructed the confusion of the verbs "to lay" and "to lie," and the uses of "shall" and "will," almost argues an incurable defect of apprehension. Miss Bugg's book, in the correction of such tendencies, will be found to possess the merits of conciseness and lucidity. It is this which enables her to

* *Correct English.* By Lelia Hardin Bugg. St. Louis: B. Herder.

claim for it the *multum in parvo* character she does. Although it seems very like the task of Mrs. Partington mopping out the Atlantic to fight against bad English, we must persevere; therefore we commend the book as a good one for its purpose.

A decided advance is visible in Mr. Weyman's latest work—a collection of anecdotal stories relative to the French court in the days of Henri Quatre.* He displays some sense of French lightness and a power of differentiating his characters but little visible in his previous work. In nearly everything previously given us the tone of the dialogue was much the same, whether in the mouth of peer or peasant. There was likewise a tiresome sameness in the description of the emotions of the supposed narrator, and a great deal too much space was often taken up with these introspective confessions. He is working hard to obtain the lightness of touch of his French models, but the task is a difficult one. He is a very careful and conscientious workman, however, and despite his heaviness of style succeeds by close attention to minutiæ in giving a good picture of the subject in hand. The gallantries of Henry of Navarre, or rather the troubles arising out of them, form the pegs upon which this string of anecdotes is hung—a picturesque and attractive period for the romancist, and one abounding in raw material for the fictionist. Letters were well represented at Henry's court, during his occupancy of the French throne, and the writer who leans to the Huguenot side in his fiction, as Mr. Weyman does not a little now and then, will find enough in the "historians" of that court to last him for a life-time. It is singular that Mr. Weyman does not try his hand at the romance of the Tudor period in England. He would be much more at home there, one would fancy, than in a field where many brilliant French writers have been before. However, there is no accounting for an author's tastes; we are supposed to be thankful for what we get. But we do not care to see a single mine worked for more than it is worth.

There is fascination in the page that tells of the conquest of Mexico and Peru by handfuls of Spanish cavaliers, led by ambitious adventurers; there is more of real romance in the history of the founding of Notre Dame University, Indiana.† At the celebration of the golden jubilee of that remarkable

* *From the Memoirs of a Minister of France.* By Stanley M. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *History of the University of Notre Dame du Lac, Indiana.* Chicago: The Werner Co.

event last June, the chronicle of the conquest of the icy wilderness and snow-bound forest where the university stands was presented to the Catholic public. The raising of Aladdin's palace was hardly more magical than the founding and rearing of a great seat of learning in such a desert as this.

The history of the institution from its foundation was one of steady persistence towards the realization of a colossal idea. The conquest of the desert and of poverty and privation was made by dint of heroic perseverance; and by degrees the college prospered until it became a university, more prosperous and progressive still. The tale is told in the *souvenir* volume prepared for the jubilee celebration by some modest author. A great many excellent portraits of those priests whose names are inseparably linked with Notre Dame du Lac, and some nice views of the grounds, are interspersed throughout the work. It is handsomely bound in royal blue and gold, and is a credit to the publisher no less than the anonymous historian.

A kindred work, in a sense, is the paper on "La Congrégation de Sainte-Croix en Canada," in the July number of the *Revue Canadienne*, from the pen of the Rev. Joseph C. Carrier, C.S.C. The brotherhood has rendered most notable service to the cause of education in that country, and their college of St. Laurent is a place which has an old historical reputation as a great educational centre. Father Carrier's sketch of the order and the college is characterized by that grace of style and sympathy of treatment which is so peculiarly a French trait.

Roderick McNeil, a tale of school-boy life, by a Sister of Mercy, is tastefully produced by the firm of John Murphy & Co., Baltimore. It shows considerable skill in depicting different types of boys—wild boys, wily boys, rash and impulsive boys, and clever boys. It illustrates in a very vivid way the efficacy of the devotion to the Holy Rosary, and the seeming paradox that even in the most passionate and impetuous natures the memory of a beloved mother and the devotional practices early instilled by her may redeem a wayward nature and counterbalance many a defect of temper and judgment.

I.—ASPECTS OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.*

We have before us eighteen essays on subjects of social need, or in some way connected with the genesis of social reform, by

* *Aspects of the Social Problem.* By various writers. Edited by Bernard Bosanquet. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

different writers, and we have very great pleasure in saying that they are a decided contribution to social literature. They are the work of men some one or other of whom brings trained observation into the field, or sound theory, or theory combined with observation and criticism.

There is great variety in the titles. Mr. Bosanquet in two essays sketches from a theoretical point of view what he conceives, by analogies drawn from other times and states and from the qualities which form social character, to be the duties of the citizens of his own country at the present time.

At one with these in spirit and tone is Mr. Denny's purely practical paper on the position of women in industry, or that entitled "The Children of Working London." The whole series exhibits an unity of purpose which we would sometimes seek in vain in works purporting to be scientific, although the subjects treated are different and were originally selected for different purposes. For instance, the masterly article of Mr. Loch on "Pauperism and Old Age Pensions" was written with reference to legislation then in the very air; and we can congratulate him on proving in his own performance that the marvellous political insight for which the countrymen of Edmund Burke are distinguished has not departed.

All the papers deserve praise, but worthy of particular note are the papers by the editor himself.

He shows that the speculative intellect is as well represented in the book as the practical sagacity which applies with unerring accuracy to the phenomena before it the conclusions of the former.

The essay of Mr. Bosanquet on "Socialism and Natural Science," like those on "The Duties of Citizens," stands on a high plane, but he breathes the difficult air with the freedom of one accustomed to spend much of his time on the tops of the mountains and to hear the distant grinding of the glaciers as they slowly crawl upon their eternal way.

How good it is to listen to him saying, in fine scorn of the biological sociologists, that where a continuous evolution is concerned, "mere difference and mere sameness are more than usually inadequate instruments" to express the relation between its stages. We fully recognize how different the parts and fates of contemporary societies may be, and that it is eminently conceivable that out of a civilization, dead as any extinct species, a vital society may have sprung which at the present moment is filling the world with groanings of its travail.

But the dead died in giving birth, each age has given something to the next, and all the past, from pole to pole, has in some way served to widen and deepen the civilization of to-day. This is the important fact to bear in mind in the evolution of society; for all individuals that ever played a part in life have consciously or unconsciously served the advancement of the race and been instruments in the hands of God to accomplish his purposes. Through the history of mankind we can trace an unity of design as clearly as in the order of external nature.

Thinking in this manner, we relish Mr. Bosanquet's healthy contempt for the new-fangled nomenclature borrowed from the lower forms of organic life to express recognized phenomena of civilized society. Can anything outside the mansions of the moon be madder than Mr. Herbert Spencer's notion when he says "A human society is a local variety of the species."

Hence, instead of the serious business of investigation, careful collation of facts and conscientious inference, we have such grave questions as whether or not "the struggle for existence," "natural selection," and "panmixia" are conditions of human progress. The libelled Schoolmen never stated for academical purposes theses so far-fetched as the naturalist-sociologists do. When one is stunned by their blatant polysyllables and lost in the wilderness of their never-ending sentences, he is tempted to say: Oh! for an hour of some old Dandolo of the schools, one of the great ones gone, some Scotus, some Erigena, to expose with pitiless, inexorable logic the wordy whimsicalities, inanities, nonsensicalities of Mr. Spencer and his kind.

2.—DR. QUIGLEY AND COMPULSORY EDUCATION.*

This bulky volume of six hundred pages was copyrighted by the late Rev. P. F. Quigley. It contains the account of his arrest and imprisonment on the charge of violating the compulsory education law of the State of Ohio. From the court of Common Pleas, where the criminal prosecution was begun in 1890, the case was carried to the Circuit Court, and thence to the Supreme Court of the State, where a decision was rendered in 1892. The *Educational Review* admitted that the case was argued on broad constitutional grounds. No decision more important to the future of compulsory legislation regarding schools was ever rendered by an American court.

Dr. Quigley contended that the law which he opposed was

* *Compulsory Education: the State of Ohio versus the Rev. Patrick Francis Quigley, D.D.* New York: Robert Drummond, 444 Pearl Street.

unconstitutional because of the unwarranted invasion of parental rights as to all people, and that as to some people it was also unconstitutional because of its invasion of conscience rights in religious matters. On page 12 of his introductory chapter he stated briefly what the ablest minds see clearly, that the school question to-day is how to get the right system established; "how to get a public system which shall be really *public*—one which *all* the public can use; one of which all can approve, one which all can support."

NEW BOOKS.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., Chicago:
The Gospel of Buddha. Told by Paul Carus.
MACMILLAN & CO., New York:
Aspects of the Social Problem. By Bernard Bosanquet. *Katharine Lauderdale.* By F. Marion Crawford.
PUBLISHING HOUSE A. M. E. CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, Nashville, Tenn.:
Glimpses of Africa. By C. S. Smith. Introduction by Bishop H. M. Turner, D.D., LL.D.
GEORGE GOTTSBERGER PECK, New York:
The Idiomatic Study of German. By Otto Kuphal, Ph.D.
THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE CO., New York:
A History of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. By Thomas O'Gorman, Professor of Church History in the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.
FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:
Studies in Church History. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. Vol. ii.
D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal and Toronto:
Stories of the Promises and other Tales. By Mrs. M. A. Sadlier and her Daughter.
BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Memoir of Mother Mary Rose Columba Adams, O.P. By Right Rev. W. R. Brownlow, D.D., Bishop of Clifton.
WM. GRAHAM CO., Detroit:
Alethea's Prayer, and other Stories for the Young.
P. J. KENEDY, New York:
Plain Facts for all Outside the Catholic Church. By Rev. R. H. Walsh. Second edition.

PAMPHLETS.

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR:
Inquiry into the Causes of Agricultural Depression in New York State.
RAND, MCNALLY & CO., Chicago:
The Degeneration Chimera: An Answer to Nordau. By E. C. Spitzka.
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, Ind.:
De Impedimento Matrimonii Dirimente Impotentia Observationes quadam Physicæ. Auctore Augustino O'Malley, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.
The Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy. January 1894–95.
God Calls to Christian Unity. By Rev. Silliman Blagden.
Two Lectures: 1, *The Origin of Law.* 2, *The Present Condition of Practical Jurisprudence.* By Professor William C. Robinson.

Editorial Notes

THE convention of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul which met in New York during the past month was the most important gathering of that great organization ever held in this country, judging, if not by attendance, by the decisions arrived at and the resolutions adopted. One of these resolutions is of so far-reaching a character that it is impossible to say where the good results which are certain to flow from it may stop. By its terms the society now holds out the hand of fellowship to all kindred organizations, no matter to what church they belong, and intimates its readiness to co-operate with them in all charitable work. There is more hope for Christian unity in this one practical step toward that object than in tons of pamphleteering and leader-writing. The relief of suffering humanity, whatever its creed or race, is a platform broad enough for all.

Decisive action was also taken with reference to the liquor-dealer question. The convention, after an animated discussion, resolved to give effect to the recent resolution adopted on that subject by formally promulgating it. To do otherwise would be for the association to stultify itself. It cannot be made too clear that the relation of liquor-selling to charity is that of cause and effect. The miseries which the St. Vincent de Paul Society try to cure may often be traced, indirectly at least, to the pernicious trade with which it now declines to have anything to do. No peace is possible with such an enemy—that is, no peace with honor.

The Sunday Question has been placed in the front of the political fight in New York by the action of the Republican party, placing a plank in its platform whereby it states that Sunday laws are to be maintained "in the interests of labor and morality." The struggle for the maintenance of the Christian Sunday will be more than interesting; it will be eminently useful inasmuch as it will call out the best elements in the community and consolidate their forces against the aggressions of the saloon-power.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

EDUCATIONAL VALUES.

(G. Stanley Hall, in Journal of Education.)

THERE are upwards of 300 trades and industries in which ordinary men and women are engaged, and any one of these awakens as large an area of the brain and secures as much brain development as an entire course in reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. Many of these are of much greater value.

It is unaccountable that the Committee of Ten should not have known, or, knowing, should not have recognized the fact that the great study of educational specialists is the mental complication and consequent relative value of each branch studied in school.

This mechanical learning of the regulation branches was for a long time the chief work of the school, and it affected a slight brain area. When the *objective work* came in its best form the area awakened, strengthened, and developed; was increased about threefold, and with the introduction of *manual* training in all its departments of sloyd, cooking, sewing, and drawing, the *will areas* were reached and five times as much area was awakened as in the mechanical. These areas literally grow so long as there is earnest study that affects them.

Even now, less than one-half of the areas of the brain are awakened by those who take a full American university course. The basal, automatic, sympathetic areas are wholly unprovided for in any curriculum.

Religion, directly and indirectly, would influence vast areas that are now wholly fallow. No virtues of a secular school system can atone for the absence of all religious cultivation. We have much to learn from the Catholic Church in this regard. I am a Protestant of the Protestants, but I would rather a child of mine should be educated in a nunnery, or in a rigid parochial school, with its catechism and calendar of saints, than to have no religious training. The Catholic Church is strong where we are weak; namely, in the worship of the saints. We have allowed our prejudices to deprive us of one of the grandest features of brain-awakening and mental development in this matter of saints. It is no sufficient answer that they do not get from the study all they might. There are at least sixty-three large books devoted to the saints of the Catholic Church, while there are but three discoverable that attempt a similar work with Protestant children in school, or Sunday-schools.

Our Sunday-schools and theirs ought to study pedagogics. The home leaves the child to the school for his mental training, and to the Sunday-school for his religious culture, and neither are equal to the demands placed upon them. This is specially true of the Sunday-school.

All that we know of men is in a critical state just now. The emotional life conditions the intellectual. Religion is, and has always been, the centre of life. It always will be.

OUR LITERARY TENDENCY.

(Judge Tourgée in The Authors' Journal.)

"In literature there is an intangible something that marks the line between good and bad, which is not dependent upon the author's skill, and which can be estimated only by the effect upon the reader. A great subject does not, indeed, make a great artist, and a worthy purpose will not insure a good literature; but it is only a great artist who can use his skill to inform a fit subject with that interest which shall make it an eternal appeal to sentiment, emotion, aspiration. All the skill of all the ages cannot make a great picture of an unworthy subject—a flea, a sore, or a wart, for instance. And only that literature is worthy which joins to a noble purpose the skill which makes its grand conceptions an elevating and refining force. Both in literature and in art, the test of absolute merit is the effect produced on those subjected to its influence. Skill in the use of means and instrumentalities is only a measure of comparative merit. The art which degrades is never high art, and the literature which enervates, debases, and depresses is never a good literature, and no amount of skill on the part of author or artist can save such art from ultimate condemnation.

"The most dangerous tendency of our recent literature is this inclination to make form rather than effect the sole test of merit. In our desire to avoid moralizing we have forgotten that literalness is not all there is of truth. We fail to draw the distinction between a story with a moral and the moral effect of a story. Because there is no moral in the *Iliad*—that is, no specific ethical principle which it was intended to enforce—we ignore the fact that it so extols courage, fortitude, and honor that it has been an undying impulse to grand achievement from Alexander's day until Gordon's heroic self-sacrifice. So with Shakspere and Scott, and a score of others, the greatest names in literature, whose works have indeed no specific moral aim or purpose, but have been the mightiest of moral agencies, making the world stronger, better, and braver by contrasting strength with weakness, noble with ignoble purpose, courage with cowardice, truth with falsehood, vice with virtue.

"The most subtle poison that ever enters the veins is that which takes away the desire for life—the inclination to exertion. What this benumbing force is to the body, such is the so-called 'realistic' novel to the heart and brain. Instead of stimulating it depresses; instead of exalting it debases; instead of making the reader emulous of great achievement it renders him incredulous of worthy motive; instead of inspiring patriotism it mocks at courage; instead of exalting self-sacrifice it teaches selfishness."

FRENCH "SERVANTS OF THE POOR."

(From the Saturday Review.)

"There is at any rate one charitable organization in France which is without a parallel in England, and it has what seems to us a beautiful name, "Servants of the Poor.' The congregation already possesses four houses, one at Paris, one at Joinville, and one at Parthenay, while the original establishment is at Angers. The idea and organization were due to a Benedictine monk. 'My daughters, he was accustomed to say, 'when the poor are ill, there is no one to take care of the house, for both husband and wife have to gain their livelihood by labor. Go to them, and be kinder and more serviceable than any servant; you must accept nothing of them, neither a morsel of bread nor a glass of water. And, above all, be sweet and amiable, that you may win their hearts and that they may see that God has sent you.' There were five sisters at the beginning; there are now sixty of these 'servants of the poor.'"

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

WITHIN the past fifteen years a very considerable quantity of literature bearing on social and economic questions has been produced by Catholic writers in France and Belgium. In Germany also eminent thinkers have taken the data gathered by practical workmen, and contributed largely to the discussion of many vital points. It has been shown that the ethical aspects of important economic questions are closely associated with the Catholic teaching of moral philosophy. The conviction has been brought home to numerous Christians hitherto inactive that labor and capital should not be allowed to engage in a sanguinary struggle, that the victory of the strongest is not always according to justice, and that the welfare of society cannot be advanced when the intelligent classes refuse a fair hearing to strikes and other disturbing influences. For many in high position it is undoubtedly a duty to become better informed concerning the production and distribution of wealth, the relations of labor and capital, and the effects of various systems of land-tenure on the people who pay rent. Economic conditions demand attention no less than the ethical principles involved in settling contentious struggles. A law which protects the selfish interests of only one class in society will no longer suffice, when by it an injustice is established which is opposed to the common good.

Letters of inquiry have been sent to the COLUMBIAN READING UNION concerning the available literature on the Social Question in English, written by Catholics in accordance with the teaching of Pope Leo XIII. We desire to express the hope that the Rev. Thomas A. Finlay, S.J., may be induced to edit translations of the best foreign literature on the condition of labor. His remarkable lecture delivered at the opening, October 3, 1893, of the Aula Maxima, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Ireland, on the progress and prospects of Socialism, has not been surpassed. It was published in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, November, 1893 (Brown & Nolan, Dublin).

The numerous magazine articles written by Dr. William Barry deserve the highest praise for wide learning, accurate statement of principles, and elegant diction. The student of sociology in America, however, cannot be expected to realize fully the value of Dr. Barry's writings until they become more accessible in book-form.

The Catholic Truth Society of London has rendered a service to those who wish to study the Christian aspects of the labor question by publishing in pamphlet form several papers written especially for young men by the Right Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B. Without seeking for popular applause, he demands fair treatment for honest work, and gives an elaborate commentary upon the precept which obliges employers to love their workmen as themselves.

The Month for August, 1895, a magazine published by the Jesuits of London, contained a notable article, by the Rev. G. Tyrell, on "The New Sociology," which is a critical review of Kidd's work on Social Evolution.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD for September, 1895, had an article by the Rev. George McDermot which has a special value for young men beginning the study of Sociology. It indicates a broad grasp of legal principles, and calls attention to a book approved for the Chautauqua Reading Circles entitled an *Introduction to the Study of Society*.

The Pope and the People, edited by the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J., and bearing the imprimatur of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, is a collection of ten Encyclical Letters chosen as including the teaching especially characteristic of his Holiness, the present Pope. They are those treating of the condition of the working-classes; the evils affecting modern society; the Christian constitution of states; the chief duties of Christians as citizens; human liberty; Christian marriage; the right ordering of Christian life; the modern errors, Socialism, Communism, Nihilism; working-men's clubs and associations; and the reunion of Christendom. Father Eyre suggests that it would be an exceedingly useful form of charity to have these letters printed singly for distribution. Meanwhile, this volume is sold at a low price, and the Catholic, while reverencing its utterances himself, can recommend it to Protestant and unbelieving friends as containing more worldly wisdom and keen analysis of society and of modern civilized man than any other person in the world could compress within the same space. Setting aside everything supernatural, and remembering only the Pope's age and vast experience, the position which enables him to view the affairs of the whole world, and, without personal solicitude or interest, to watch the nations wax and wane; the enormous mass of records always at his service, making the past almost like the present to his apprehension; and his perfectly judicial balance of mind, impossible to any statesman whose country has boundaries or limits, one sees that his decisions command respectful attention from all earnest minds. These carefully worded messages, with each phrase considered in every possible aspect, and reviewed with the deepest sense of personal responsibility, are a precious possession for him who would understand the time, its diseases and their remedies. (Benziger Brothers, New York City.)

The American Magazine of Civics (Andrew J. Palm & Co., New York City) became widely known among Catholics through an article published February, 1895, on "The Catholic Church and the coming Social Struggle." We are much indebted to the writer of that article, Mr. Charles Robinson, for his kind co-operation in preparing at our request the guide-list here given. He is of opinion that very little Catholic literature on the Social Question is available for the general reader. So far as can be learned, no book has yet been published in English in which this subject is dealt with from the point of view of the church. Quite a number of valuable works of this kind have appeared in French. Among these the following deserve special mention:

1. *La Question Ouvrière*, par l'Abbé P. Ferst, curé de Saint Maurice, Paris. This work, which is divided into three books and enriched with many statistical tables, forms a really indispensable manual for those interested in the study of this question.

2. *Le Socialisme Catholique ou Christianisme Intégrae*, par Paul Lapeyre. This is a monumental work, in three volumes, of great value. I have only seen the first volume, which deals with "Les Vérités Mâles."

3. *L'Église et la Question Sociale*, par le R. P. de Pascal, Missionaire Apostolique, Docteur en Théologie. This is a luminous commentary on the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, and has met with unqualified praise from the Catholic press in Europe.

4. *La Question Sociale et l'Ordre ou Institutions de Sociologie*, par le R. P. Albert-Maria Weiss, de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs. This work has been translated into French by l'Abbé L. Collin, and forms two large volumes.

5. *Le Mal Social, ses Causes, ses Remèdes*, par Don Sarda y Solvany. Three volumes.

6. *Le Pain Pour tout le Monde*, par Vicomte de Montaignan. A brief brochure.

All of the above works are published by P. Lethielleux, Éditeur, 10, rue Cassette, Paris.

Among German works Bishop Ketteler's book on *Christianity and Labor* stands pre-eminent. A valuable pamphlet in German on *The Social Question*, by the Rev. Hans Jacob Stadt, Pfarrer of Freiburg-im-Breisgau, appeared last year and had an immense sale.

Socialism Exposed and Refuted is the title of a valuable little work by the Rev. Victor Cathrein, S.J., being a chapter from the author's Moral Philosophy. It has been translated from the German by the Rev. James Conway, S.J., and is published by Benziger Brothers. Its chief importance lies in the fact that it goes to the true sources of Socialism, whether considered as a scientific economic theory or as a living social and political movement.

An exhaustive review in English, by Miss Helen Zimmern, of Francesco S. Nitti's well-known work on Catholic Socialism * appeared in the *Leisure Hour* (Cassell & Co., London) for November, 1891. Signor Nitti is editor of *La Riforma Sociale* (197 via Tritona, Rome), which contains in almost every issue more than one article on this subject, written of course in Italian.

Mr. W. S. Lilly's contributions to current periodical literature on the Social Question are well known. "I have kept no list of these contributions," he wrote me the other day in answer to a question, "but the more important of them have been incorporated in my books." These are as follows:

1. Ancient Religion and Modern Thought; 2. Chapters in European History; 3. A Century of Revolution; 4. On Right and Wrong; 5. On Shibboleths; 6. The Claims of Christianity; 7. The Great Enigma.

All the above-named books are published by Chapman & Hall with the exception of the last-named, which is published by John Murray.

Two articles by Mr. Lilly on the Social Question, both of which appeared in the *New Review* (Longmans, Green & Co.), are worthy of special mention in this connection, viz.:

"The Indictment of Dives," December, 1893.

"Communism and Christianity," October, 1894.

"The Papacy, Socialism, and Democracy" forms the subject of two masterly articles by Paul Leroy Beaulieu, which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for December 1 and December 15, 1891. A synopsis of these articles in English appeared in the *Review of Reviews* for January and February, 1892. M. Beaulieu has since discussed the subject more than once in the columns of *L'Économiste Française* (Cité Bergère 2, Paris), of which he is editor.

Two able and important papers on the attitude of the church regarding the Social Question were read before the Catholic Congress at Baltimore in 1889. The first, by Peter L. Foy, was entitled "The New Social Order," and the second, by William Richards, "Labor and Capital." These papers are included in the "Official Report" of the proceedings of the Congress published by William H. Hughes, 11 Rowland Street, Detroit, Mich.

Monsignor Seton's discourse on "The Dignity of Labor," delivered at the Forty-ninth Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame, is issued in pamphlet form by the *Ave Maria* Press.

The Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* called forth many important utterances on

* A complete English translation of *Catholic Socialism* is now published by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

the Social Question, which was fully treated at the time in all its phases by the leading continental as well as the English and American reviews.

Among the more notable articles written from the Catholic point of view were the following:

"Leo XIII. on 'The Condition of Labor,'" by Cardinal Manning,* in *Dublin Review*, July, 1891.

"The Encyclical and the Economists," by Rev. Herbert Lucas, in *The Month*, July, 1891.

"The Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII.," *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, July, 1891.

"Ethical Aspects of the late Encyclical," by Brother Azarias, in *International Journal of Ethics*, January, 1892.

Among the more notable French articles on the Encyclical may be mentioned "The Social Question and the Encyclical," by A. Casselin, in *Revue Générale* (Brussels) for August, 1891, and "The Labor Encyclical," by G. Govreman, in the *Magazin Littéraire* (Ghent) for December 15, 1891.

Of the Italian reviews the *Nuova Antologia* of June 1, the *Rassegna Nazionale* of June 1, and the *Civilta Cattolica* of June 6 and 20, contained important utterances on the subject. The last-named magazine, which is edited by Father Brandi, S.J., has within the past few years published a number of valuable articles on the Social Question, including the following:

1. "Il Discorso del Papa agli operi Francesci e un ex-ministro Italiano," ser. xiv. vol. v. p. 32.

2. "L'Enciclica 'Rerum Novarum' del S. Padre Leone XIII.," ser. xiv. vol. xi. pp. 5, 271, 417; vol. xii. p. 22.

3. Lassalle, F. Marx: "Cenno storico di ambidue," ser. xiv. vol. vi. p. 271.

4. "Il Socialismo contemporaneo," ser. xiv. vol. v. p. 22.

5. "Dei rimedii al Socialismo," ser. xiv. vol. vi. p. 129.

6. "Il Socialismo dbnde veirga," ser. xiv. vol. vii. p. 513.

7. "Il Socialismo Cattolico," ser. xv. vol. xii. p. 641.

8. Bertolini, R.: "Il Socialismo contemporaneo, di Giovanni Rae," *Rivista*, ser. xiv. vol. viii. p. 77.

9. Bissolati: "La Borghesia nello rivoluzioni Labriola A. del Socialismo," *Rivista*, ser. xiv. vol. iii. p. 698.

10. Deciortius, K.: "La question de la protection ouvrière internationale," *Rivista*, ser. xiv. vol. v. p. 448.

11. Nicotra, S.: "Socialismo," *Rivista*, ser. xiv. vol. v. p. 337.

12. Bernofilo, A.: "La Democrazia a la questione Sociale," *Rivista*, ser. xv, vol. iii. p. 704.

13. Doutreloux: "Lettre pastorale sur la question ouvrière," ser. xv. vol. x. p. 583.

14. Ferst, P.: "La question ouvrière," *Rivista*, ser. xv. vol. viii. p. 572.

15. George: "La canolizione dei lavoratori ec. lettera aperta a SS.," *Rivista*, ser. xv. vol. i. p. 316.

16. Legay, Ch.: "La question Sociale," *Rivista*, ser. xv. vol. ii. p. 208.

17. Leon, G.: "Le Pape, les Catholiques et la question Sociale," *Rivista*, ser. xv. vol. vii. p. 448.

18. Maumus, P. V.: "L'Église et la Democratie," *Rivista*, ser. xv. vol. vi. p. 709.

* A speech on labor delivered by his Eminence some time before, together with the views of the Bishop of Newport and Menevia on this question, will be found in Mr. Stead's pamphlet entitled *The Pope on Labor*, which also contains a comprehensive synopsis of the Encyclical.

19. Nicotra, S.: "Il minimum del Salario e la Enciclica 'Rerum novarum,'" *Rivista*, ser. xv. vol. vi. p. 588.

20. Nitti, F. S.: "Il Socialismo Cattolico," *Rivista*, ser. xv. vol. iii. p. 460.

21. Zanetti, F.: "Il Socialismo," *Rivista*, ser. xv. vol. ix. p. 75.

22. Éléments d'Économie politique, par J. Rambaud," *Rivista*, ser. xv. vol. i. pp. 580 and 696.

By reference to these articles the reader will find references to a great deal more matter on this question.*

The following articles, which are of a more general character than the preceding, may be of interest to those who wish to study the Social Question in some of its different phases:

"Socialism and the Catholic Church," by Monsignor Preston in the *Forum*, April, 1888.

"The Social Question," by A. Villa Pernici in *La Rassegna Nazionale*, March, 1891.

"The French Catholic Economists and the Social Question," by C. Clement, *Revue Générale*, (Brussels), July and August, 1891.

"Socialism and Labor," by Bishop Spalding in *Catholic World*, September, 1891.

"Leo XIII. and the Labor Problem," by Rev. M. M. Sheedy in *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, January, 1892.

"Henry George and the late Encyclical," by Charles A. Ramm in *Catholic World*, January, 1892.

"The Social Movement." Three articles by Urbani Guerin bearing this title appeared in the *Revue du Monde Catholique* (Paris), for May, 1892, February, 1893, and November, 1893, respectively.

"The Catholic Party in Switzerland and the Social Question," by Paul Pictet in *Bibliothèque Universelle* (Lausanne), May and June, 1892.

"Political Economy and the Church," by F. Bandiott in *Revue du Monde Catholique* (Paris), June, 1892. See also "Anarchy and the Social Peril," by J. Huirdet, in same issue.

"The Federation of Catholic Circles and of Conservative Associations," in *Revue Générale* (Brussels), June, 1892.

"French Catholics and the Social Question," by Claudio Jannot in *Quarterly Journal of Economics* (Boston), January, 1893.

"The Social Movement and State Intervention," by Charles Woesle in *Revue Générale* (Brussels), February, 1893.

"Labor and Capital," by Rev. William Barry in *Dublin Review*, April, 1893.

"The Social Question in Spain," by Louis Vega Rey in *Revista Contemporanea* (Madrid), June 15, 1893.

"Temperance and the Social Question," in *Dublin Review*, October, 1893.

"The Farci and the Social Question in Sicily," in *Revue Encyclopédique* (Paris), January 15, 1894.

"Commentary on the Pastoral Letter of Monsignor Doutreloux on the Labor Question," by E. Van Der Smissen in *Revue Générale* (Brussels), March, 1894.

"The Church vs. the Doctrinaires in Social Economy," M. O'Riordan in *Catholic World*, April, 1894.

"The Ethics of Labor," by Rev. F. A. Howard in *Catholic World*, September, 1894.

* Complete files of the *Civilta* are to be found at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City; at St. John's, Fordham; and at Father Russo's, 303 Elizabeth Street, New York City.

"The Social Question," by Claudio Jannot in *La Réforme Sociale* (Paris), November, 1894.

Several articles on the Social Question have appeared in the *Association Catholique* (Paris) which, if translated into English, would do much good.* I refer in particular to the following:

(1) "Introduction to Social Studies," by the Marquis de la Tour du Pin Chambly, February 15, 1893.

(2) "The Rudimentary Principles of Socialism," by R. P. de Pascal, April 19, 1893.

(3) "Sketch for a Progress of Social Studies," by R. P. de Pascal, November, 1893.

In the August, 1895, number of the *North American Review* the Rev. J. A. Zahm, writing on "Leo XIII. and the Social Question," gives what he calls the "Latino-Germanic genesis" of the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. Since issuing this famous Encyclical Leo XIII. has, as Father Zahm points out, developed his doctrine more in detail in his letters to the Archbishop of Mechlin, the Bishops of Liège and Grenoble, l'Abbé Naudet, l'Abbé Six, M. Decurtins, and the Count de Mun. The latter, as is well known, has written much on the Social Question.

Under the title of "Apropos of a Religious Debate" an article appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June, 1894, by Vicomte Melchoir de Vogue, which is valuable for its thoughtful criticism upon the present state of social affairs in France.

The more important of the foreign articles here mentioned have been noticed as they appeared in the *Review of Reviews*, and in some cases a brief synopsis of them has appeared. Greater space has been given to articles bearing on this question in the English than in the American edition of this periodical.

Other books are:

"Social Aspects of Catholicism," by De Haulleville.

"Socialism and the Church," by Rev. Willebald Hackner.

"Why no good Catholic can be a Socialist," by Rev. Kenelm Digby Beste.

"Socialism," by Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.

"Ethics of Anarchy," by B. F. C. Costelloe.

The above books may be ordered from Benziger Brothers.

John Brisben Walker's lecture on "The Church and Poverty," delivered at the Catholic University some time ago, and which attracted so much attention, is published in pamphlet form by the Commonwealth Co., 28 Lafayette Place, New York City.

At the recent Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education held at Toronto, July 18-25, the following paper was read:

"Christianity and Labor," by Rev. H. W. Bennett, D.D., of Akron, O.

These papers on the Social Question were read at the Columbian Catholic Congress, viz.:

"The Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on the Condition of Labor." Papers by Bishop Watterson and by Judge Semple.

"Rights of Labor: Duties of Capital." By Rev. W. Barry, D.D., and by John Gibbon, LL.D.

"Poverty: Cause and Remedy." By Hon. M. T. Bryan.

* The nearest thing to these I have yet seen in English have been the papers on "The Study of Social Questions," which have just been concluded in the New York *Freeman's Journal*.

DANTE'S HOUSE.—FLORENCE.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXII. NOVEMBER, 1895. No. 368.

CATHOLICISM, PROTESTANTISM, AND PROGRESS.

BY REV. FRANCIS W. HOWARD.

INFLUENCE of religious belief on the temporal and material welfare of mankind has always been the theme of much controversy. It is a subject well worthy of candid discussion, but, unfortunately, it is too often made the basis of partisan attacks and of fruitless and angry recriminations. It can hardly be doubted that religion, affecting as it does so largely the customs and institutions of a people, does to a great extent exert an influence on their material condition and temporal welfare; but the great and primary object of religion being the spiritual welfare of mankind, the influence it may exert on man's temporal condition is usually operative only through secondary causes. This subject, moreover, is often viewed from opposite stand-points. Historians like Buckle and socialists of the materialist school have only an economic interpretation for all the phenomena of history, and they regard forms of religious belief and worship as, for the most part, the products of economic causes; while, on the other hand, if we were to base our conclusions on the reasoning brought forward by many controversialists, we might easily persuade ourselves that a nation's progress and prosperity are entirely due to the influence of the religion professed by the larger portion of the people. The study of subjects involving so many phenomena is intricate and complicated, and one-sided views are almost certain to be erroneous. In treating of such subjects positive assertions are likely to be evidences of superficiality, and upon hardly any subject will the student pronounce his opinion with less confidence and decision than on the relation existing

Copyright. VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT. 1895.

between a form of religious belief and the material prosperity of the nation in which that belief is professed.

RELIGION IN RELATION TO NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

The first and most important matter to be determined in discussing the influence of religion on the material condition of a nation is, By what standard shall this influence be tested? We must know what the great object and end of national existence is before we can determine the influence a particular form of religious belief may have in promoting that object. Unless there be some agreement on this point, there can be no hope of arriving at any definite conclusions.

All writers on ethics agree that man seeks happiness in all his acts, and that the end of individual existence is the attainment of happiness. It is held by many that the predominant aim of national existence likewise should be to obtain a maximum of happiness, and that influences promoting this great end should be cherished. This theory is known in English political philosophy as "Benthamism," or the "greatest happiness principle"; its rule of action for legislative and other practical purposes being comprehended in the maxim "The greatest good for the greatest number." If this be our standard, then, when the happiness is attained, the object of national existence is realized; and judging by this standard it would be illogical to reproach a happy people simply because of their backward condition and lack of industrial development.

Nothing, however, is more common than to find writers who ignore the question of happiness in uttering this reproach. It is a very ordinary observation that some nations do not possess great railways, great industry and great commerce, because they do profess belief in the Catholic religion. Men have a natural inclination to judge all things from their own standpoint, and hence they infer that the means to their happiness must be means of happiness to all men. Acting on this principle, modern nations have exterminated races of aborigines who were satisfied with their conditions of life, on pretence of conferring on them the blessings of civilization.

RELATIVE DEGREES OF HAPPINESS.

This opens up the question, How do we judge of happiness, and what warrant have we for saying that one state of happiness is better than another? It is the old problem, Whether is it better to be a pig satisfied, or a Socrates dissatisfied? Hume makes a remark to the effect that a child with a new dress can be as happy as a general who has achieved a great vic-

tory. Plato says that the highest happiness is to be found in the pleasures of the intellect. How shall we determine whether there is more happiness among those who enjoy a Wagner festival at Bayreuth than among those who delight in a Wild West show at Chicago? By what standard shall we decide whether Newton was more happy in working out his profound mathematical calculations than his dog Diamond was when he tore to shreds the paper to which they had been committed?

Happiness may be defined as a state of mind resulting from the proper exercise of one's faculties. But the larger number of faculties do not necessarily mean the greater happiness; they simply mean that happiness may be obtained in more diversified ways. In the age of Pericles civilization was carried to a high degree of perfection. The Athenians then listened to great orators, enjoyed masterpieces of painting and sculpture, saw the noblest dramas played, and were ruled by great generals and statesmen. There were many sides of life, many powers and activities brought into play. If all these faculties found proper exercise then, were the people happy? Now, when we say that their happiness was of a higher order than that of the ideal savages of Rousseau, we mean that more factors contributed to bring it about, not that the result was different. A sum in addition may give us ten, and an algebraic equation involving a multitude of factors may give us the same result. There is no greater value in the second result, though it is arrived at through a greater variety of operations. If Plato were to reproach a savage for not enjoying philosophy, it would be much the same as if a musician should find fault with a deaf-mute for not enjoying a symphony.

If happiness be the object of national existence, then it is absurd to claim that one nation is better off than another merely because it has more capital, more industries, more steam railways and canals. The happiness produced by these means is not better than happiness brought about by a simpler process; and happiness, moreover, as we shall see later, does not necessarily go with all this industrial activity.

INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICISM IN MEDIÆVAL TIMES.

Now, there is a principle of the Catholic religion which has always powerfully contributed to bring about a state of happiness in any society where it has had free operation, and this principle is, that the interests of mankind are essentially one, though often apparently diverse, and that the individual should seek his happiness in promoting the welfare of society. This

principle, which in our time is dignified with the name of "universalistic hedonism," has always been the practical rule of conduct taught by the Catholic Church. Thoughtful students of history and economics, such as Hallam and Thorold Rogers, have stated that the lot of the laborer in mediæval England was preferable to that of his modern successor. Socialist writers are fond of contrasting the laboring classes under Protestantism with the same classes under Catholicism, and of describing the happy condition of the latter.* The wants of the laborer in mediæval times were not so many nor so varied, but they were more easily supplied. On the whole there is good ground for asserting that the influence of Catholicism resulting from the operation of the teaching above mentioned has been productive of happiness to a great extent, and this conclusion is largely reinforced by the lessons of history.

There are some, however, who contend that progress, and not happiness, should be the predominant aim of national life; and according to this theory, progress is the standard by which to test the value of the influence which a religion may have on a nation's material condition. Thus, on this theory it might be desirable, leaving other considerations aside for the moment, for a nation to foster a religion that tends to promote progress, rather than one that promotes happiness. The aim of national life is supposed to be to attain a larger and more diversified life rather than a more complete and happy life. A nation achieves its goal when inventions are multiplied, industries fostered, division of labor carried to its utmost limit. The question whether all this contributes to human happiness is often assumed and often ignored, much in the same manner as the early economists, who clamored for freedom of industry and of contract, did not always consider whether this would contribute as much to the nation's happiness as it would to the nation's wealth.

PROGRESS VERSUS HAPPINESS.

The famous law of progress which we have from Herbert Spencer is, that it consists of a change from an "indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity." In all this there is no ethical principle, and happiness and human welfare, if they appear at all, are only incidentals; just as in the progress of the steamship from the indefinite homogeneity of Fulton's Folly to the definite heterogeneity of the modern Cunarder, the amount of steam required, while always a necessary element, is always a subordinate one. Spencer, indeed,

* See *Historical Basis of Socialism in England*, by H. M. Hyndman.

affirms that "happiness is the supreme end of life," and that it is "the concomitant of the highest life."* The "highest life" to which he refers is, of course, the life which progress tends to bring about; the life in which not only all activities are duly exercised, but in which there is a very large number of activities. It is the life of progress, of definite, coherent heterogeneity, of electricity, steam railways, and physical science. But happiness is not a necessary concomitant of this life; it may indeed have great misery as a concomitant. A genius, for instance, may contribute to progress a labor-saving appliance that will be productive of injury to thousands. Darwinian ethics, of course, will tell us to console ourselves for the present sufferings of the unfit with visions of the beatitude of posterity, unmindful that if progress is to continue posterity will have enough suffering of its own from such causes to care for.† There is no inherent reason why happiness should be an accompaniment of this progress, and to infer from our railways, our large cities with their hundreds of busy industries, our great command over the forces of nature, that the people among whom all these things find place must be happy, would be much the same as if a traveller on the river Nile were to infer the happiness of the ancient Egyptians from the number and grandeur of their public works whose ruins remain. It is true, indeed, that in every society a certain quantum of happiness must exist, but in progress only the minimum is required, or just enough happiness to keep society in a state of stable equilibrium.

THE IDEAS OF LUTHER AND ADAM SMITH.

It is the boast of Protestantism that it exercises an influence on national affairs conducive to progress, and that modern progress is largely due to that influence. This claim has strong support, and the principle of individual initiative and enterprise, to which progress is so much indebted, may be derived by no violent steps from the great Protestant principle of private judgment. Matthew Arnold tells us that the maxims of the middle class in England, "the great representative of trade and Dissent," are, "Every man for himself in religion, and every man for himself in business."‡ From the maxim "Every man for himself in religion," which is the gospel according to Luther, it is but a step to the maxim "Every man for himself in business," which is the gospel according to Adam Smith. The

* *Data of Ethics*, chap. ix.

† This consolation would remind one of the Irish peasant who during the time of the famine is reputed to have had for his breakfast a vision of bacon.

‡ *Culture and Anarchy*, chap. ii.

cardinal principle of Protestantism is this right of private judgment. The leaders of the Reformation declared that every man should be his own judge in spiritual matters—every man is his own pope. In so far as this may mean that a man owes allegiance to his own conscience, it is but the affirmation of a Catholic doctrine. But ignoring the fact that all are not possessed of great learning and ability, they applied the principle of individual competency to matters in which these qualifications were called for. This was the introduction of individualism into religious matters in modern times, and, owing to a variety of circumstances, it found wide acceptance. After this principle had operated for some time in religion it was gradually introduced into industry. If man is a law to himself in religion, why should he not as well be a law to himself in economic matters? Hence there was a gradual separation of interests, and the rise of Protestantism is marked by the decay of the mediæval guilds and an accentuation of individual variations. The strongest no longer thought that he owed his strength to his fellow-men, but as his strength was his own, why should not the fruits of it be his own? As Luther gave us the principle of private judgment in religion, so Adam Smith formulated the principle of private interest in economics; and the theory that an individual should seek to promote public welfare was openly ridiculed by him as a sham and a pretence. He taught that men should have no motive but private interest in business matters, and he believed it to be one of the dispensations of Providence that this would always subserve the best interests of society. This motive leads to many changes and variations. Private interest continually urges men to be on the alert to seize any advantage that may come to their notice. It has brought about the many inventions for which our age is famous, and has stimulated the study of the natural sciences. Our world-wide commerce, and the vast specialization of modern industry, are the triumphs of its operation.

THE CATHOLIC TENDENCY TOWARD ALTRUISM.

Thus we may say that Protestantism is the religion of individualism. We see an instance of this in the self-regarding tendencies of its prayers. They are usually personal and individual. The great question is, "What shall *I* do to be saved?" The Catholic Church, however, lays more stress on the social qualities. The pronoun I is in small favor with her, and does not occur with frequency in her authorized prayers. She sets small store by the principle of private judgment, and her con-

stitution, her history, and her traditions are opposed to individualism. Her influence on the earth is for social well-being, and her teaching has always been that the private interests of the individual should be subordinate to the public welfare.

Protestantism insists on the value of individual qualities, and the principle of individual variation may be said to be practical Protestantism. This principle is one that is held in high esteem in the biological sciences. It is to be remembered, however, that in the growth of species and of nations this principle plays only a subordinate *rôle*. The nations that survive are not those which foster all individual variations, but those which foster only such variations as are conducive to social welfare. The principle of individualism was a characteristic feature of Grecian life, and the mutual hatred and jealousy among the cities resulting from it prevented them from combining against a common foe. Some modern writers on political philosophy* have contended that the most important need for society is that the individual have entire freedom to develop his powers. When this is pursued to its full extent it leads to the development of individual qualities that are antagonistic to social welfare, and it has been the cause of the ruin of nations. In all orders of life only those individuals survive which are best fitted for the conditions of their environment, but nature in the long run tends to preserve only those qualities which are conducive to the welfare of the species; and this welfare is not always compatible with the largest possible development of all its component individuals. And similarly among men, while there is need that the individual should have freedom to develop his powers, nevertheless only those individual qualities which are at the same time social qualities will in the end prevail.†

Without presuming to attach strict accuracy to the assertion, we may say that in general, so far as religion does exert an influence on society, the influence of Catholicism tends to promote the happiness of society, while the principle of Protestantism is the mainspring of progress. Which, then, is more desirable as the great aim of national life? Which should be the predominant purpose of a nation's endeavors, to attain happiness or to strive for progress?

Now, happiness pursued without reference to progress naturally leads to a stationary or retrogressive state. A modicum of unhappiness is not an undesirable element in national life; for where there is a disposition to be satisfied with little there is

* See John Stuart Mill *On Liberty*.

† See *Social Evolution*, by Benjamin Kidd, last chapter.

begotten a tendency to be satisfied with less, and happiness as a sole aim of national life leads to stagnation.

DISASTROUS INFLUENCE OF PROGRESS.

On the other hand, let us consider what are the results of modern progress, or progress pursued without reference to happiness. On this subject we have a rich literature of denunciation, from vehement and angry invectives by Carlyle to the cold eloquence of government reports. Progress has not brought an easier, more secure, or more desirable state of existence to the great majority. The primary purpose of our great inventions was not to benefit the laborer but to displace him. In the modern competitive system we have perfectly realized the *bellum omnium contra omnes* of Hobbes. Rev. Alfred Young in a late work* adduces much startling testimony in reference to the ignorance and debased condition of the laboring classes in England. Marx has taken a multitude of facts from English official reports, and has framed the strongest indictment of the English industrial system.† Henry George tells us: "I think no one who will open his eyes to the facts can resist the conclusion that there are in the heart of our civilization large classes with whom the veriest savage could not afford to exchange. It is my deliberate opinion that if, standing on the threshold of being, one were given the choice of entering life as a Terra del Fuegan, a black fellow of Australia, an Esquimau in the arctic circle, or among the lowest classes in such a highly civilized country as Great Britain, he would make infinitely the better choice in selecting the lot of the savage."‡ This progress which comes in great part from the principle of Protestantism has given us the divitariat at one end of the social scale and the proletariat at the other. It has given us the anarchy of private opinion in religion, and the anarchy of competition in industry. It is much disputed whether the laborer is better off to-day than in mediæval times, but it is certain that what the laborer has gained in freedom he has lost in security. Many of the thinkers and statesmen of the age are profoundly dissatisfied with the existing conditions of society. John Stuart Mill, writing in 1848, affirms that if a continuation of the present conditions or communism were the alternative, all the difficulties, great or small, of communism would be as dust in the balance. Mr. Gladstone in his Budget speech of 1864, con-

* *Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared.*

† See his work on *Capital*, chap. x. sec. 4; chap. xv. sec. 8; and in particular the long chapter xxv. on "The General Law of Capitalist Accumulation." Chap. xxvii. is a remarkable account of the "expropriation of the agricultural classes from the land" (of England).

‡ *Progress and Poverty*, book v. chap. ii.

trasting the enormous growth of wealth in England with the distress of the working-classes in the great towns, asks, "What is human life in the great majority of instances but a mere struggle for existence?" Professor Huxley declares that if there were no hope of permanent large improvement, he would hail the advent of some kindly comet that would sweep us into space. Thus progress, like Saturn, devours its own children, and, in spite of our optimism, to this complexion does definite, coherent heterogeneity come at last.

THE DESIDERATUM.

What we need is some principle or influence that will combine happiness and progress, and make our progress subordinate to the welfare of the whole people. Happiness is the great end of national life, but who is there that would not prefer the happiness that might be found in the Greece of Pericles to the joys of any savage life? We seek progress because motion is the law of life, because our nature demands that we should ever be striving for a higher and more complex life. We seek progress because we are creatures of "large discourse," because He that made us "gave us not that capability and god-like reason to fast in us unused." But progress dominated solely by self-interest, as it has hitherto largely been, leads to inevitable decay and dissolution. If progress necessarily entails suffering, it is plainly desirable that we should have more happiness and less progress. But we feel that there is no good reason why the fruits of progress should not result to the benefit rather than to the injury of mankind, and if this has not been so in the past it is because progress has been pursued as an end in itself and ethics have been divorced from economics. The influence of the Catholic Church has always been exerted for social well-being, and her influence will be most powerful in conserving the good that comes from Protestantism, and in turning the results of modern progress to the benefit of mankind. She teaches the principles of social regeneration, and many of the sincere reformers of the day are guided by her teachings, though not conscious of it. The Catholic Church does not exist as a relic of the past, but she exists and thrives because she is able to cope with the problems of this age and the questions of to-day. She retains her hold on the masses of mankind, and if progress is to be a means of promoting human happiness and social welfare, and not a cause of suffering, this result will be accomplished in large part through the influence which her teachings are exerting on society.

Capital and Labor.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished."—Hamlet.

IN th' arena of our age they stand,
Lock'd in fierce combat.—One, of princely mold,
Besprent with gems and girt with cloth of gold;
The other, coarsely-clad and rough of hand,
His face toil-grim'd, his stout arms bare and tann'd,
And his stern front as his who dares the Fates: . . .
Earth, watching while her wrestlers spurn the sand,
With fear and dread the desp'rate issue waits.

Shall victory attend this glitt'ring Knight?
Or shall the Workman triumph in his brawn?
Not so: a Mightier comes! The Lord of Light
Leaps to the lists—strikes—and old feuds are gone!
The Christ who toiled in Naz'reth's sweat and dust
Hath hallowed Labor—Capital made just.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A MODERN ST. FRANCIS.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

N authoress popular both in the old and in the new world, the late Mrs. Augustus Craven, thus wrote of Fra Lodovico da Casoria, a Neapolitan Franciscan, with whom she was personally acquainted: "Those who knew Fra Lodovico can understand what must have been the heart, the soul, and the mind of St. Francis himself."

In our busy and restless nineteenth century the history of the Neapolitan friar reads like a legend from the "Fioretti"; yet, by a strange contrast, this simple-minded monk, so full of blind faith and of child-like enthusiasm, was keenly alive to the needs of the age in which he lived. If, on the one hand, he seemed to belong to the mediæval group of brothers who once followed St. Francis over the fair Umbrian hills, on the other, he appeared no less capable of filling his place in our sceptical, matter-of-fact age, for none grasped more thoroughly than he did its virtues and its vices, its aspirations and its needs.

The son of poor but honest parents, Archangelo Palmentieri was born in the little town of Casoria, in the kingdom of Naples. After an innocent boyhood, he joined the Franciscan Order and took the name of Fra Lodovico. At first nothing seemed to distinguish him from the other religious; he was docile and regular, but showed no signs of extraordinary fervor. Towards 1847, however, when he was at the Franciscan convent of San Pietro ad Aram, at Naples, a great change came over his soul. The words of the Gospel, "Be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect," words often heard and often repeated before, suddenly struck him with a new light. They became from that time the guiding rule of his life, the object of all his aspirations and of all his thoughts. During the thirty-eight years that followed he never wavered or turned back in his upward path; his naturally loving heart and generous nature expanded as his love of God increased, and his life from that moment is one long act of devotion to the wants of others.

The eminent sanctity to which he attained, even more than his natural gifts, can alone explain the influence he exercised

on all who approached him. He was not an educated man, he could not even speak Italian correctly, and he generally used only the Neapolitan dialect with which he had been familiar from his childhood. But, although ignorant and uncultivated as regards worldly lore, he had an innate appreciation of all that is good, great, and beautiful, even in the realms of art and science, where he possessed no practical knowledge.

The charitable works undertaken and carried out by Fra Lodovico were no less varied than numerous. He began by establishing, with his superior's permission, an infirmary for the sick religious of his order; for, strange to say, the convent of San Pietro ad Aram did not possess one. He had often heard his brethren lament over this state of things, but no one seems to have had energy enough to suggest an improvement. It was a humble beginning enough; Fra Lodovico gave up half his cell for the purpose, and by begging from door to door he collected sufficient money to establish a small pharmacy. The success of this first attempt encouraged the worker, and, with renewed zeal and confidence in God, he set about his next undertaking—the revival of the Third Order of St. Francis. Here again God visibly blessed his efforts; ere long men and women of every condition—magistrates and workmen, princesses and peasants—enrolled themselves under the banner of the Seraphic Father, as his children lovingly call him. In less than two years the Third Order numbered four hundred new members of both sexes. Fra Lodovico went from town to town, generally on foot, explaining in his simple, earnest way the advantages of an institution to which St. Louis, King of France, Dante, Giotto, and Columbus were proud of belonging. To those who questioned him as to his mission, "I am a poor friar, Lodovico da Casoria," he used to reply; "my business is to draw Christians to perfection and to enroll them, if they wish it, in the Third Order of St. Francis."

Among his tertiaries he selected a certain number who, though laymen, were free of their time and willing to devote themselves to charitable works. He gave them a kind of religious habit, of a grayish color. "I like gray," Fra Lodovico used to say cheerfully; "it reminds me of death and gives me thoughts of humility and penance."

The Bigi, as these tertiaries were generally called, were Fra Lodovico's trustiest helpers, both in the prisons and hospitals of Naples, and later on the African missions. Thus, in 1861, twenty-seven Franciscan friars set sail for the dark continent,

accompanied by five Bigi—a laborer, a shoemaker, and three carpenters; the following year they were joined by others.

By degrees Fra Lodovico's sphere of action extended; by dint of begging he collected enough money to buy, near Capodimonte, a house with a large garden in which stood a splendid palm-tree. In this property, which was called Palma, he established a large infirmary destined especially for priests. The house, though well situated and healthy, was terribly poor, much to Lodovico's delight, for he shared his founder's chivalrous devotion to "Our Lady Poverty." He related triumphantly how the father-general of the Franciscans, having once visited Palma, was obliged to sleep on the bare floor with Fra Lodovico's cloak as a pillow!

The object of his next work was the salvation of the negroes; one day, as he was passing through the streets of Naples, and praying God secretly to give him something more to do for his fellow-creatures, he met two little negro boys, whom a holy priest from Genoa, named Olivieri, had just bought in a slave market in Egypt. Fra Lodovico begged to have the boys sent to Palma; he devoted himself to training and instructing them, and was delighted with their progress. "What good soil I have to cultivate!" he writes, alluding to the happy dispositions of his little neophytes. His success encouraged him to extend his work; he remembered too how his father, St. Francis, had loved Africa and longed for its conversion, and he determined with God's help to do his best for the negroes. In April, 1857, he sailed for Egypt, and, with the assistance of King Ferdinand of Naples, whom he had interested in his mission, he was able to buy twelve negro boys, whom he brought back to Palma. The good priest Olivieri, from whose hands he had received his first pupils, lent him his cordial assistance, and in the course of the following year, 1858, a college for negroes was founded at Naples under the direction of the Franciscans. The course of studies of this college was drawn up in view of the negro pupils and their special needs. They were either trained for the priesthood or taught a trade, according to their own desire and aptitude; in any case, both as priests or as laymen, they were formed to habits of solid piety, and all were eventually intended to return to Africa and there to labor for the conversion of their countrymen by their teaching and their example. "Africa will be converted by Africa," often said Fra Lodovico.

A similar institution for little black girls was founded soon afterwards and placed under the care of the Stimatine nuns.

The ragged children of Naples excited our good friar's compassion no less than the negroes of Africa; it has been said, probably with some exaggeration, that there were at that time fifty thousand vagabond children in the streets and suburbs of Naples. He resolved to provide them with a Christian education and to make them useful men and women. It is characteristic of Fra Lodovico that he began by giving his *protégés* a thorough washing, for this ardent lover of poverty was scrupulously clean. Two years later schools for boys and girls had been opened, and over one thousand little waifs had been withdrawn from idleness and its attendant temptations. Out of these three hundred were orphans, and were placed by their benefactor in schools and convents; the others continued to live with their parents, but Fra Lodovico undertook to clothe them and to have them taught carpentering, book-binding, printing, and other trades.

Although he was unskilled in worldly knowledge, our hero had a singular power of treating questions which were apparently far beyond his grasp. His simplicity often recalled the monks of mediæval times and reminded his hearers of the companions of St. Francis, with whom the "Fioretti" have made us familiar; nevertheless he was well abreast of all modern progress and improvements, keenly alive to the needs of his time, eager for its intellectual development. The contrast between these different aspects of his character gave him an individuality all his own.

He considered it a duty for Catholics to be thoroughly armed against the attacks of rationalistic science and philosophy. "At a time like ours," he wrote, "priests and religious must not bury their talents"; and, with this object in view, he founded at Naples a Catholic academy, and appealed to all Italians, priests and laymen, to help in the work. In consequence of local difficulties the Academia was eventually suppressed. Fra Lodovico bore the disappointment with his usual cheerful resignation. "God has shown us that he does not wish us to do this work," he said; "he will send us something else to do instead and allow us to succeed."

The monthly review which he established at the same time as the Academia is still flourishing. It was called *La Carita*, and its object, in our hero's own words, was to distribute to men "the bread of science," no less necessary in its way than the bread that feeds the body. The writers of the *Carita* were men competent to discuss all the philosophical and scientific

questions of the day; they possessed a knowledge and a culture that were wanting in the illiterate monk whose voice had gathered them together, yet one and all recognized his master-mind and listened, with touching deference, to his ideas and suggestions.

Inspired by the same desire to promote the intellectual development of the higher classes, Fra Lodovico bought the palace of the dukes of Atria and founded a college for boys of good family. Its success far surpassed his hopes; but, after having placed the institution in the hands of a body of priests well qualified to direct it, our hero retired from the scene; only now and then he used to come to chat with the boys, with whom his cheerful piety made him very popular, but none could guess that the humble friar, so gentle and unassuming, was the real founder of the college.

No kind of work seemed to come amiss to him: he founded an order of nuns, the Elisabethines, Franciscan tertiaries, who were to take care of the sick poor and assist the dying. Three years later he established an orphanage at Florence. As usual he began without a penny. "Is your house furnished?" asked the Archbishop of Florence, with whom he was dining. "No, my lord." "How, then, will your orphans sleep there to-night?" "Providence has helped me to begin, Providence will help me to go on," was the reply.

On leaving the palace our hero went from door to door, begging for bits of old furniture, a few pots and pans, or even a little straw. By degrees the work developed; to an elementary school for infants were added work-shops where printing, tailoring, carpentering, and other trades were taught to the orphan boys. This was not Fra Lodovico's only work at Florence. He also built a church in honor of the Sacred Heart, and, marvellous to relate, this church was begun and completed in the course of one year.

At Assisi, the birthplace of his beloved founder, our hero established an asylum for deaf and dumb children. At first he had scanty means to carry on the work. "No one has given me anything as yet," he wrote; "all the better; this only shows me that our work is the work of Providence and that we shall want for nothing." The present Pope, Leo XIII., was then Archbishop of Perugia; he entrusted two little mutes belonging to his diocese to Fra Lodovico, but wondered at the founder's extreme poverty. "How will you provide for your children?" he inquired. "Providence is there," was the reply. "O man

of faith!" exclaimed the archbishop; "yes, indeed, I feel certain that Providence will assist you."

In addition to these different works, the unwearied apostle founded a refuge for destitute sailors and a hospital for scrofulous children at Pausilippo, near Naples; a Franciscan convent in his native Casoria; and a hospital for women at Monte Corvino. One of his last works was of a different order and reveals the artistic and patriotic side of his character. His filial love for St. Francis had long made him wish to raise a monument worthy of the saint. He wished this monument to be placed at or near Naples, and to be a perpetual memorial of the influence exercised by the Seraphic Father over the intellectual development of his countrymen. The work was executed under his direction, at the cost of great difficulties; it represented the saint of Assisi surrounded by three great Italian tertiaries: Dante, who proudly boasted of the Franciscan cord that he always wore; Giotto, the glorious painter of the sanctuaries of Assisi; and Columbus, who was received into the third order by the Franciscan prior of Santa Maria della Rabida.

The monument was inaugurated at Pausilippo on the 3d day of October, 1883, amidst an immense concourse of spectators. The Archbishop of Naples was present, with several bishops, numberless priests and monks, besides laymen of every condition, princes, military men, members of the government, peasants, and workmen. The ceremony was, at Fra Lodovico's special request, followed by a banquet, where five thousand poor people were waited upon at table by the prelates and noblemen present; it was fitting that the humble clients of "our dear Lady Poverty" should be represented at this glorious festival.

The manner in which our hero carried out his charitable works is perhaps more striking even than the number and variety of those works themselves. As Mrs. Craven rightly observes, he had many traits of resemblance with his father St. Francis; his simplicity, his kindness, his love of poverty, his artistic instincts and poetic temperament, recalled the Saint of Assisi; certain incidents of his life seem taken from the "Fioretti."

St. Francis was a musician and a poet, and his contemporaries speak with enthusiasm of the hymns of which he composed both the music and the poetry; they breathe throughout a humble, loving, joyous spirit, such as breaks forth in all Fra Lodovico's writings. His letter to death reminds us forcibly of the Seraphic Father's well-known hymn, the Alleluia of Assisi,

as it is generally called: "O Death! my dearest sister, every one flies from thee, no one loves thee; every one fears thee, no one speaks of thee. Thy very name alarms both the great and the humble, the young and the old. . . . Like my Seraphic Father, I venture to call thee my dearest sister, because in reality thou art not death but life eternal, a sweet sleep for those who believe and who long for divine light. Only through thee, Sister Death, can we reach God."

No translation can render the singular charm of this letter to Death in the soft Italian tongue.

Like St. Francis also, our hero considered music as a means of drawing souls to God; he had never learnt it as a science, but he was evidently a born musician. Among his favorite disciples was a young man named Parisi, the son of Gennaro Parisi, a well-known composer. Both father and son belonged to the Third Order of St. Francis and were warmly attached to Fra Lodovico. When, according to his expression, the latter heard music in his soul, he used to sing, following only his inspiration, while young Parisi either tried to catch the tune on the piano or else wrote down a few notes on paper. When this was done, the artist repeated the melody which he had thus gathered from the lips of the good monk and written down according to the canons of art. Sometimes Fra Lodovico was satisfied; at other times he would exclaim: "No, no, I did not mean that!" and he began to sing again, until Parisi succeeded in rendering his impression correctly. Thus guided and inspired by his friend, who yet possessed neither the knowledge nor the culture of an artist, Parisi composed a number of oratorios and hymns which were successfully executed at Naples, generally for the benefit of one or other of Fra Lodovico's charitable institutions.

In spite of the strain of poetry that lent so great a charm to his character, our hero was thoroughly practical in his undertakings; the greater part of his life was spent, not indeed in poetical or mystical contemplations, but in a hand-to-hand struggle with human misery. He was essentially matter-of-fact in his dealings with the poor: "If you exhort a sick man lying on a bed of straw to go to confession, he will be too much absorbed by his sufferings to listen to you; lay him on a good bed, with clean sheets, change his linen, give him a cup of broth, and he will revive. Then you may speak to him of God, of Jesus Christ; he will go to confession and bless God."

Another characteristic trait of Fra Lodovico was his blind

trust in Providence. Over and over again he was asked, when he started a new work: "Where is the money to come from?" His reply was always the same: "Providence will give it to us." Sometimes Providence came to his assistance in a truly marvellous manner. Once he was travelling on foot from the town of Maddaloni to Naples; he had eaten nothing for thirty-four hours and at last, from sheer exhaustion, he sank down on the road-side. No one was in sight; suddenly he perceived close at hand a large loaf of bread and a tempting cheese, of the kind called in the country "provatura." He partook of both, blessing God for his fatherly care. He often related this incident, not indeed as a miracle but as an example of God's tender care for his children. Another time, in 1873, it happened that the institutions founded at Naples by Fra Lodovico were, owing to an imprudent act on the part of one of the brothers, about to be closed by the Italian government. In the midst of his distress he remembered that ten years before, much to his surprise, King Victor Emmanuel had made him a knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. Lazarus. A bright idea struck him: he hunted up the document that had been sent to him on that occasion, collected all the letters that he had received at different times from government officials acknowledging his services, and, having made a packet of the whole, he went to pay a round of visits to different members of the government. To each one he exhibited his papers. "You see," he said, "I am not an enemy of the government, but only a friend of the poor"; and all along the streets he kept repeating to himself: "Good Providence, I will not go home until I have got over this difficulty and saved my poor." Providence did not abandon him; the Duke of San Donato, whom he went to see, warmly pleaded his cause and finally gained it. Our hero's loving confidence in God was frequently put to the test, for, like all men who attempt and execute great things, he was frequently attacked and criticised with much acrimony and violence. The Italian government, men of the world, even priests and religious, occasionally accused him of imprudence, exaggeration, or undue enthusiasm. He bore these attacks with touching meekness; in 1874 some religious of his order sent a report against him to the father-general, who showed the paper to Fra Lodovico and requested him to refute it; his reply breathes a spirit of humility that must have gone straight to the heart of St. Francis. "I do not think," he writes, "that these accusations proceed from malice, but rather from ignorance of the real state

of the case. I love my dear brethren more than ever." He used often to say that "without sufferings nothing is safe," that "suffering is the seal that God sets upon the works he considers his own."

In spite, however, of the attacks to which he was exposed occasionally, Fra Lodovico enjoyed, on the whole, an extraordinary influence in Naples and even in Italy. Among men of every condition and character, with his simplicity, his forgetfulness of self, his tender love for his fellow-men, he passed through political and social catastrophes beloved and respected by all.

When Ferdinand II. lay dangerously ill at Bari, the queen and her children were anxious to remove him to Caserta, where the situation and arrangements of the palace gave him a better chance of recovery. The king, however, obstinately refused to let himself be removed, and the queen, in despair, had recourse to Fra Lodovico. He came to see Ferdinand, and after speaking to him with his usual simplicity and charity, he said: "Till now, sire, you have acted like a king; now you must become a little child and obey St. Francis. I am only a poor brother of St. Francis, but I declare to you, in his name, that you must remove to Caserta and take better care of your health." "Very well," replied the sovereign, "I will obey the son of St. Francis." And the next day he left for Caserta.

Fra Lodovico had a deep affection for Ferdinand II. and for his son, King Francis; both had been the generous benefactors of his first foundations, and the revolution of 1860, that drove the young king into exile, cut him to the heart. His first impulse was to fly from Naples, to abandon his different works and bury himself in some distant convent of his order. Before acting upon this impression he consulted Pope Pius IX. "Son of St. Francis," replied the pope, "return to Naples, throw yourself into the fight; make use of your enemies in order to do good, and you will please God."

He obeyed and continued to serve God and the poor, shutting his eyes resolutely to all political intrigues. When the interests of God required it, he knocked at the palace door as in old times. "I am come to see King Victor Emmanuel," he used to say to the astonished porter; "will you please tell him that Fra Lodovico would be glad to speak to him?" He was seldom refused an audience, and he generally obtained what he came to ask for.

The Archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Riario Sforza, was our

hero's warm friend. The two were very different; the one of noble birth, refined, aristocratic, and dignified in manners and appearance; the other, a son of the people, uncultivated and illiterate; but they possessed in an equal degree that which bridges over all social differences—an ardent love of God and of the poor.

The cardinal died in 1877, to Fra Lodovico's intense grief. "O Jesus! what hast thou done?" he writes; "who can ever replace him? . . . My faith tells me that he was a saint and that thou didst desire, O Jesus! to reward his virtues."

Our hero's best friends were the poor, the sick, the weak and little ones of this world; but if chance circumstances brought him into contact with illustrious personages he was just as simple, cordial, and cheerful as among his negro boys.

During his mission to Africa he found himself on one occasion stranded on the banks of the Nile, looking out for a boat to take him back to Cairo. A magnificent steamer, belonging to Prince Anthony Hohenzollern, happened to pass by, and the prince, hearing of the good friar's embarrassment, offered to take him on board. The offer was gratefully accepted, and Fra Lodovico was welcomed with the utmost deference by his noble host. He took the honors paid to him with his usual simplicity; alluding to this incident he writes: "If we are told to accept humiliations, why should we not also accept honors when they come in our way? Believe me, when the soul is closely united to God, both are good; without God everything does us harm, with God everything may do us good."

This was the secret of his holiness; he had attained to such a degree of union with God that the things of this world seemed powerless to trouble the peace and purity of his soul.

The present Pope, Leo XIII., treated our hero with constant kindness; he often received him in his private study, conversed with him as with a familiar friend, and, speaking of him to Cardinal Alimonda, he once exclaimed, with a ring of tenderness in his voice: "O Fra Lodovico! he is indeed my friend."

The fact that among his friends were men of every rank and opinion, princes, peasants, priests, laymen, religious, and free-thinkers, poets and politicians, magistrates and artists, proves his extraordinary power of sympathy. Cantù, the celebrated critic, gloried in his friendship; Augusto Conti, another writer, says that "he was another St. Francis; . . . which of the great personages of our day," he adds, "is really greater than the poor brother of Casoria?" Count Campello, brother-in-law

to Cardinal Bonaparte, often observed: "He is the holiest man I ever knew." "He took the world as it is," says another, "only trying to make it as good as possible." He was never gloomy or despondent in his way of judging men, and never violent, bitter, or querulous. He appeared as much to his advantage among the rich as among the poor, in an assembly of religious, in a group of politicians, or in a consistory of cardinals; always simple, kind, and gentle.

To this sunny temper, which made him inclined to look upon the world with indulgent eyes, Fra Lodovico united a love of suffering, which is in itself alone a mark of holiness. Always ready to relieve the miseries of others, he bore his own with joy and gratitude. For many months before his death he suffered from a painful internal malady. He knew that the disease was mortal, but as long as human strength could hold out he went about his work in his old, cheerful way. In the spring of 1885 he was asked to visit an English lady, Mrs. Montgomery, who lay dangerously ill. "You will be cured," he said to her, "but I am going away; my mission is accomplished." On the 2d of March of the same year he visited the different institutions he had founded in Naples; he spoke kindly as usual to the nuns, the Bigi, the orphans, to whom he was a father; only once he was heard to murmur "I shall never come back here."

About the same time he wrote to King Humbert as simply as he had formerly knocked at the palace door to visit King Victor Emmanuel. "Sire," he said, "a poor son of St. Francis begs your Majesty to set Pope Leo XIII. free; . . . show yourself the worthy heir of so many holy persons. . . . Leave Rome to the pope. . . ."

At last the end came, and, like a laborer who has faithfully finished his task, Fra Lodovico lay down to die. He bore his excruciating sufferings without a murmur. "Jesus must be loved on the cross," he often repeated; "if he is not loved on the cross, he is not really loved." "I am on the cross," he added, "and both my soul and my body are well."

On Palm Sunday, March 29, 1885, he received Holy Communion, and divided between the Bigi present a palm-branch which he held in his hand. The next day, at an early hour, he again received the Blessed Eucharist and blessed the disciples who were kneeling around his bed. Then, with a gesture familiar to him in life, he threw back his head and looked straight upwards towards heaven; gently his head dropped forward and his spirit passed away. It was seven in the morning, and the

radiant sun of an Italian spring morning flooded the poor cell with its golden light, a sign and symbol of the heavenly glory into which the pure spirit had winged its flight.

Fra Lodovico's body was laid out in the chapel of the hospital of Pausilippo, where he died; the inhabitants of Naples came in thousands to take leave of their best friend and, with the demonstrative devotion of their race, they cut off pieces of his habit as relics. As he lay there so calm and still, with his poor tunic all torn and tattered, he reminded those present of the figure of Poverty, painted by Giotto, in the Basilica of Assisi.

On the 31st of March, 1885, he was carried to the cemetery of Naples amidst an extraordinary concourse of people. The Bigi bore the coffin; they were surrounded by those for whom the dead friar had spent his life—the negroes, the orphans, the pupils of the noble college, the nuns, and the poor. Then came the deputies, magistrates, and political characters of the city, many of them openly irreligious, but all united in a common bond of reverence for him whose loving heart had conquered animosities and prejudice.

The windows and balconies were lined with spectators; many tears were shed. "Our friend has gone to heaven," sobbed a workman, "but he will surely continue to help us, he loved us so much!"

Two years later the Bigi obtained leave to take up their founder's body, and to bury it in the chapel of the hospital at Pausilippo, where it now rests. Documents are being collected wherein the many graces attributed to Fra Lodovico's intercession are carefully recorded, and it is hoped that they may serve at some future time to bring about the canonization of him whom popular devotion has already surnamed the modern St. Francis.

THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN—MOVILLE.

DAWDLINGS IN DONEGAL.

BY MARGUERITE MOORE.

THE GREEN LADY OF DONEGAL.

DEAR, beautiful Donegal! saint-blessed, landlord-cursed dark Dun na gall! how boldly picturesque its green headlands seem from the deck of the Anchor liner which bears the exile home. Tory Island, first land sighted by vessels bound for the North of Ireland, the Bloody Foreland, Fannet Point, Inistrahull, hoary Malin, picturesque Shrove are passed, each well remembered landmark being hailed with delight, while strangers note the odd effect produced by the small mountain holdings cut into patches of potatoes, corn, turnips, each a different shade of green if it be the spring-time, of russet and gold in the autumn.

Off Innishowen the pilot climbs on board and Lough Foyle is entered, all looking towards the Antrim coast, where in clear weather the basaltic pillars of the famous Giant's Causeway can be seen. Country residences dot the Donegal shore, white-washed cabins gleam brightly in the sunshine.

The fort at Greencastle passed, the anchor rattles overboard,

to the boom of a gun, opposite Moville, a charming watering place. Throughout the summer days the "Green" is crowded with holiday-makers, who wave welcome to the voyagers. Passengers for Irish soil are transferred to the "tender" for Londonderry, sixteen miles distant. As the tug steams through the historic waters of the Foyle travellers familiar with the scene eagerly point out places of interest. They show where, at the siege of Derry, King James's men placed a boom across the river to prevent English ships from bringing provisions to the besieged. The handsome mansion amid the trees is "Boom Hall."

Pointing to a leaf-embowered village, a man laughingly tells how in bygone years its police sergeant made the following entry in the day-book: "Every policeman in this barrack attended divine service this morning with the exception of Daniel O'Hara, who went to Mass."

The City of Londonderry is sandwiched into the County Donegal in the oddest fashion, its own county being altogether on the opposite side of the Foyle, along which it stretches to the town of Coleraine, where Kitty stumbled with her pitcher of buttermilk. Here the River Bann divides it from the County Antrim.

The Maiden City, as Londonderry is called by her admirers, is surrounded by a wall some twenty feet thick, having on top a broad, pleasant walk from which delightful views of the surrounding country may be obtained. On it stands a monument to Governor Walker, defender of the town during the siege. Twice every year the "Society of Apprentice Boys"—founded in memory of the thirteen apprentices who closed the gates and insisted on defending the city—assembles here to hang in effigy Lundy, the governor who attempted to surrender without a struggle. Outside the walls, surrounding them as did King James's army, and with no more friendly feeling to the Orangemen, is the large portion of the city known as the Bogside, the population of which is Irish and Catholic to a man.

As Catholics are in the ascendency throughout Donegal, religious rancor is not so rife as in others of the Ulster counties. Of course now and then a little bitter spirit crops up wherever Orangemen can muster sufficient strength to blow fifes and beat drums on the 12th of July, or other anniversary of the times when two foreign princes fought on Irish soil for the crown of England. The teachings of the Land League did much to do away with bigotry. The Catholic, Protestant, or

Presbyterian tenant farmer were equally oppressed; banded together for a common cause, they learned to know each other and understood the policy which kept them separate. The lesson of union was not easily learned at the first. The twining together of the green and orange as the Land League emblem was very hard on some good men who were always ready to fight for their religion; often more ready to fight for it than to practise it. I remember once, on the 4th of July, I was driving to a meeting in Donegal; we passed a roadside garden where orange lilies grew with a profusion to excite suspicion as to the tenets of the cultivator. Addressing the driver, I said: "Give the reins to me, John, and go into that garden for lilies to decorate the horse's head!" John looked at me reproachfully for a moment, then emphatically declared: "With all due respect to you, ma'am, I'll be —— if I do! Why, the horses wouldn't travel with them on." We drove away without the lilies.

Londonderry is the starting point for a tour through Donegal, and many routes offer themselves for choice. A favorite one is by the Buncrana and Lough Swilly Railroad to Fahan, a lovely cliff-sheltered village on the Innishowen banks of Lough Swilly. A small steamer plies across to Rathmullen, another delightful summer resort which catches all the sunshine going, no matter what the season. Looking from the side of the little craft, one cannot fail to observe the peculiarity of the waters over which we are moving. The clear blue surface is as a mirror in which pass shadow-pictures of wondrous beauty. Long ago this was noted by the poetic and observant Irish, who gave to it a name signifying Lake of Shadows. The tourist will not leave the boat at Rathmullen, as on summer evenings the sail to Ramelton is preferable to driving along the dusty road. The waters now narrow and grow shallow, trees lining the banks meet overhead, soft breezes rustle the leaves, birds sing in the branches, the odor of the hawthorn falls sweetly on the nostrils, all grows dim, mysterious, poetical, the past fades from view, the intoxicating delight of the present is sufficient! On, on! as in a dream, till a bump, a rush, the clatter of chains, and calls for ropes announce arrival at Ramelton, a neat little town which has done much for the heads and minds of New-Yorkers, for Knox the hatter and Robert Bonner were both born here; one covered heads and the other lined them. Donegal has not forgotten the soul's needs either, for at Letterkenny was born the Rev. Charles McCready,

of Holy Cross parish, New York. At Garton, near Letterkenny, was born, in 521, the great St. Columb, the church-builder, the poet, and the prophet. The place of the saint's birth is marked by a large flat stone, said to possess a spell potent to prevent

A GATE IN "DERRY'S WALLS."

nostalgia in those who lie on it the night previous to departure into exile. It accords well with one's ideas of the dear saint's gentle, sympathetic character, that he who had suffered so much in absence from his native land should endeavor to

assuage the pangs of others whom he, through his gift of prophecy, foresaw should in centuries to come be driven from the Ireland that he loved.

Every tourist visits Gweedore; it is a long drive from Letterkenny, but the roads are good, the scenery varied, at times savagely grand, at others cold, bare, dreary. The people are courteous and good-natured, and the journey can, in fact should, be broken at Dunfanaghy, besides taking a short rest at Creeslough. There are two odd mountains in those regions. One, black and barren, is called "Muckish," the Pig, from its resemblance in form to that animal. There is always a dark, threatening look about Muckish, and the storm-cloud rides often on its back. Errigal is different; white and pointed, seen in the gloaming it suggests an Egyptian pyramid. On the summit is a quarry of sand valuable in the manufacture of the finest glassware. It is rare, much being imported from Germany. Many years ago some English capitalists discovered the existence of the deposit on Errigal and opened negotiations for the working of it. This would result in the giving of employment in a district where such was badly needed. From Dunfanaghy sailing vessels or steamers would be freighted for Irish, English, French, and Belgian ports. Landlord greed stood in the way, refused to grant a lease, without which capitalists would not invest their money, and the project fell through. The sand is still unutilized, and the laborer must seek on English and Scotch harvest-fields means for paying rent which he cannot take from the land on which it is levied.

Close by Dunfanaghy, at Horn Head, is McSwine's gun, which boomed across the water for centuries before the invention of gunpowder. The wild sea running underground leaps upward through a funnel-shaped cavity in the rocks with a thundrous noise heard far out to sea like the booming of a gun, loudest at the approach of a storm. It is said the gun no longer sounds with its old-time vigor; drifting sand is filling up the cave, and the end will be silence.

At Gweedore the late Lord George Hill built a very handsome hotel for the accommodation of tourists and anglers. During the land troubles of 1880–1–2 this hostelry was severely boycotted, the servants left, no self-respecting driver would rein in his horse before its gates, grass grew in the once trim paths, and gloom was over the whole building, though not of as deep a nature as that which overshadowed the homes of the peasantry.

In the early part of June, 1881, a bailiff, serving notices of eviction on the Hill estate at Gweedore and Bunbeg, was set upon by some women who pelted both him and his police escort with "sods" of turf! At once double-leaded head-lines in the English and Tory papers announced "Awful outrages at Gweedore!" etc. A company of soldiers were hurried thither from Belfast, extra police were sent from everywhere, and a gunboat anchored in the bay kept its one heavy gun trained upon—the bog!

The people of Gweedore had not a great deal of food for themselves, and absolutely refused to sell anything to the invaders, who were in imminent danger of starvation when the army service corps arrived with ambulances full of provisions.

One July evening two ladies drove up to the Gweedore Hotel. They came from Dungloe, where no one warned them of the state of things farther on, and as they neared their journey's end visions of elaborate "high tea," with cream, eggs, ham, golden butter, and green cress, fragrant strawberries, hot "scones," and other creature comforts, cheered them into forgetfulness of fatigue. Alas! for the reality. The gates were closed, the lamps unlit, larder almost empty; no bread, no tea, no sugar, the presence of eggs doubtful; potatoes, bacon rashers, and turf sole certainties. The ladies were weary, hungry, tearful. Fortunately for them, a dear little red-haired, freckle-faced sub-inspector of police, named Davis, arrived on the scene of inaction in time to hear the doleful tale. Bravely the wee man buckled on his sword, summoned a guard, and started for Bunbeg, whence he returned in an ambulance with two loaves of bread, sugar, tea, soap, and other supplies.

In those days Father McFadden, the parish priest, kept open house and entertained guests from all over the world—men and women who came "to see for themselves," journalists, members of Parliament, artists, etc.

The little church at Gweedore stands a monument to two awful tragedies. The first the drowning within its walls of five victims in August, 1880; later the attempt by District-Inspector Martin to arrest the Rev. Father McFadden as he came from celebrating the holy Mass, still wearing his priestly garments. A stone thrown by one of the crowd, furious at the insult offered his beloved pastor, killed Martin, to the great sorrow of the priest, who would willingly have sacrificed his own life to save that of the wretched man who provoked the conflict.

When question arose of building a church for Gweedore, the

then lord of the soil would give no site but one in a miniature glen, amid two steep hills, through which ran a brawling stream. Here the church was built, the stream ran underneath the sanctuary, its now subdued murmur sounding like a never-ending hymn of praise. The church, cruciform in shape, had a heavy oaken door in each arm of the cross. In such a hollow lay the church there was no hint of its existence in the landscape; it came as a surprise when you stood on the hill above it.

The Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1880, the church was thronged with worshippers who had braved the heavily falling rain in order to honor Our Lady's feast. At the Communion the sanctuary rails had been twice filled and vacated;

A TYPICAL DONEGAL LANDSCAPE.

for the third time Father McFadden was going around, ciborium in hand. The darkness had grown intense, rain beat furiously against the window-panes, almost drowning the voice of the priest—*Animam tuam in vitam æternam!*—crash! the heavy door gave way before the raging torrent, which filled the church. Wild cries and prayers for mercy, heroic attempts at saving life—a clinging to the altar, to the windows, one of which Father McFadden reached with the sacred vessels, frenzied hands clutched the rope from which hung the sanctuary lamp! In less time than it takes to relate all was over. The second door gave way, and the mighty torrent rushed on to the sea, while five souls passed before the judgment seat. Three corpses were found in the bed of the stream, two lay in the pews where they had so lately prayed. Rocks were blasted and the course of

the waters changed, but the memory of the awful scene will long linger in Gweedore.

The poverty here is extreme, the land cold and unproductive. The damp sea breezes are apt to blast the crops even in favored localities, yet with all their discouragement the people are industrious. Yearly the able-bodied men and women cross to Scotland and England to earn the rent in the harvest-fields of those countries. The women knit, weave, spin. The men fish, cut turf, break stones for road-mending. They are charitable; though it is little they have to give—a handful of Indian meal, two or three potatoes, a night's lodging!—they give it cheerfully. The term beggar is never used in Donegal—a "travelling man" or "woman" is the correct euphemism.

Of all the Ulster counties Donegal is the most interesting for its history, scenery, and variety of population. It has always been regarded as a thorn in the side of loyal Protestant Ulster; something it would be pleasant to get rid of, to have added up in the census of another province; for Donegal statistics give the lie to so many cherished vaunts of the average Ulster drum-whacker. "Ulster is flourishing and prosperous!" "What about the returns from Donegal?" "Ulster has tenant-right and is contented!" "What about Donegal's landlords—Leitrim, Adair, McNeill, Olphert, Hill, etc.?" Then Donegal is Catholic, loving the memory of her saints, revering the lore of her ancient masters. In many parts of Donegal the tongue in which bards chanted and sages squabbled, when an Irish king held court at Tara, is still the tongue of the people.

In all its bitter poverty education is coveted throughout Donegal. The school-houses are well filled, the National teachers are exceptionally bright and deeply read. From their classes many a pupil has come to win in this broad land the independence and position denied to them at home. The names of Higgins of Shrove, McColgan of Culdaff, McDevitt of Killybegs, and numerous others are loved and revered in many households, the heads of which owe everything to the self-abnegation of their patient teachers.

There are many varieties of race in Donegal. In Innishowen, a peninsula lying between Lough Foyle and Lough Swilly, one finds on the shores of the Foyle from Shrove Head to Moville mannerisms, features, and broad accents that are distinctly Scotch.

An early acquaintance with the works of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns aids the comprehension of such words and

phrases as *lint*, *unco sib*, *ganging* to the *moss* for peat, *greeting sair*, the *gloaming*, the *loaming*, *whin*-bushes, *blae*-berries, *weans*, *ye'lms*, *wee cuddie*, peat-*reek*, *sark*, and a long list of Scotch terms in common use. Where this dialect exists high cheek bones, prominent teeth, freckles, and general coarseness destroy all pretensions to beauty. In farther you meet the country of the O'Donnells; the land has nearly all passed from the ancient race, but the name is well represented still. Here the Irish language is spoken as well as around Dunfanaghy, Falearragh, Gweedore, Kilcar, Killybegs, and all around the coast the people, men and women, are handsome and well built.

The inhabitants of Donegal are industrious and do not seem discouraged by the poor prices paid for their labor. There are two or three factories for the manufacture of shirts and underwear in Londonderry. Their agents in all small towns give out the work to the country girls, who bring it home. During the long summer days and winter evenings three, four, or five girls meet together to sew. In winter they thus economize on light and fuel, and the nimble fingers fly faster for the company. On dark nights the mountain sides are aglow with star-like beams from cabin windows behind which the sewing-circle sit far into the wee sma' hours. It takes an expert two weeks of constant work to finish a dozen of shirts. For this she receives three shillings and sixpence. The collars, cuffs, and bosoms are already machine-stitched, but she has to fit them carefully and make all the buttonholes.

Around Dunfanaghy, Dungloe, Glenties, Gweedore, and the western coast stocking-knitting is the chief industry, the price for a pair of men's hose being three cents; a good knitter finishes three socks in a day, thus making nine cents in two days. At land meetings it was a common sight to see in the crowd women intent on the speaker's words while their needles flashed in the sunlight. Often a baby tied in a shawl on its mother's back gazed wonderingly around.

Beautiful hand-embroidery comes from Donegal. The cottage industries established through the exertions of Mrs. Ernest Hart, whose Donegal Village at the Chicago Fair attracted favorable attention, have developed much talent, brought comfort to many a home.

Lace-making, embroidery on linen, wood-carving, are among the branches she succeeded in having taught in addition to the weaving of frieze and damask.

There is nothing distinctive about the dress of the Donegal

peasant. Men who can afford to do so wear the stout native frieze. Scotch shoddy finds a market owing to its cheapness. Shawls and 'kerchiefs in bright red plaids are very much in evidence among the congregations in the churches at Doagh and Falearragh, while in Gweedore and on the islands of Innistrahull, Tory, and Arranmore, they wear whatever they can get. A favored few spin wool and linen yarn from which is woven a durable cloth called Tamney.

The cultivation of flax has considerably fallen off in Donegal. It is a troublesome crop, one likely to impoverish the ground from whence it springs. A field of flax in bloom is a thing of beauty, the green so softly restful to the eye, the tiny

WHERE THE BOOM WAS PLACED AT THE SIEGE OF DERRY.

blossom a delicate cornflower blue. When the crop is ripe for pulling it is thrown into a dam to macerate; when sufficiently soft it is taken out and spread out on the field to dry. In this stage it appeals to your sense of smell as strongly as at an earlier stage it touched your artistic eye—not so pleasantly, however, for the odor borne on the autumnal breeze suggests a tan-yard, several tan-yards!

The *lint* gives employment to many thousands, undergoes many transformations before Belfast and other mills send it over the world in the form of shining damask and delicate linen.

Donegal is rich in ferns, many of them rare species; they clothe her barren rocks with wondrous beauty, even as the

luxuriant ivy casts its friendly mantle over her many ruins. In common with her sister counties, Donegal has an abundance of wild flowers; primroses, violets, bluebells, cowslips, wild roses, ox-eyed daisies, woodbine, as well as pink and white hawthorn, golden laburnum, purple lilac, coral-berried mountain ash, silver and copper beeches, making gay her fields and hedges, brightening the landscape in favored regions. The most barren spots are rendered beautiful by the green and gold of the friendly furze, the royal purple of the mantling heath. There are blackberries and wild strawberries on hills and under hedges, blueberries in the mountain moss. The streams are full of brown and speckled trout, the seas teeming with fish. Hare, snipe, woodcock, grouse, and all kinds of game abound in the mountains. Nets entangle the lordly salmon in Loughs Foyle and Swilly. There are weirs for his capture at Ballyshannon. And, above all things created to delight the epicurean palate, the "barnacle" visits Lough Foyle in the winter months to seek its favorite food, the bulb of the alga marina, a soft, ribbon-like sea-weed which during storms is detached in great masses from the bed of the sea and floats until driven on shore. Dried it is very much used for the stuffing of furniture, cheap mattresses, etc.

The "barnacle" being thus restricted in its diet, using none but the marine vegetarian system, is placed in the category of dishes that may be lawfully eaten on fast days, a fact of which full advantage is taken by the Catholics of the Derry diocese who can afford to pay four shillings a brace for the delicious feathered biped theologically declared to be neither flesh nor fowl.

Donegal farmers find a ready market for butter, eggs, fowl, pigs, etc. The cotter's wife, with but a few hens, barters the eggs at the tiny store near hand for tea, sugar, or bread. The woman with one cow disposes in like manner of the product of her churning. She can only afford to give her family the buttermilk. Once or twice a week the dealer locally known as the "butter-and-egg man" makes the circuit of stores and farm-houses. In the former he buys eggs by the hundred, allowing an advance of five or six cents on the price given. The butter, eggs, potatoes, fowl thus bought he exports the same evening by steamer to Glasgow, which *en route* from Londonderry stops at Moville to take on board fish, potatoes, pigs, eggs, butter, etc. This is for Innishowen. From other parts of Donegal goods go to Londonderry *via* rail from Letterkenny,

to Scotland by the steamer from Sligo, etc. The dealer has his profit, the Glasgow brokers another advance, as also has the shopkeeper who sells by retail, hence the commodities have gained considerably in price from the time they left the cabin in Donegal until their appearance on the breakfast-table of the English or Scotch artisan.

The story of Donegal's sufferings from landlordism is an oft-told tale. The mention of such names as Adair of Glenveigh, Lord Leitrim, Stewart of Ards, Hector McNeill, Hill of Gweedore, Olphert of Ballyconnell, Charley of Arranmore recalls proceedings at the recital of which the world shuddered. Yet the writer heard the Rev. Father James McFadden of Gweedore declare, at a time when his flock were enduring intense suffering, that they were the most law-abiding, temperate, and peaceful people on the face of the earth!

In the Donegal Highlands the scenery is magnificent; landscape painters grow rapturous in romantic Barnis Gap, brilliant in glowing light or softened by the magic of moonlight. Throughout the country the roads are generally in good condition for bicycles; but is there any one "with soul so dead" as not to prefer the Irish jaunting car, with a happy-go-lucky driver telling you stories and pointing out objects of interest? Whistling, singing, as the mood may seize, always full of fun, and amusing even when he rings off on you the olden joke that you can never suffer from thirst on his car, as it has "two springs and a well"! But whether on bicycle or jaunting car, there is nothing more delightful in the long summer days, when the fields are green, the sunshine warm, and the air invigorating, than to dawdle time away through the mountain passes of dark Dun na gall.

ENFORCING LAW: IS IT RIGHT?

BY ROBERT J. MAHON.

"ENACT the law, but disregard it," is a motto of government not commonly followed. It is now advanced with brazen alarm by some of the claimed spokesmen of the people. There is no apparent shame in the pronouncement, and language can give it no greater accuracy or more absolute definiteness. It is not formed by the studied sentences of orators, but acts, conditions, and facts of public notice make it as plain as day. It is, in truth, an involuntary cry of rebellion against established forms of government, forced out by certain conditions in New York.

When the people of the State in due form expressed the will, and made it law, that liquor-shops be closed on Sunday, no public man dared say openly "Disregard it." There was then no cry against the invasion of personal rights or pleasures. In some way, by some influences, no full, earnest effort was ever made to enforce the law. Officials charged by law and oath with this duty said at one time that it was being enforced, and at another that enforcement was impossible. In effect the law was illegally repealed by public servants; against the legally expressed will of the people, and by a new veto power born of corruption or weakness.

In other ways, and by other influences, a new set of officials come into power and they do enforce the law. At once the cry is raised against them. Our senator in Congress first sounds the alarm and sends the first challenge to the new officials. They are "harsh," "unintelligent," "undiscriminating," and mere "hypocrites." He claims to preach the gospel of "personal liberty," and would fain be the "poor man's friend." Under the pretence of criticising the law itself, he attacks its enforcement and treats the officials with fine scorn. Although we have lived for years under this law, no one has cared enough for liberty to even suggest repeal. None will be so bold as to deny that there was always partial enforcement. We had "wet Sundays" and "dry," with the suggestion of the screw and the rack. It is only at honest, impartial enforcement that this seeming opposition arises. It is difficult to see how an issue can be more clear or definite. All conditions are now the same as when the law was enacted and during the long period of "dis-

criminating" enforcement. If personal rights were not then imperilled, they are not now in jeopardy; and no one can so declare without making the issue against honest administration. The public men who now beg for change are, in effect, for a vitiated public life. But few citizens are so dull as to need argument on so crude a controversy. There is no excuse for dishonest enforcement of any law, and no apology for the non-enforcement of a law which is not immoral. None will say that prohibition against Sunday liquor-selling is immoral. Because this or that obsolete statute, be it blue or other color, is not enforced, is no reason why a general statute, understandingly made and intended by the people as a rule of conduct, should be made the plaything of incapable, dishonest, or weak-hearted officials. The law itself is not truthfully in the controversy, and no amount of special pleading, verbal chicanery or subterfuge, can bring it in. The wisdom of the law we do not now discuss. Suffice that it is general, was so intended, and has always been partially enforced with either corrupt motive or weak intent.

There is no question of politics, faction, or class in this matter; and it cannot be settled by political platforms or promulgated principles. A movement is now being pushed, in which are joined, by common wish, the brewer, the liquor-men wholesale and retail, the tipplers who drink on scant credit, and the business politicians; all making for a common goal, crying for fairness because a law is fairly enforced, and begging for justice when for once they are getting justice most even-handed. There would be humor in the situation were it not so debasing to our citizenship. The "poor man," the usual plaything of the business politician, is taken up again to help the false cry along. He is being coddled and coaxed to help restore the old "discrimination" and punish official uprightness. With our suffrage as broad, undiscriminating, and universal as it is, there may be hope for demagogism, unless as citizens we do our part so far as we may. Political parties may promise one thing or the other; they may agree or differ; but, however this may be, the duty still rests on the individual. If we want clean homes and a decent community, we must make for law and for order. And we cannot have order without honest administration of law. And we must not rest with the suppression of burglary and kindred offences. This does not constitute public order. There is a higher plane of civic life to which we have the right to aspire. But we will never enjoy it unless as individual citizens we brand as traitorous to American institutions the present cry of non-enforcement of statute law.

WHY WE CATHOLICS SYMPATHIZE WITH ARMENIA.

BY REV. R. M. RYAN.

THE Armenian question has ceased to be national or even merely international. It has become universal. It is one in which a common humanity prompts all men who retain living and active instincts of humanity to become interested. These the "unspeakable" Turk seems to have abdicated. The writer has seen a dog—a good and faithful one—turn on its own master, who savagely beat its fellow-dog. This much feeling no portion of the Turkish people has had the common animal instinct to show in behalf of their unfortunate fellow-mortals and fellow-subjects of Armenia. The blood in *human* veins runs cold at the bare recital of the atrocities this heroic nation has had to suffer. Daily recurring accounts make so overwhelming the evidence that "All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to this new havoc"—as was said of Warren Hastings' exploits in India—that no one now, not even the sublime Porte, that has so long been notorious for its sublime duplicity, dares deny them.

These cold-blooded savageries have been inflicted, not on barbarians—like the inflicters—but on a refined, religious, renowned race—one than whom there is no nobler on the face of the earth. The Armenians are the oldest and most pure-blooded, they are the longest Christianized, and the most devoted to their religion, of any other nation in the world. With only a tithe of a chance that all the European nations have had they would, centuries ago, have civilized and Christianized the effete pagan nations surrounding them. Unfortunately the odds have always been over a hundredfold against them, and all on account of their religion.

Great as have been the sufferings of Ireland and Poland in the same cause, they do not compare with those of devoted Armenia. Poland's persecution is of comparatively recent date; and prolonged as have been poor Ireland's (*poor*, although nature's paradise!) "for justice' sake," Armenia was in the midst

of the conflict ere Erin won her proud title of "Island of Saints and Scholars."

As early as A. D. 480, whilst St. Patrick was still preaching in Ireland, Perozes, King of Persia, was engaged, as the Turkish Sultan now is, in endeavoring to exterminate the Christian Armenians, or make them apostatize to Zoroastrianism. Becoming thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of doing either, he, by the advice of a self-constituted Nestorian bishop named Barsumas of Nisibis, directed all his efforts to make them give up their adhesion to the Catholic Church; and, whilst remaining Christians, turn Nestorians; feeling assured that the step from heresy to Parseeism was much shorter and easier than from Catholicism. The king put unlimited power into the hands of Barsumas for this purpose. The latter commenced in the way that has been followed ever since by insidious persecutors. A decree was published *allowing* the clergy to marry. The French Masonic trick of a few years ago is the latest instance of this silly and sinister mode of undermining the true faith. The English statute books still contain similar modes of attack on the same lines.

It is needless to state that Barsumas, like the sixteenth century heresiarchs, led off the hymenial performance, that he hoped would be a procession of many other semi-sacerdotal couples, by taking unto himself a fair partner to help him govern the Armenian clergy, who, however, to a man, objected to petticoat rule, and appealed to their metropolitan of Selucia against him. He was at once excommunicated. The renegade sent the decree to Perozes, who ordered the archbishop to be suspended to a beam by the annular finger and there scourged to death.

Christopher, patriarch of Armenia, after seventy-seven hundred faithful Catholics had been immolated to the fury of the persecutor, feeling that one of three courses alone was open to the remainder, apostasy, extermination, or the defeat of the Persians in open war, decided on risking the latter. He issued a circular to all those subject to his jurisdiction advising them of his determination, and calling on them to be ready to die gloriously if necessary, like so many of their fathers of the two preceding centuries. They rose up as one man and defeated the Persians in a pitched battle A. D. 481. In the spring of the following year Perozes renewed the attack, and, although with vastly inferior numbers, the Armenians were completely triumphant.

With only half a chance they would do the same thing to-

day. What a pity the half-hearted Christian nations of Russia and England would not afford these brave warriors a similar opportunity! No one doubts the result. Asia and Europe would gain immensely thereby. With civilized Armenia on the West, and civilizing Japan on the East, Asia's redemption would be soon brought about, and the Turk's long-deserved day of retribution would not be long deferred afterwards.

The "Judas Machabeus" of the Armenians was Vahan, a descendant of the Chinese imperial family, who had found refuge in the country. He followed up his successes with untiring energy. Until the death of Perozes, A.D. 484, he held out against all the forces of Persia. The successors of the persecutor became terrified at the gigantic strength evoked by the determination of a whole people, sworn to die rather than deny their faith, and accordingly honorable terms of peace were offered to Vahan. Thus ended one persecution; thus, and more easily even, might the present one be made to end.

On the hero's entry into Dovin, the capital of Armenia, he was met by the patriarch and clergy in solemn procession, and conducted to the cathedral, where the whole city joined in solemn thanksgiving to the God of Victories, through whom liberty was achieved. Not less remarkable was the modesty than the heroism of Vahan. To the divine aid and the bravery of his followers he attributed all the success; in testimony of which, he deposited on the altar the sword that had won him so much renown.

Accustomed as we have been to look upon the eastern nations as semi-barbarians—as indeed they now are, almost all of them—it was not always so; nor is so at present with the few that have remained Christian, in spite of the brutal and blighting Mohammedan yoke that keeps them under. Conspicuous amongst these is Armenia, surrounded though she be on all sides by the followers of the impostor. But great as is the glory of Armenia for remaining thus faithful and for maintaining a civilization superior to that of all her neighbors; equally great is the fame of her exploits not only on the field but in literature, science, and the arts; in fact, in everything that makes a people renowned. Had not the cursed shadow of the crescent blighted all her energies and eaten up all her resources, she would be second to no country in the world to-day. Hence civilized nations owe it to themselves and to humanity, to once for all break the fetters enthralling a people whose onward strides would otherwise keep up with themselves, and set the

pace for the miserable laggards encompassing them. He who wishes for the civilization of Asia must sympathize with downtrodden Armenia.

When the rest of Europe was contending against hordes of barbarians—Goths, Vandals, Heruli, Tartars—as Armenia now struggles with her oppressors—she was cultivating, during the short intervals from persecution which she enjoyed, all the arts of peace with most singular success. Literary treasures little dreamed of now by Europeans lie hid in Syriac and ancient Armenian. The Roman Martyrology alone—not to speak of the Greek or Syriac—contains references to hosts of saints, martyrs, and scholars of Armenia. There was St. Gregory the *Illuminator*, than whom no nation can boast a scholar more erudite. St. James, called the *Doctor*, Bishop of Batnœ or Sarup, devoted a life of seventy-two years to the defence of the Catholic faith, against the Nestorians and Eutychians. He died 522, leaving numerous works in Syriac which are as remarkable for their flowing elegance of style and richness of imagery as for soundness of Catholic doctrine. Another great saint, and his contemporary, was St. Isaac, Bishop of Nineveh, who on the very day of his consecration became so terrified with the awful responsibilities it entailed that he resigned all the dignities and emoluments it brought him, and betook himself to a hermit's life in the desert of Scete in Egypt. Here he wrote four works on the *Monastic State*, and was looked up to as the model and teacher of all the other cenobites. Another elegant writer of the same century was John Sabbas, who has left several learned treatises on mysticism. Ecclesiastical history furnishes the names of many more. The works of the writers on profane subjects had a poorer chance of preservation outside the monasteries, although enough remain to assure us of the high attainments of their authors, and of the advanced civilization of their nation.

There is a species of madness peculiar to Turkey when it is seemingly *in extremis*. The moribund body becomes suddenly galvanized into horrible activity, the resuscitating power being the ineradicable passion of religious fanaticism. While this frenzy lasts the Turks behave exactly like Malayans running amuck. Kill, kill, kill, is the watchword everywhere, though the sating of this blood-thirst mean instant ruin to the Turkish power. This fit is now upon the Ottoman. Horrible butcheries of Armenians have taken place, even in Constantinople itself. Large numbers of the unhappy people went there lately for the

purpose of demanding justice of the Porte, but instead of justice they met the edge of the scimitar. They were slaughtered in the streets and in the houses in which they took refuge, their murderers being the class of fanatic Mussulman students known as Softas. The pretence alleged for the massacre was that the deputations to the Porte were in reality revolutionary Armenians intent on mischief. But this excuse does not cover the subsequent massacres of Armenians in the provinces of Bitlis and Van, reports of which are now beginning to arrive. All this horror has been going on while the war-ships of the European powers threaten the Turkish capital and hold the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles in iron grip. With their guns trained upon his palace, the Sultan still hesitates to concede the reforms the European powers demand for Armenia; and the reason of his hesitation cannot be any other than the dread of his own subjects. The tiger-blood of the Turk is up, and what may happen now, with this danger in prospect, may be decisive not only of the fate of Armenia but of the accursed Turkish Empire.

It is full time to end the sufferings of this highly-gifted and cultured race. All Christians should join in the effort, and conspicuously Catholics; for, although the Armenians are now mostly Nestorians, it is more their misfortune than their fault. In common with Russian and other Greek Catholics, they want but the permission of their rulers to enter the one true fold. Give them freedom first; the little separating them from the true church will quickly disappear.

"I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH."

BY JESSIE WILLIS BRODHEAD.

SLEEP to the troubles of life,
Sleep, heart, sleep;
But to the mercy of God
Vigil keep
Safe in the hollow of His hand.
Thus shalt thou come to understand
Joys and sorrow so wisely planned:
Sleep, then, sleep.

Sleep to the tumult of wrong,
Sleep, heart, sleep;
Wake to the sweet peace of God,
Deep, so deep!
E'en though the tears abundant fall,
They shall but rainbow hopes recall,
God's dear promise to each and all:
Weep, then, weep.

Sing, O thou comforted heart!
Sing, heart, sing;
Softly, as praiseth the lark,
Carolling.
Sleep to thy past of tears and sighs,
Wake in the light of God's holy eyes;
Herald His glory throughout the skies:
Sing, then, sing.

A LIVING MOSAIC.

MANY years ago when visiting the Metropolitan Museum I glanced at what I thought a beautiful painting of a rose and buds on glass. The friend who was with me saw that I was not giving it the notice it deserved, and called my attention to the fact that it was a mosaic. Then my interest was aroused, and I studied with some care a marvel with which not many untravelled American eyes are familiar.

To-day I would write of a living mosaic which I have had before me for more than a decade of years, and which, I believe, is passed over by the many, without a thought of giving it close observation because they are quite sure that they know the materials and the combination, with all their effects. It is my desire to be the helpful friend of such lookers-on who, perchance, may never have my opportunities of becoming observers. My living mosaic is a school instituted by nuns and carried on by them for many years.

This article is not designed for a prospectus, and certainly not for an advertisement, therefore I shall not tell you more of its location than to say that it is a little north of the forty-second parallel and a little west of the seventy-second meridian.

The writer may also add that she not only knows thoroughly this school and these teachers, but that she is familiar with the systems and schools about her, as both pupil and teacher; moreover the fault from which she is farthest removed is a disposition to undervalue anything or any one that New England produces.

We are all aware that an ideal school is not its surroundings; it is not its buildings; and it certainly is not its furniture; it is, before all else, as was wisely said, even a log with a real teacher at one end and a student at the other.*

What a parent has a right to ascertain before he consigns his child to any school—what he should ascertain, is whether or not there are real teachers in that school; we do not say the very masters of the profession, but competent, conscientious in-

* President Garfield said: "My ideal college is a log with Mark Hopkins on one end and a student on the other."

structors. Masters in this profession are as rare as in any art. The world is not sanguine enough to look for even one more St. Augustine or another Dante. It knows that it has reached its highest possibilities in sculpture in the frieze of the Parthenon. Let it not, then, expect many more Origens or Blessed De La Salles.

Nevertheless, I make the proud claim—and I do not doubt that it may be made with equal, if not with more, truth by many more schools of religious—that we have exceptionally excellent teachers among us.

I do not think that the public, in judging us, has ever fully considered the preparation for our work which we have had before coming within convent walls, any more than it does what means are taken there to perfect our training, or to begin and continue it if not already begun.

This same public seems to imagine us wholly shut off from the intellectual impulses of our age, because it does not see us habitually in its lecture-rooms or meet us in any of its great assemblies. It does not reflect that nearly everything which is worth saying, as well as a multitude of things that are not, are placed in a few hours, or, at the farthest, in a few days, before readers hundreds and even thousands of miles away.

Look with me now, if you please, about among our teachers. Here is one who benefits us from time to time by telling us "what we used to do at South Hadley"—a home, as all who know the school will readily admit, of sound scholarship pervaded by many Christian truths and blessed by Christian morality.

Not far away is a former pupil, and, if we mistake not, a graduate of the McGill Normal School in Montreal. When we take up our geologies we remember that she has had the instruction of Professor Dawson, and we know that she profited to the utmost by that and every other advantage.

Framingham Normal did not make us a voluntary gift of that other teacher near by, but we thank her for the much she did to enhance the value of the mind that is consecrating all its powers to the glorious work of Catholic education.

Albany has given us of her culture in another of our teaching force. Richmond, Va., has bestowed one upon us, and another was the heiress of the influences in the society which gathered about James Russell Lowell. The National Schools of Ireland have given our community of their best, as well as many, many grammar and high schools all over our own land.

Is it not evident that schools which draw their teachers from such a wide area must, almost necessarily, give a broader training than those whose supply comes from a single section of our own country? We think we detect the complacent smile of some opponent who fancies we have given him a keen weapon to use in his own defence, by granting in effect that our best workers are not those trained in our own schools. This is not the inference to be drawn from the statements which we have just made. We have simply been acknowledging frankly and gratefully an obligation due to many more or less willing creditors; who, indeed, in their turn owe nearly all that is excellent in their methods to Catholic educators in times near or far; while the larger part of their facts they have received from Catholic scientists, to say nothing of the many great creations of the great Catholic literatures of the world.

We do *not* owe all, or even the larger part, of our best teachers to other schools than our own. As we pause to count them, we find that the great majority of our principals come from the schools of religious.

We think it also a very important fact to remember that religious teachers benefit each other to an extent quite impossible among others of the profession. We often study in a common room, and each is always accessible to the others, and thus receives assistance and stimulus far more than equivalent to the weekly or monthly meetings, and still less frequent conventions which are features of other systems. Then, as a rule, we have more reference books constantly at hand than any but a very exceptional individual is likely to have in her home.

We religious are erroneously supposed to be quite out of touch with the great world as it is unrolled in the daily papers. It is true that it is not our custom to read them, but when great events are transpiring they are either read to us or are given to us. Then we do have weekly and monthly publications of great value which are sufficient to keep us keenly alive to the important issues of our times.

We know what is meant by the Force Bill. We are not wholly ignorant in regard to the McKinley Bill. We are not, to be sure, either Free-Traders or Protectionists, for when we read Mr. Gladstone on the one side in the *North American Review* and Mr. Blaine on the other, we perceived that each adduced such strong arguments that we felt that it would be a kind of intellectual foolhardiness in us to decide in a matter in which two such men honestly disagree.

We could, without a moment's delay, take you to book-cases where you would find the *Review of Reviews*, the *Century*, *Harper's*, the *North American Review*, *Littell's Living Age*, besides some numbers of the somewhat formidable *Catholic Quarterly Review*, with all THE CATHOLIC WORLD from its beginning. Then, among our own less weighty publications, we have the *Ave Maria* and the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. The School Journals and the Popular Educators, with *Our Times*, make files that fill parts of our presses, while the *Popular Science News* keeps us abreast of the scientific theories and discoveries of the day.

The London *Tablet* is a weekly visitant, and, although it frequently rouses our ire by its attitude towards Home Rule, its criticisms of our own beloved country and of France, and its half-veiled distrust of the people, yet it is welcome because it is truly Catholic and gives us our most reliable news from Rome.

Perhaps it is not the part of prudence to state what Catholic newspapers we read that are published in the United States, since we know that there are many which would profit us and we have time for only two or three.

I have not forgotten that my subject is "A Living Mosaic" and that I have said to you that this mosaic is a school; and I have already, if I do not deceive myself, told the discerning much of it in dwelling at length upon its teachers and a few of the present and former sources of their intellectual life.

Allow me now to give you some insights into their work. I have no intention of telling you of our "times and places of silence," although we have both, and know that they are very excellent means of counteracting the over-talkativeness of the American girl—I speak of her only because I know too little of any other to form a well-based opinion.

I will not detail to you our most salutary regulations to secure "neatness and order," or introduce you among our pupils in their daily hour at plain sewing; for you have heard of all these things ever since you have heard of convent schools, and you are saying, below your breath, "Nobody doubts that nuns teach the use of the needle more efficiently than anybody else, and keep a more minute guard over the personal habits of their pupils than almost any other teachers would find it possible to do." The kind critic does not say to us what he does doubt, but we know it well, and are trying, by the tens and hundreds, to make that doubt groundless, were it once not so here and there.

If I were to give a compendium of the criticisms we meet, I should do so at once in the good Saxon word—*narrowness.* Let me make a partial reply.

The curriculum for the school of which I write has an accompanying course of reading for each of the seven years' work, beyond the elementary studies. If I transcribe the portion assigned to the first and last year you will have sufficient data to judge of its value.

First Year.—Ellis's "United States History"; Books of Travel; Phillips's "Historical Readers"; Faber's "Tales of the Angels"; Miss Starr's "Patron Saints."

Seventh Year.—Châteaubriand's "Genius of Christianity"; Père Chocarne's "Inner Life of Père Lacordaire"; Lowell's "Among my Books"; "Macbeth," "King Lear," and "Hamlet"; Selections from Cary's or Longfellow's translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy"; Selections from "Paradise Lost"; Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius"; Aubrey de Vere's "Alexander the Great"; Selections from Wordsworth; THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

We are not obliged to the impossibility of reading all these in class, or of requiring the pupils to do so outside of class. We can choose what is suited to the needs and capacity of the young ladies who are with us at the time.

During the four months that have just passed, the pupils of the "Fifth Year Class" have made some study of "Enoch Arden," "In Memoriam," and they are now at work on "The Lady of the Lake."

"The Sixth Year" have given their time to "Guinevere," "The Holy Grail," "Aurora Leigh," and at present they are listening to the wit, wisdom, and pathos of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Like all other teachers of literature, we give a little time to acquiring facts about the author whom we are taking. The older girls also read the whole or parts of valuable essays upon this author and his works. We are indebted to the late Brother Azarias for what we believe is his greatest gift to us Catholic teachers—*Phases of Thought and Criticism.*

I have often thought, as I looked about our excellent library, that there are very few, if any, collections of books in schools under the auspices of any of the sees in which so many assaults upon themselves could be found as in our own, particularly in the department of history. We use Catholic text-books as the basis of our historical knowledge, because we know that

the judgment of sound Catholic writers must be preferable to any other, since "Faith is the illumination, the elevation, and the perfection even of the faculty of reason itself"; and "As in the pure sciences the axioms and demonstrations give firmness, strength, solidity, and onward progress to the scientific intellect, so, in the knowledge of God, of man, and of morals, the revelation of God gives the first axioms and primary principles of divine certainty which unfold, elevate, and strengthen even the reason itself."*

We allow our pupils, however, to freely consult non-Catholic historians, with whose works, as we have already implied, our library abounds. Sometimes we ourselves read to them the animadversions which they contain, but much more frequently state to them the assertions and interpretations of these same men and women. I was not a little interested the other day, when I took Robert Mackenzie's *Nineteenth Century* into class, to watch the partly amused, partly amazed, and partly indignant expressions on the faces of my pupils—girls of from eighteen to twenty years of age—while I read to them the following passage with reference to the definition of papal infallibility: "On the surface it seems merely an idle jest that five hundred elderly gentlemen, after months of agitating debate, should gravely declare another gentleman, also elderly and conspicuously erring, to be wholly incapable of error. But this view, however just, does by no means exhaust the significance of the transaction. The assertion of infallibility is a reiterated declaration of irreconcilable hostility against all enlightening modern impulses. It is the assumption of a power more despotic than the world ever knew before, in order the better to give effect to that hostility. Such a despotism accepted by two hundred million Christians, and animated by such a motive, cannot be lightly regarded."†

Such books, in a Catholic school where the truth is already known, are their own antidote. They are not so in "neutral" schools, we know from personal experience and observation.

In the last year of our course the text-books in history are at the option of the teacher. Her plan for some time has been to take first the church's history in the period to be studied. For this purpose the teacher has habitually used Darras; but this year, as the special attention of the class is given to our

* Cardinal Manning's *Four-fold Sovereignty of God*, pp. 22 and 23.

† Robert Mackenzie's *The Nineteenth Century*. A History. Pp. 447 and 448. Published by T. Nelson & Sons, London, Edinburgh, and New York. Thirteenth edition.

own century, they were forced to make use first of as good a biography as they could procure of Pius IX. They are now going over the same time in Montgomery's *Leading Facts in French History*, and will pass over the century yet once more in the same author's *Leading Facts in English History*. Finally they will take historical articles in connection with our age, from THE CATHOLIC WORLD and other sources. Those who know Mr. Montgomery's series of "Leading Facts" will understand that we are careful to give it to our pupils with many an exclamation point, interrogation mark, and pencilled note, though we are well aware of his purpose to be just and even generous.

"But how about a 'business education'?" We respect our community and ourselves too much to make any claim that we cannot substantiate. We are confident that we give our would-be book-keepers more individual attention and practice than they would have in any other schools, and we have yet to hear that those who have gone from us have failed to meet the requirements made upon them. Type-writing and stenography are zealously pursued among us.

Does some one say: "Do you not suffer from the want of that emulation which comes from rivalry of school with school?" We seem to have intellectual tournaments enough among our sixty, what with the effort to attain first rank in class, and the still more commendable effort to aid in winning first rank for one's own class among the seven above the preparatory department. So earnest is the struggle that sometimes the rank in class is changed each month, while the rank of the class is by no means a fixity.

I have said nothing of our first and highest claim, and the supreme and ever-present object of every true religious teacher —to assist to her utmost in preserving and perpetuating a supernatural life among men. We realize that upon this depends not only the hereafter but the now, for "If," to again cite Cardinal Manning, "there is no such thing as law human or divine, then there is no such thing as sin or crime, and, therefore, no such thing as justice; and if there be no such thing as justice, there is no such thing as injustice; and if there be no such thing as intrinsic right, there is no such thing as intrinsic wrong; and if not, then we are in a world which has no more right, order, sweetness, or beauty, but we are turned back again into the inorganic state of creation, 'void and empty,' and 'darkness rests upon the face of the deep.'"

If one thing grieves us more than another, it is the decay of religious conviction about us—sadder by far than the controversial spirit which some of us recollect so vividly as dominant in our childhood. Thus we aim at giving our pupils no mere verbal knowledge of the catechism, but at doing all in our power to aid appreciation of the glory and beauty of the faith. Hence a visitor would have found one of our classes reading *The Faith of Our Fathers* with their teacher and giving her written *résumés*, another class frequently using *Catholic Belief*, while the senior class studied and were examined upon *Our Christian Heritage*.

Then, as preservers of the morality which alone makes the earth an endurable abode, we make our second claim to be recognized everywhere and by all as among "the forces that make for righteousness." We hope that we have also done something to prove that we may also claim the lower title of promoters of generous culture, and that we and our pupils do in truth form a living mosaic whose parts are so tinted, sized, and combined as to have beauty, in spite of many imperfections before Him in "Whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed."

A TRIPLET.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

INCENTIVE.

IS well that when the goal is gained
Of one ambition strong,
There is another, not attained,
That urges us along.

BROTHERS ALL.

Whate'er the discords in a land,
When Want unchains its dart,
Then clasp of hand meets clasp of hand,
And heart responds to heart.

SYMPATHY.

When man has reached such wretched throes
That he forsakes his pride,
Then sympathy from whilom foes
Flows in from ev'ry side.

PRINCES STREET

"THE NORTHERN ATHENS."

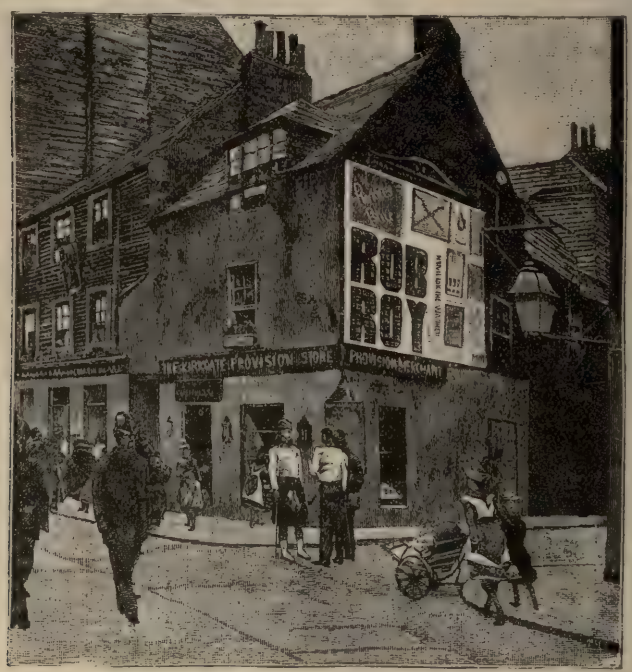
BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

MODERN Edinburgh is a city which, like the city by the Shannon celebrated in Boucicault's song, may claim to be "beautiful as everybody knows." No traveller need approach it under the apprehension that it still deserves the name which made it more famous than Cologne. It is perhaps one of the cleanest cities one can find anywhere. But the fact that it is not yet forgotten as "Auld Reekie" may have suggested to the poet Moore the charming figure contained in the lines—

> "You may break, you may shatter, the vase, if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

It is not poetical justice that the name should still pertain to "Edinboro' Toune," but the historian's business is to note the fact even though he deplore it. There is evidence indubitable, in the pages of Macaulay as well as in local chronicles and traditions, that Edinburgh was the place *par excellence* wherein the laws of sanitation were most openly defied; and those who take the trouble to read Mr. Chambers's excellent

domestic history of Scotland will find that outraged cleanliness time and again took fearful vengeance upon Edinburgh and Leith, in many recurring visitations of a scourge referred to indifferently, in the imperfect medical knowledge of the time, as "the plague" or "the pest," and which in all probability was either small-pox or scarlet fever. But *nous avous changé tout cela.* Edinburgh has now a system of splendid wide streets, in place of the old narrow thoroughfares, and its sewerage arrangements are, generally speaking, excellent. Only in the older parts of the town, like the Canongate and the Grass-Market, can one find any trace of the ancient malodorous capital. In these regions there are still many of the old narrow "wynds" or alleys, and despite the most persistent scouring and flushing the air of such places—many of which are dark archways—is hot and unpleasant. These "wynds" are regarded,



STREET-CORNER ON THE CANONGATE.

however, with a deep reverence because of their historical associations, and unless they were swept away altogether by the march of improvement they could not be permanently altered for the better. It is not to see Prince's Street and the park that visitors go to see Edinburgh, but the old fortress on the

Castle Hill, the Canongate, Holyrood, St. Giles' Cathedral, and the "Heart of Midlothian." Prince's Street is visited because it contains the Scott Memorial, but we can recall Montrose as he rides down the Canongate a prisoner with his enemies scoffing at him from the windows of Moray House, and the vision of fair ladies all along the route later on waving welcomes to bonnie Prince Charlie as he rides along towards the ancestral palace of the Stuarts. And along this same Canongate full many a time, with courtiers and falconers, with hawk and hound, rode the brightest gem in Scotland's crown since the days of St. Margaret, the martyr-queen, beautiful Mary Stuart. Who can look upon this old place, with its tall old stone houses peering out of the past like ghosts, and its quaint inns and narrow closes, and not forget for the time its stifling airs and the conflict of carbolic acid and whitewash with the immemorial odor of the soddened soil and stonework? There is no place in London or Paris, or any other European capital, to compare in interest with the old Canongate, in elements of romance and stirring memories of royal and military vicissitude.

Crucifix said to have been given by Queen Mary to an attendant on the Scaffold

Queen Mary's Candle-Cup

"Memento Mori"—Queen Mary's Silver Time Piece

In the early days of Edinburgh the main thoroughfare of the city extended from the Castle Hill to Holyrood Palace, and was known by different names, one portion being called the High Street, another the Canongate, and a third the Lawn Market. The Canongate was more in the heart of the city than either of the other portions. It was narrow and tortuous and hilly, and on busy days the reverse of a commodious thoroughfare. Many of the old houses still remain as monuments of the more historic past. One of those most frequented

by tourists is the quaint and gloomy den where John Knox resided—a fitting abode for the hard and sombre fanatic that he was. The houses are as irregular in height, but not in architecture, as those on Broadway in New York. Another of the show houses on the Canongate is that wherein the poet Robert Burns lived while he resided in the city, but it is much pleasanter to pass an idle hour beside the bard's rural home in Ayr, nigh the old brig of Doon and Alloway Kirk, than in the grimy Canongate.

It is well to go from the Canongate up to the ancient fortress on Castle Hill, if one wishes to remain with the past before going over the more orderly and debonair modern city. And here it may not be irrelevant to commend all those who wish to see the romantic side of the Scottish capital first, to enter it at night from the south, so that the first view shall embrace the fortress on the hill with the tiers of houses climbing up its sides, showing rows of illuminated windows. The mass of rock, with long sloping escarpment, the conglomerate pile of masonry which crowns its summit, above it, mayhap, the wan moon bursting now and again through a wrack of stormy cloud, like some bright deed in Scottish history through years of savage broil and murderous fanaticism, are the chief elements in the first striking picture which greets the traveller's eye.

This Castle of Edinburgh is a place hardly less interesting than the Tower of London, and it is probably as ancient. Its origin is lost indeed in the mists of time. Here undoubtedly, before history began to be written, the wild Pictish chiefs set up a fortified camp, and in later times it was turned into a sort of inland Gibraltar by the skilled engineers of different epochs. It served alternately the purposes of a fortress, a palace, and a prison, but is now used chiefly as a barrack, as its defensive capabilities are not ever again likely to form an element in the relations between England and Scotland. The palace portion includes apartments once occupied by Queen Mary. Here was born James VI., the future King of England and Scotland; and from her apartments the queen could look out on Holyrood Palace, the scene of her early triumphs and of Rizzio's murder. A gloomy stone room, with an embrasure for a window, is pointed out as that which the unfortunate queen used as an oratory. A strong room in the palace holds the Scottish regalia. Many fine objects are embraced in this collection. Robert Bruce's crown is among them—a choice piece of workmanship in pure gold; a golden sceptre which belonged to the ill-

fated king who fell at Flodden, and a sword of state presented to his predecessor, James IV., by Pope Julius II. Here also are to be seen the jewels of the house of Stuart which were presented to George IV. by the last of the royal race, Cardinal York. The insignia of the Thistle and the Garter are also kept here, the former being an especially fine piece of jewelry in diamond-setting.

A rare collection of ancient arms is stored in another portion

Crucifix worn by Queen Mary on the Scaffold & bequeathed by her to the Countess of Arundel

Purse worked by Queen Mary. [lent by Her Majesty Queen Victoria]

Queen Mary's Vinaigrette

of the palace. These include the swords of William Wallace and Robert Bruce, as well as those wielded by other famous Scottish chiefs. Wallace's sword is such a one as might be serviceable to a son of Anak. It is about seven feet in length, and its two enormous hilts occupy about a foot and a half of this. Bruce's sword is not quite so large, but it is in better preservation. Its blade is about five feet long, and it is kept carefully polished, so that it looks quite new. Some fine pieces of armor of these and later times are shown in this collection.

In a room beside it are preserved objects more blood-curdling. They are instruments of torture, of many kinds; and they include a couple of curious devices resorted to for the purpose of bridling the tongue of "the new woman" wherever she appeared in mediæval days in bonnie Scotland. The apparatus was called "the branks," and consisted of an iron arrangement which gagged the mouth and was made fast behind the neck. A chair called a ducking-stool was another "resource of civilization" for the repression of village scolds. The horrible apparatus mentioned by Scott, and designated "the boot," is also amongst the specimens of torture implements preserved here. Some of the objects puzzle the ingenuity of the beholder in speculating on the manner of their application to the persons of the victims. You leave the place with a ghastly impression of the savagery of times not very far back in Scottish history —an impression not lessened when you descend into the city, and read on a slab on St. Giles' wall, just beside "the Heart of Midlothian," that it was erected to the memory of about eighty thousand martyrs to religion. These were chiefly Covenanters. Not far from here, on the Grass-Market, many of those unhappy people perished at the stake, and the old prison near by, whose site is now marked by a tesselated pavement forming the shape of a heart, was the scene of countless judicial murders of the Covenanters by their Episcopal and Presbyterian fellow-countrymen.

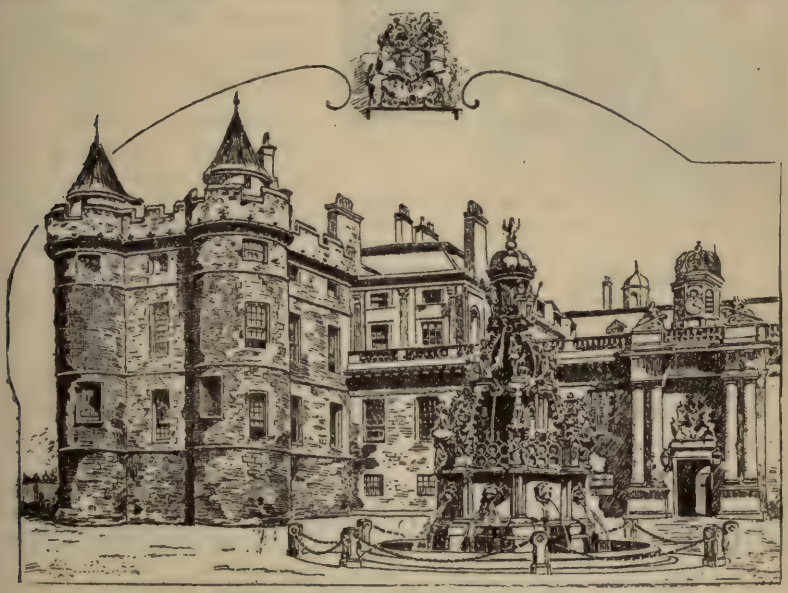
Opposite Castle Hill, and lying quite contiguous to it, is another bold eminence called Calton Hill. This has been made to resemble in some degree the Acropolis of Athens. On its crest is an unfinished monument to the memory of the Scottish officers who fell on the field of Waterloo. The architecture of the monument, which is simple Grecian, aids in the impression that Edinburgh apes the capital of Hellas, in some degree, in her buildings as well as in her literary inclinings; and the Doric burr of the troops of country visitors to be met in the streets still further strengthens the fancied analogy.

Before leaving the Castle the visitor would do well to examine as much of the old fortress as its custodians are inclined to show. The spot whence the Duke of Albany effected his escape is one of the most interesting about it. It was a feat which required the most daring nerve to accomplish, as the descent from his dungeon had to be made down the face of the precipice which forms one side of Castle Hill. The duke was aided in it by confederates within and without; and one

of the acts incidental to it was the killing of the officer of the guard placed over him. This deed the duke, who was a savage of the most powerful build, effected by throwing the officer into a great cooking oven, and leaving him to roast there in his armor!

To the east lies another bold eminence, called Arthur's Seat, which affords a fine panoramic view of rolling landscape and seascape to those robust enough to climb it. Half way up the mass may be seen the cave cell of an ancient hermitage, around which many quaint legends cling.

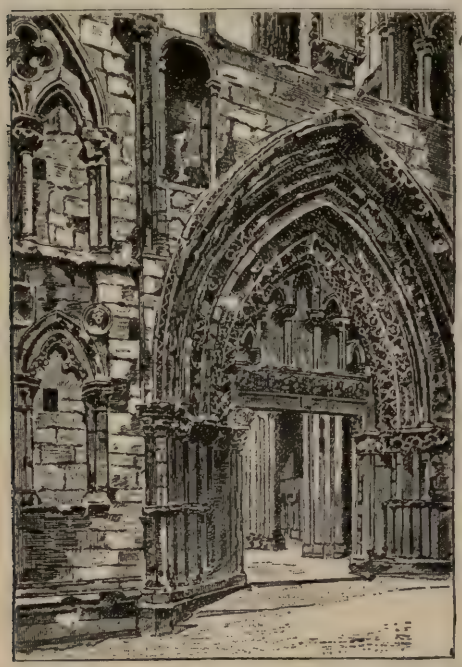
A good deal of ordnance is mounted on the parapets at Castle Hill, and one of the pieces is more than ordinarily noteworthy. This is the famous gun known as Mons Meg. Much controversy exists over the patronymic of Meg; and the predominant theory is that it was so called because it was founded in the town of Mons in Belgium. This was the view of Sir Walter Scott, who had an inscription to that effect placed on the gun. But other authorities claim the gun as a piece of Scottish manufacture, forged at Carlinwark, and used by James



COURT-YARD IN HOLYROOD PALACE.

II., in 1455, at the siege of the Douglas in Thrieve Castle. Mons Meg is an enormous piece. Its bore is twenty inches in diameter, and the immense barrel was made of long strips of wrought-iron which were held in position by hoops of iron hammered into shape and welded by hand. Many ancient

mortars of vast calibre are also mounted on the parapet, besides long culverins and other curious examples of ancient ordnance. In this connection one would do well to examine the specimens of crossbows which are comprised in the Castle collection, and note the transition period in missile warfare, as exemplified in the curious mixture of crossbow and musket which some of the pieces exhibit.



THE GREAT PORCH IN HOLYROOD PALACE CHURCH.

Mons Meg may be said to guard one of the most interesting spots in the Castle—the chapel of St. Margaret. This edifice is more than eight hundred years old, and is in a fine state of preservation. It is very small, and rather bare-looking, the architecture being early Norman. St. Margaret occupies a high place in our hagiology. She was a grand-daughter of Edmund Ironsides, and the wife of King Malcolm Canmore. Her virtues and her charity place her on a par with St. Elizabeth of Hungary. She was canonized in 1251.

One is not much impressed with the ideas of Scottish ecclesiastical architecture in her epoch from the example found in the Castle. But this view is altogether altered when the visitor stands in the ruined chapel of Holyrood. Here indeed was a building worthy of its purpose, noble in its proportions and full of elegance in its decorations. It is not very creditable to those who have charge of the historical monuments and royal palaces in Great Britain that they should allow this fine church to fall into ruin. The reproach is all the more evident from the fact that the other portions of Holyrood Palace, of which the chapel forms an integral part, are all in fine repair. The church is the only portion of it which has been suffered to fall into decay. Gaunt and forbidding, the great walls

and dilapidated lancet windows tower up beside the palace, a blot upon its fair surroundings, and an evidence of the vandalism of Scottish sectarian hate. The neglected graves of many of Scotland's royal and noble sons and daughters which lie inside add their testimony to this silent accusation; but some of the monuments are still in a fine state of preservation.

Deeply worn are the stairs leading to the hapless Queen Mary's apartments at Holyrood, and great is the stream of visitors through the more historic ones. It is a matter of wonder to every beholder how the murder of Rizzio was ever perpetrated, in the manner so well attested by the historical records, so very small is the apartment where it took place. It is in fact a mere closet, close to the secret entrance where Ruthven and the other assassins stole in. How a struggle in

Key from Loch Leven

Queen Mary's Missal Cover

Pattern of the Veil worn by Queen Mary at her execution.

Blood-Stone Fan-handle

Mary Stuart's Hand-Bell

which eight or ten persons were engaged could have taken place in such a circumscribed cubby-house is a marvel. The queen's apartments, and her bed with its silken hangings, are preserved, it is said, in the same state as when she left Holyrood never to return. The rooms are all poor in size, but their

painting is tasteful, and the tapestry still intact, though much faded. The collection of Queen Mary relics in Holyrood, in the Castle, and in the National Museum is very large.

In Holyrood is a picture gallery, in which there are a couple of portraits of Mary by different minor painters, and a portrait of Charles II. by Lely. Besides these the portraits of all the Scottish kings down to James VI. appear on the walls. They look very solemn, but the circumstances of their appearance there are by no means conducive to gravity. It so happened that some time in the seventeenth or eighteenth century a Dutch painter whose name is not amongst those of the great was saved from shipwreck at Leith, which is the port of Edinburgh, and in order to earn a living went up to the capital and began to paint portraits. A bright idea struck the provost. There was no national portrait gallery, and here was a man who could make one. He proposed to the bailies that they employ the painter to do it, and they consented. One difficulty existed, in the painter's mind: there were no portraits of the early Scottish kings; but this was no obstacle to the town councillors. They volunteered to sit for the Ferguses, the Duncans, the Alexanders, the Davids, and all the rest that were wanted; each man taking a double or triple character according to requirement. So the visitor's surprise at the extraordinary family likeness observable in this long line of portraits is easily removed when he learns of this braw Scottish joke. The pictures are for the most part daubs, and the amount paid for paint and as daily wage to the artist is still to be found on the municipal accounts.

The Scottish capital appears to be a model place on the Sabbath Day, but those who know it best declare that it is not quite as "dry" as it looks, as there is a large share of whisky drunk in private. There are no signs of traffic of any kind on the streets, and even the tram-cars (I write of a few years ago) are not allowed to ply. A few coaches are suffered to remain on the stand in one or two main places; and the owners of these salve their religious feelings, wounded by having to serve the public on the Sunday, by charging double the week-day fare. Such little facts serve to make the ways of the people of the Scottish capital no less interesting a study than the capital itself.

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

THE instant the lines tightened over the pony's back off whirled the little carriage down the pike. In a moment the spinning wheels were hidden from Ned's view by rising dust; then the fair driver herself faded into the cloud; and when even the bunch of blue silk floating from her shoulder was vanished, he turned and walked quickly toward the lodge. Once inside the gate and around a corner made by thickly-planted beeches, he had to stop suddenly to avoid collision with a girl hastening towards him, but folded her in his arms the next moment and warmly kissed her. He was a fine-looking young fellow, with heavy black moustache and deep, honest eyes, that grew very deep and doubly honest just now because strong love shone out from them.

"Oh, you dear boy, how you did frighten me!"

"Home again, at last, Sis. You didn't expect me for an hour yet, I suppose? Got here on the 4:15, and Lucy Blake gave me a lift from the station."

"You should have let us know, Ned. I ordered the horses for the 5:20. O Ned! I'm so glad to see you. We must hurry up to the house immediately, for mamma is dying to look upon her darling boy."

Ned's sister put her hand within his arm and they walked, side by side, along the gravel path toward the house. The long, dark red hair streamed excitedly from beneath her hat, for the brisk wind was sweeping sharply over the open lawn—sharply enough, indeed, even to bend and quiver the leafless elms beside the drive. The glad face upturned to Ned's and the eyes that were glowing as she talked, showed better than a dozen bonfires could how unmistakable was his welcome to Raghardagh.

"O Ned! of course you'll come to the meet. It's on Tuesday at Ffrench's. If I only could win a brush, Ned! Do you think I can? They say Deabhorghail and I go splendidly together, but we have nothing to show for it. You'll give me some pointers, won't you, Ned? There's a dear brother—my last chance for a year."

"Go away, Jennie, you little witch! Do you think I am going to ruin my own chances and lose my reputation?"

He was stroking the shiny hair fondly as he spoke, and Jennie laughed as though quite satisfied with his unspoken promise.

There came a patter of feet upon the road just then, and both looked up.

"Why here's Babs," said Ned, doffing his hat. "Good evening, Baby."

The new arrival drew herself into as dignified a position as was compatible with tossed hair, excitement, and want of breath.

"I'm not baby any more," says she, holding up a pretty, smiling face for the brotherly kiss; then pouts to conceal her pleasure. "Papa says you must just call me Kathleen, and I'm going to take dancing lessons. And you'd better not try to win that brush from Jennie on Tuesday, or else you can go right back to college and we won't care a bit."

"Oho!" laughed her brother, "a conspiracy. Well, we shall see what we shall see. But may we not proceed to the house, for the present, Miss Kathleen?"

"Yes," returned that young lady most demurely, "you may"; and dropping her assumed sedateness, turned to speed towards the mansion as fast as a stout and rather short pair of limbs could carry her, shouting "Here's Eddie! here's Eddie!" in her loudest possible tones.

"Where's my little cousin?" was the imperious demand, a few moments later, as Ned turned from his mother's side in affected carelessness—for the warm embrace of the soft-voiced mistress of the manor, who hurried down the veranda steps, had left his own eyes quite as moist as hers.

"Still in Dublin," replied the young man. "Uncle George is to express him down in the morning, labeled 'With Care.' I bought his tag before leaving."

"Now, Ned," interposed Jennie, while the young despot stamped her foot impatiently and exploded in a doubt—probably well grounded—of her brother's strict accuracy.

"Fact!" Ned assured them. "He wears a knife in his boot, and has long hair and a red shirt. I couldn't begin to count the revolvers in his belt."

"Make him stop, mamma!" cried Miss Kathleen, but they laughed at her vehemence; and, despairing of reinforcements, she made a charge at Ned single-handed, only to be received at the point of the bayonet; that is, picked up at arm's length and tossed into a neighboring chair, where she was still frantically struggling to right herself when her enemy escaped to the upper story.

Kathleen's "little cousin" made his appearance in person the next morning, accompanied by Uncle George, and then the odds went fatally against poor Ned. A quick, bright manner put the visitor on easy terms with all; and a couple of harmless repartees, that Ned unconsciously drew upon himself, served the double purpose of convincing the latter that a peace policy was advisable, and eliciting some of the warm sympathy of kinship from the sharp-witted and admiring Jennie. Ned, with his university self-sufficiency, was prone to patronize the representative of a younger civilization across the sea, and forgot at first that his American cousin was his senior in wit no less than in years, to say nothing of being Irish enough to resent the very first intimation of even Ireland's excellence over his native land.

Ned supposed aloud that some things must seem very strange here from a foreigner's point of view, and his cousin agreed.

"I suppose," added Ned, "I should have been very much like you myself had I been reared on the other side."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that," said his cousin easily, and Ned didn't exactly know what to answer.

"It's really a great treat for one of us Europeans to visit the States and enjoy the freshness of things over there," mused he innocently a few moments later.

"Yes, it proved a very great treat on several distinct occasions, if I remember my history," was the answer, and Ned began to think his cousin was somewhat boorish and very belligerent. He would have made some response suitable—in his own judgment—to the occasion, but Jennie's laughing eye was fastened upon him too closely. Fond as she was, she loved to see him downed when upon what she called his "stilts." So, as mother entered the room just then, Ned faded into the background.

Mother, with her store of family pride, was well pleased with "Cousin Joe," for though short, he was well and cleanly built, with good chest and shoulders, pure clear eyes of almost Milesian hue, and a nose that departed from the aquiline—in an upward direction—just enough to make Hibernian ancestry unquestionable. "Babs," on the momentary withdrawal of Cousin Joe, became outrageously triumphant over his successful *début*, and her brother, despite unwillingness to yield, at last concluded it were best to spike his guns and retreat in good order.

"Good seat," says he to Jennie when she inquires how Joe rides—"very good seat, though he holds his toes out a bit. He'll do for the Row with a couple of hints, I think."

"Don't you dare," is her sisterly warning. "I am sure he must be very sensitive, and he wouldn't understand your well-meant suggestions."

"All right, Sis; spare the sarcasm. Won't say a word until he wears out his boot-heels, not even if he is 'spotted' for a Fenian by the police."

Fenian or not—toes out or toes in—the American cousin, they soon discovered, could stick to his saddle like one of Buffalo Bill's bareback riders, and great was the kind Jennie's exultation thereat.

"You are a base deceiver, Ned!" cries she, as brother and sister stop by the gate to watch Uncle George and Joe come galloping home across country on an evening ride. They had mounted the cousin, at his own request, on big Brian Boroimhe, and when they saw him fly over the fence and across the meadow in real Irish style, with Uncle George at his elbow, Jennie turned upon her brother with the above remark, and followed with:

"I never saw a better rider in Rotten Row any day that I was there, Ned." She waved her handkerchief as she spoke, and the two horsemen, perceiving the signal, cleared the fence together and thundered along the road towards Ned and his sister. I am sure Jennie did not grow nervous as the big cob charged down at her, for she had lifted sugar to his lips years ago when he had to bend down his head to be within reach. And I am quite certain she would not be foolish enough to toss her dainty little pocket-handkerchief into the dust of the queen's highway for no reason at all. Still, however it happened, the tiny bit of cambric did slip from her fingers just as Joe was reining in his horse to approach his cousins at gentler pace. Brian Boroimhe felt a spur and was off again in a sudden dash, and as he clattered by the gate Joe's left knee went up and crooked over his saddle-top, his right boot swung under the girth, and, grasping the horse's mane as he slipped half out of his saddle, he picked the handkerchief from the dust, waved it aloft, and returned in a canter to hand it with a bow to the astonished owner.

"Begad, nothing could be prettier!" cries the young lady's uncle, who had pulled up by her side.

"Thank you, cousin; you really must try your hand at steeple-chasing," says the young lady herself; "though I fear you will put most of my countrymen to the blush."

"It's a mere trick," Joe declares, blushing himself, and half

afraid they considered him guilty of boyish bravado. "The temptation was too strong for me to resist. I couldn't venture to pick it up like anybody, nor to hand it you as one would to everybody."

"Here!" interrupted Ned. "This cousinly exchange of cousinly courtesies is highly edifying; however, it must stop somewhere. But the thing was splendidly done, by Jove! though I do say it who am a cousin. You must have been a cowboy king for a year or two of your existence at least, Joe."

"Nary cowboy," said the latter, "though I've ridden on the plains; but king, nevertheless, an' it please you, sirs and madame."

His hearers seemed mystified, and he continued: "You must have heard of that countryman of mine who outranked a tableful of plenipotentiaries on plea of being an American citizen, a sovereign in his own right."

"Never did," replied Ned, coolly; whereat Jennie laughed and repeated "Never did."

"Too bad!" returned Joe, somewhat conceitedly; "as for the riding, though, you know we are all born riders."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ned, nettling a bit. "By the way there's a meet here on Tuesday. Now, would your highness care to ride out with us—all commoners with, perhaps, a peer of the realm—or must we telegraph for a prince of the blood?"

"Well," was the calm reply to the rather ruffled young man, "necessity knows no law, so I shall condescend; though I certainly should prefer a member or two of the royal house, if you keep them handy."

"No condescension, please, cousin mine," interrupts Jennie just in time. "Behold the representative of good old Irish monarchs who lived and died ages before Stuarts or Guelphs were heard of. If you get Uncle George to show you the tree, you may verify my pedigree, and you will find that I am myself of royal stock, a daughter of kings, indeed—and of six or seven at the very least. So, if Ned choose to retire to the ranks of the vulgar, give me your glove and I shall do battle in person for the honor of our fathers. Am I *persona grata?* Good! Come on then, Ned; it's time to go, and we must reach home before his Majesty of New York."

"See here, my young buck," cautions the older man as the two ride off along the pike, while Ned and Jennie are disappearing through the woods; "you must not be so confoundedly cocky, or these people will 'get their dander up,' as you say across the water."

"I heard my young cousin there say 'colonist' yesterday,"

is Joe's quick answer, "and have a vague idea he referred to me. As we can't have him out in the 'Phœnix,' we must needs use other means to set him down."

"O Joe!" says the other, laughing at his earnestness, "don't be a 'bosthoon.'"

"I won't," promises Joe. "Wait until Tuesday, Uncle George."

Uncle George did not wait until Tuesday—not at Raghardagh at any rate—for a cablegram called him up to Dublin, where he was detained a week by his American correspondence. But Tuesday came all right, though he hadn't waited for it, and with heavy, spiteful morning clouds that threatened at first to deluge the sport, but finally lowered just enough to make the air raw and chill and keep the scent clinging to the grass. By eleven it was an ideal day for a run, and a little after that hour the hunters began to gather, some on the level stretch of lawn down a hundred yards or so from Squire Ffrench's drawing-room windows, and some at the hall door of the house itself. Jennie and her cousin drove over in a smart little trap behind the roan mare, leaving the horses to follow in the care of a couple of "boys"—one of whom was nearer to fifty than his comrade to fifteen, but a "boy," all the same, in Ireland. The Leavy girls and their father were in the act of dismounting from their wagonette when the Raghardagh people appeared, and a moment later two of the Blakes came up in an ancient family gig, with a couple of attendant squires on horseback. Their cousin, the Blake of Marron, followed shortly, dashing up on a tax-cart that held several college companions a trifle more handsome than himself and at least equally swell.

"Who comes in the tally-ho?" asked the young American as the group to whom he had been introduced turned toward a crowd of fine-looking, moustached young fellows, laughing, jesting, and guying each other as they tumbled out of a big four-in-hand and ran up the steps into the hall, where the cousins were standing just within the door.

"A detachment from the Thirtieth Royal Irish" was Jennie's answer, and as the wave of soldiers rolled toward them, acknowledging her bow, and evidently wondering who the boyish-looking fellow in buckskin and leggings might be, what does my lady but calmly step forward and present him as "my cousin, a young American who has set his heart on winning to-day."

Naturally he felt a bit uncomfortable and hoped his cousin would say nothing about their little international challenge, which, of course, being an Irish lady, she had too much grace to do.

"Been out with the dawgs befaw?" asked Captain Desmond in a tone of friendly interest, checking his progress toward the breakfast-room.

"No," said Joe, surveying the monocle and the blond moustache unmoved.

"What, never chased?" cried three or four of the military men.

"Nothing but anise-seed," replied the young stranger, more modest now and thinking that perhaps he had cut out quite an unusually large task for himself.

"Our chances are good for a hard run, you see, cousin," said Jennie a moment later, as the sabreless heroes pressed forward undauntedly through the crowd towards the distant buffet.

"I shall do my best to sustain the national honor," was the response in confident tones, unshaken by the inner qualms that had begun to agitate Joe's bosom; and Jennie said:

"Bravo! I almost feared you were about to weaken."

All this time the crowd outside the house and inside had been growing in numbers. There were country gentlemen galore now, several young professional men, and quite a sprinkling of farmers, to say nothing of unclassified stray contingents coming in continually on cobs and ponies and cars innumerable. Young people were very nearly in the majority, and when Ned of Raghardagh rode in a great body of his old playfellows had swept up to carry him away from his own party the minute he set foot on the ground. Jennie was quite right in thinking, as she did, that he wasn't by any means least handsome of the group that surged around him, handshaking, chaffing, and welcoming him back again. The young hero was one of the few "in pink"; which is to say he was toggèd out in velvet cap, red coat, white scarf, breeches, and top-boots. Even young Lord Ashborne—the promised peer—who wheeled up in his drag just in time to take his splendid hunter from the groom before the horn sounded, could make no pretence of being more glorious than Ned—at least so thought Ned's sister; and being herself attired in tall hat, neat-fitting waist, and long, flowing black skirt—her first hunting habit—walked out from luncheon to the mounting block, quite assured that thus far the reputation of Raghardagh had been well enough sustained.

It was very near noon when the master of the hunt gave the word, the huntsman sounded a call, and the hounds, driven into cover, gave tongue and began the chase. Out from the low, scraggy bushes on the west side the fox broke, and went scurrying over the grass straight towards a sunk fence that

bounded the lawn, while the pack in full cry went speeding after him—thirty or forty, or maybe half-a-hundred, smooth-haired hounds, long-eared, sturdy, and crooked of leg. The hunt was under way, and two or three dozen horses sweeping down to the jump; Ned well to the front and Jennie at his side, first among all the ladies at the very start. The boy's big chestnut gathered himself and fairly strode over the fence, second only to the master of the hunt; but his feet were hardly planted upon the sod when over came Jennie's soft-skinned black mare, Deabhorghail, in a splendid leap and raced away for the front in a manner that was bound to test every thoroughbred of the lot. To watch brother and sister rise at the jump one would have thought it quite a small affair and easily taken, but nevertheless two or three riders stayed on the hither side of the fence, and one or two Melton coats were well plastered with the mud their wearers plunged into, while several men and most of the girls were timid or wise enough to ride down some distance and pass through the gate. Joe, who had wisely decided to play a waiting game, watched his leaders, sent Brian over in ninth or tenth place, easily and prettily, and kept as nearly as possible in the middle of the group.

The pace became very, very fast at once, and within five minutes not more than a baker's dozen were in the first bunch of riders, while even these were often strung out sufficiently well to leave a couple of fences between last and foremost. Jennie was close to the hounds, and though Ned was not by her side, she felt quite confident he was not very far behind. A hard push up a small rise, with a jump into a ploughed field, and some stiff running over the soft, uncrusted mould, told on the weaker horses and thinned out the ranks a trifle more. Jennie's big-panned mare came well to the fore in such work, and when she cleared a hedge at the farther end of the field only the master of the hunt was on her side the jump. The old squire look admiringly at her, and shouted a "Bravo, Jennie!" as the girl came skimming over the grass, pushing him hard for first place. It was smoother running now, though; and the blood of some of the thoroughbreds back yonder began to tell in their favor. Young Ffrench and one of the Blake girls were closing up upon the leaders, and Ned, Lord Ashborne, and Major Bell, the gentleman-rider who always won the "Corinthians" at the Curragh, sailed over the hedge almost simultaneously and charged away after the flying hounds.

Now it was pasture land. The hunt swept in a gallop over

the smooth, soft grass, each horse striding easily and steadily, each rider feeling new courage and hope and exhilaration as the wind flew by and brought new blood to cheek and temple. Ned was by his sister's side, Lord Ashborne and the major at their heels, while Joe, to whom the smooth ground was all American prairie, could not resist the temptation to send Brian up among the leaders. Over a tiny brook and into a wide, smooth paddock, up again over a demesne wall, across a road and along more firm, grassy ground. Was there ever such a chase? Jennie's cheeks were blushing rosily and her eyes sparkling as she turned for a moment's look at Joe, who was riding neck and neck with her, and only a scant length behind her brother.

"Watch sharp, Jennie!" he cried warningly; they were tearing at an awful pace right down upon a "rasper"—a hedge and ditch, the former high, the latter both deep and wide. Ned faced it first; the chestnut cleared it lightly as a doe, and was off like a shot upon the other side, followed almost instantly by Brian. Deabhorghail felt her mistress's guiding touch, rose bravely, barely cleared the ditch, plunged clumsily into the bushes beyond, and tore her way madly through them, spurred by whip and voice. The mare herself came through all right but for some long, red scratches on her glossy chest and shoulders. Jennie's lower skirt was torn into ribbons and a long strip of dark cloth left waving upon the hedge as a danger-signal to those behind.

Over some bottom, then across a road—there were only eight of them that crossed in sight of the hounds—and into more pasture ground that led towards uplands. Here all was smooth and firm, and running was fast again. The fox veers round to westward into a long stretch of level country. Perhaps it will be his last "spurt." The old squire, with a loud "holloa," steers diagonally across the field and soars triumphantly over a five-barred gate. Lord Ashborne and the major follow without a wink, and Jennie is upon their flank. Joe comes charging boldly up to it, rises, the hunter toes the top-bar, and crash! both come heavily to the ground as the rest go sweeping by. Jennie and Ned, far in the front, are both unaware of the accident.

The horse stoops with damp nostrils close to his master's face. Joe's lips are white and his eyes closed, and he lies silent and unconscious for several minutes, while the poor brute alongside seems trying to acknowledge his fault. He pricks his

ears at the sound of a far-distant horn, looks in that direction, then gives a delighted whinny as his master rises slowly and leans upon the saddle. Another instant and they are off again, and Joe is brushing back the thick hair that must now do duty as riding-cap, for his hat is lying back under the gate flat as a griddle-cake. Away off on a distant rise he sees a straggler bob up against the sky-line and vanish again. Still farther away he hears the winding of the horn and an occasional bay from the hounds. He takes his chances of heading them off, turns sharply to the left, after crossing a field or two, and pegs away along the road at a slapping pace, big Brian putting in his best work in an effort to retrieve the mishap.

The chase was not so easy as expected after Joe had been left sleeping by the gate. Fences were very numerous along the level stretch, and Reynard had taken to one or two big ploughed fields that helped to make work heavy and slow. And then came a check; he had crossed a wall—at least every one had seen him leap upon the top ledge on his way over—and the dogs stopped suddenly on the other side, ran around distractedly and silently with noses to the ground, saying as plainly as man could, "check." For several moments the halt was continued, and all moved about uneasily conscious that the fox was making the very best of his respite, and rapidly putting safe distance between himself and his pursuers.

The knowing ones stayed close by the wall, and Jennie did as she saw Ned doing to his own horse—pulled up within a few yards of the wall, patted Deabhorghail's nostrils and spoke soothingly to her, very well contented to enjoy a short rest. But she wanted it very, very short, and the instant the cry came and the hounds gave tongue and swept down on the scent once more—the sly fox had not crossed the wall, but jumped back into a water-course on the hither side and made off toward the valley—she gave an impatient brush to the mare's flank with her little ivory-handled riding-whip, and followed right on the heels of the pack. They were gaining on the fox again; he could be seen from time to time making his weary way across the open, conscious that his little game was discovered and his future chances of invading the homes of helpless chickens growing very slim. But there came another check to delay the ministers of justice hastening upon his trail.

The hounds were some little distance ahead of the foremost rider—the squire, as usual—and wheeled toward the east. Old Ffrench saw a closed field, something like a large paddock, lying

in his way and rode boldly in at the open gate. Jennie followed, and a crowd of others had galloped pell-mell after her, before any one discovered that the farther entrance was impassable, and a six-foot wall surrounded every part of the field. There was nothing for it but to go back, and they were retracing their way when the gate slammed to unexpectedly, and a grinning countryman shouted in that they could make their exit only upon payment of a half-crown tax per head.

"Pounded, b' Jove," says Lord Ashborne with a grimace, diving at a trouser-pocket.

"Hanged if I let him chisel me!" cries Ned angrily, and sends the chestnut at the wall.

Every eye is on him, for the jump is really terrific. Now, Ned, for the honor of Raghardagh! Alas! poor Ned is too wild to do his prettiest, though he needs every jot of skill he has. He drives madly at the very nastiest part of the wall, where great round cobble-stones lie on the ground, half-hidden in weeds and heather. As Ned's fingers tighten on the rein, and the chestnut gathers himself for a mighty spring, up jumps a wretched, old, toothless shepherd dog from under the horse's very feet with a sudden howl. The hunter balks, paws a smooth, grass-covered stone, slips, and comes to the ground in a heap. When he is pulled up it is with a slipped shoulder, and Ned is out of the race.

The squire had run to the gate in a furious rage and struck at the red-faced peasant with his long-lashed hunting "crop," but succeeded only in making him retreat to safe distance. There is an instant's hesitation. Nobody fancied being fleeced, but an alternative seemed impossible. There was the pack vanishing three fields away, with only the huntsman and one of the "whips" upon their trail. It was maddening, and the squire's blood rose higher. With the discharge of a volley of adjectives and a couple of powerful nouns substantive, he headed his hunter at the six-foot wall and cleared it splendidly. No one offered to follow. Jennie was trembling with impatience and doubt, and then, as some one went to the gate to open a parley and pay the toll, she suddenly rushed Deabhorghail at the rocky barrier with a "Now, girl, come!" I think she shut her eyes tight as she felt the mare rise, but Deabhorghail went over in a flying leap and raced after the astonished squire, who nearly broke his neck by attempting simultaneously to watch Jennie and to take a fence himself.

Squire Ffrench, Jennie, and the huntsman, in the order named.

Joe came up with them as they crossed a road, and turned in from the highway to follow. Before long they had got well up on the heels of the dogs, while the rest of the party were several fences behind. A long sweep round to the right by the chase, however, and a nicely calculated detour by Lord Ashborne, Major Bell, and one of the whippers-in, brought these latter up among the leaders again, and the group of eight, well bunched, cleared fence after fence in fine style and at racing speed, leaving all the remaining riders hopelessly distanced within another thirty minutes. It was open country; they kept going at a terrible pace, and the horses at last began to show signs of punishment. The hounds were inclined to straggle a bit, too, but the long lash of the whippers-in on either side flew out curling, and twisting, and writhing, to sting the astonished dogs with a sudden bite on shoulder or hip, and send them forward with sudden energy.

The huntsman gave out at last, tossing his bugle to Joe, who was speeding by when the former's nag stopped, head down, completely winded, and refused to proceed. The rider did not try spur or lash, for the horse was clearly pounded; and he was not long alone, for a field further on a whipper-in gave up the struggle, and when another fence was crossed, his brother whip joined him. Bigger game was to go down before Master Reynard, too, for ten minutes later the old squire's charge balked at a quickset hedge, the rider flying over his head and the hedge also, to come to the ground doubled up and conscious of a broken arm.

Joe and Jennie, Lord Ashborne and the major, were following the pack alone. The country was still flat and open. Up they rush at a double bank; the four horses top almost simultaneously; down again and off on the other side they gallop, their speed apparently increasing. Across a wide brook with a dashing leap. Jennie's mare falters on the farther bank, but clings and scrambles and climbs to the top with the catlike agility of an Irish hunter, and is well over. The major's horse is almost played out, but the major is game, and cool and confident besides. As they breast a rise he goes up zigzag to save his horse a bit and crosses the wall at the top successfully, while Lord Ashborne, who charges straight and furious, cracks his hunter's knees upon the wall in going over and comes rolling to the bottom. Deabhorghail and Brian take it splendidly, the mare slightly in the lead; and on they speed again after the hounds disappearing behind the crest.

It is a question of moments. The fox is a bare hundred yards in front, his brush hanging low and trailing upon the grass. The hounds gain new strength at the sight. They are racing along stern high and head low, straining every last inch of nerve and muscle, and so close together that a sheet would cover them. They enter a long, level field now, out of which the fox will surely never get alive. Jennie and her cousin, running shoulder to shoulder, pass the major. He is keeping his horse well in hand, riding his best; but what can he do against such bone and sinew as Brian Boroimhe has, or such staying power as Deabhorghail's? Joe is noble enough to pull a bit on his horse, but Jennie sees him.

"No you don't, Joe!" she cries. "Play fair. Ride your prettiest, if you love me. On your honor, cousin mine."

And Joe strikes spurs into Brian's side and is answered with a mighty bound. Neck and neck, they are skimming the ground. Joe's long "crop" is coming down in a rain of blows upon his horse's flank. He gains a trifle.

"Ho-ho!" cries Jennie. Her hair is tossed and rumpled by the wind. Cheeks are flushed, and eyes flash, and lips are trembling. "Ho-ho! Come, girl; come, Deabhorghail! Come, dear! one more effort! Ho-ho, girl, up there! Come! Come!"

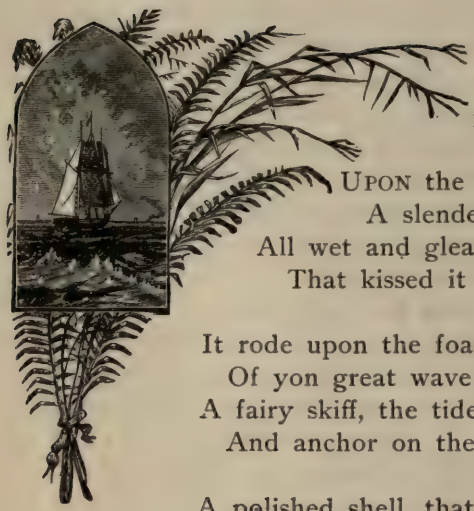
No wonder the mare could not resist that winning voice. Major Bell, struggling along manfully in the rear, looks and sees the black body stretch forward and the flying feet spurn the ground. With a dash she was past the toiling Brian. With a sudden rush of death-like vigor she gained three times her length. The nearest hound gave the fox a sudden nip; he turned —the furious pack fell on him tooth and nail, and there was Jennie standing among them when Joe came up to whip away the dogs.

"I'm proud of you, Di Vernon!" cries Joe, helping her from the saddle, though his own feet are unsteady and his knees trembling. "Such a defeat we call a victory across the water."

And Jennie has hardly crimsoned when the major comes up to her with the brush in his hand, and "I've ridden, man and boy, for twenty years, Miss Jennie, and I vow I never saw a prettier finish."

Jennie laughs delightedly. "Royal blood will tell," she says, and the major joins politely in Joe's laugh, though he knows not its reason why.

"'Et vera incessu patuit Dea," declares Joe. "Come, cousin, we must think of getting home."



A SIMILE.

BY LILIAN A. B. TAYLOR.

UPON the sea-beach glistening lay
A slender, pink-lipped shell:
All wet and gleaming with the spray
That kissed it as it fell.

It rode upon the foaming crest
Of yon great wave to land;
A fairy skiff, the tide to breast,
And anchor on the sand.

A polished shell, that tapered fair,
With many a spiral curl,
That flashed in radiant colors where
The red had dyed the pearl;

As if, from glorious sunset skies
That glowed with brilliance rare,
The rosy cloudlets' crimson dyes
Were caught and mirrored there.

The soul is but another shell,
Where on the shores of Time
Eternity's vast waters swell
In majesty sublime;

That mirrors in its crystal deeps
God's truth and light and love,
As in the shell reflected sleeps
The sunset's glow above,

But tinged with beauty far more rare
Than mortal eyes may see:
Not less, O God! but yet more fair,
That 'tis but known to Thee.

THE WONDERS OF OLD OCEAN.

BY F. M. EDSELAS.

"WHAT which we know is little; that which we know not is immense," were the dying words of La Place, that greatest of French astronomers and mathematicians. Doubtless when uttering this truism he had in mind the starry world above and its wondrous mysteries, the end and aim of his deepest thought and most earnest research. Yet we will find this saying of the great savant not less true when applied to other realms of nature's works, since God is also there, marvellous in all his ways.

Only within a comparatively recent period has much been known of the wonders in sea and ocean, far exceeding anything dreamed by poet, or pictured as in fairyland. The *Challenger* expedition made the first of these most important revelations, leading the way for other scientists eager to learn the secrets so long hidden in Old Ocean's depths.

"You have never had the good-fortune to take such a trip? Then you have certainly missed half the real pleasure of a lifetime. Here and now is your chance, which may never come again, if you will accept my escort on one of our government steamers, specially fitted out in the interests of science."

Such was the bluff and cordial invitation of an old friend and son of Neptune; no sooner received than accepted. Less than a month later found us in mid-ocean, fairly salted, with our sea-legs on and ready for business.

The dredge used first attracted my attention, being the invention of Professor Alexander Agassiz. It consists of a net with a cone-shaped opening, similar to an inverted eel-pot; into this the fish easily find their way, but once caught, escape is impossible. As the net is lowered from the vessel into the sea, more line is paid out when it touches the bottom to give the dredge full play, weights being added at regular intervals. When properly adjusted, the steamer is slowly backed for a quarter of a mile or so along the ocean's bed, the cable meantime being held down by the weights, thus scooping in the fish, etc., found at the sea bottom. Suddenly brought from

such great depths, but few are tremulous with life; the effect being similar to that produced upon a man dragged up in a net to one of the planets through the airless spaces above our atmosphere.

DEVIL-FISHING OFF JAMAICA.

The colors of those we dredged usually varied from silvery white to dark brown or black, although noted exceptions were seen at times, as will be mentioned later.

It is the bizarre shape and peculiar development of their

organism that mark these new visitors to our laboratories and cabinets. The dredge sometimes revealed specimens with huge heads and tiny bodies; others were there having small skulls, and ravenous-looking mouths apparently riveted to their stomachs, while tigerish teeth added greatly to their fierceness of expression.

The *Chiasmodus*, although one of the smallest, is yet among the most remarkable of these deep-sea fauna. The top of its head is a veritable light-house for its neighbors of the finny tribe, being the main source of a brilliant phosphorescent light. More marvellous still is the formation of its body. The mouth can be so expanded as to swallow fish twice its own size; and the stomach being equally elastic, will then stretch to an enormous size, appearing like a gigantic pouch or balloon hanging under the body, serving as a store-house for its prey.

While dredging in the Morocco waters a fish was brought up from the depth of a mile and a half, chiefly all head and mouth; the latter measured four-fifths of its entire body. One of the savants on board told us that it moved very slowly through the water, continually scooping up the ooze with its capacious mouth, and draining out all but the animal food.

Each day brought occasion for ever new delight and admiration as still more wonderful specimens were hauled up on deck varying in beauty, color, and brilliancy; while others, with strangely hideous expressions and curious formation of body, challenged not less our astonishment at the almost infinite variety daily pouring in upon us.

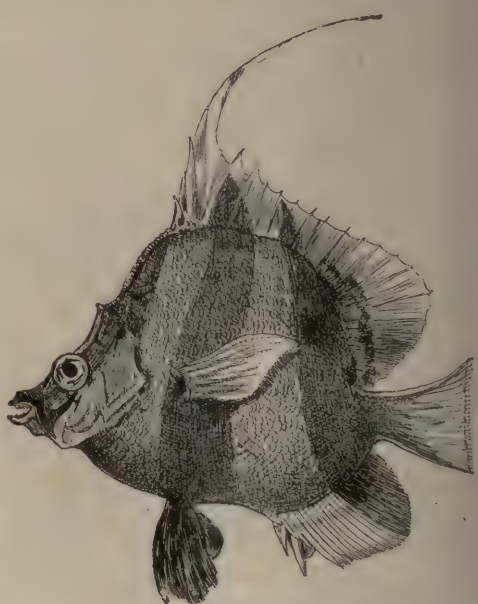
Our attention was specially called to the wide structural differences between the deep-sea fish and those remaining near the surface or shores; attributable, of course, to the nature of their surroundings. Almost total darkness, with the tremendous pressure of water, require special adaptation to exceptional needs. Verily, in no department of nature's work-shop do we find more delicate mechanism, more consummate skill, than in these dwellers of the deep, deep sea. All on board were full of enthusiasm whenever a fresh haul was dumped on deck; seldom did we fail to find something new and strange, at least to those of us who were making their first acquaintance with this branch of science.

When brought to the surface the catch seems mainly soft, pulpy masses, with bones and muscles but slightly developed; the tissues are so thin and frail as to be easily ruptured, making this muscular weakness hardly compatible with the power-

fully-shaped jaws and ravenous-looking teeth of many of these predatory fishes. Let us not, however, lose sight of that never-failing law of compensation by which the Creator so admirably adapts means to the end in view.

CHÆTODON.

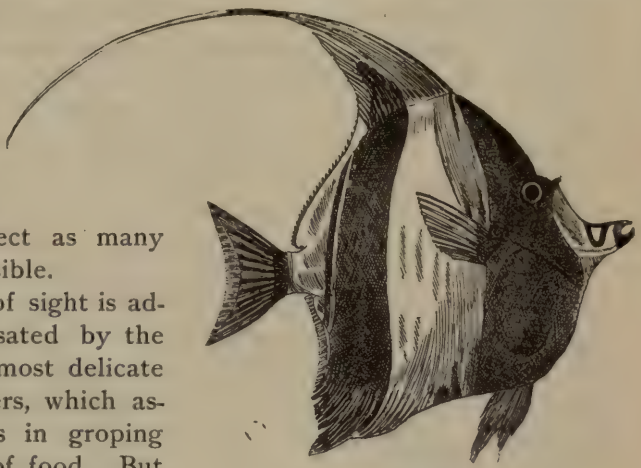
In no instance is it more strikingly manifest than in these very specimens. At the depth of a thousand fathoms the pressure equals a ton to the square inch. If, then, we could see in their native haunts those pulpy-looking creatures, that can easily be tied in a knot when brought to the surface, we would find them vigorous and firm-bodied. The cause of this phenomenon will be readily understood when we consider that as the fish ascends this great pressure gradually diminishes upon the surface of the body, while the gases within, expanding proportionally, cause a frightful distension. When opening a net we often found the bodies ruptured and the eyes protruding—evidences of a frightful death. Could a fish be suddenly popped to the surface from the depth of a mile or more, it would doubtless explode with a terrific noise.



CHÆTODON.

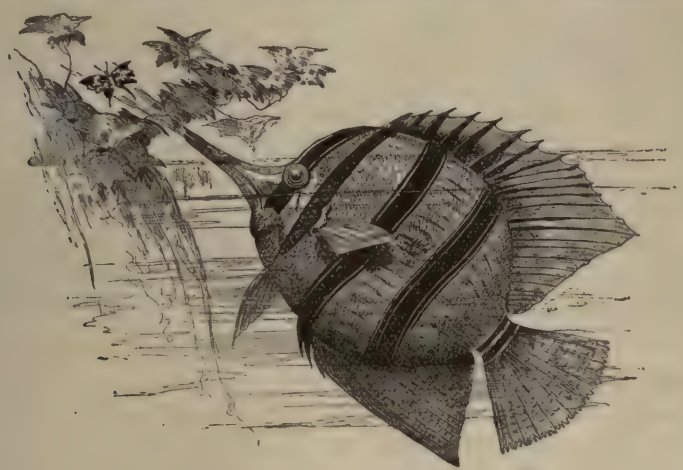
The absence of light at the lowest depths causes many wonderful peculiarities in the fauna found there. Sunlight does not penetrate below two hundred fathoms; at least there can be only the faintest glimmer possible at that limit. Some of these deep-sea fishes have no eyes at all, or mere rudimentary organs of

sight; others have little pin-points of vision, while here and there are seen some having huge staring orbs, adding not a little to their ferocious appearance. The latter have probably a freer and higher range of habitation than their less fortunate neighbors, their eyes being so organized as to collect as many light-rays as possible.



CHÆTODON.

The absence of sight is admirably compensated by the development of most delicate tentacles or feelers, which assist their owners in groping about in search of food. But more marvellous still is the provision of a special organ, which otherwise would be useless for those favored with eyesight in this region of darkness. Although living in an eternal night, many of these deep-sea fishes furnish their own light by means of an organism emitting a phosphorescent gleam.



CHÆTODON—"SHOOTING FISH."

Some may well be called 'Lamps of the Ocean, since they carry little luminous tentacles which rise from their heads, or have regular rows of brilliant spots along their sides, and as

they go flashing through the water look like a veritable torch-light procession. Even when brought to the surface the glimmer of their light can still be seen.

It is a never-ending subject for wonder that with so frail and flabby a body these deep-sea dwellers can move with such lightning rapidity while sustaining so great a pressure. As a proof of this tremendous force, even at the depth of two miles, a sealed glass tube was enclosed in one of perforated copper and lowered to the depth just mentioned. When drawn up the glass was reduced to fine powder, and the copper tube twisted out of shape.

Examining these strange creatures more closely, we found that while osseous and muscular development is but partial, the bones themselves being permeated with pores and fissures, they are able to resist this great pressure far better than if the frame-work were more solid, as with land animals or those near the surface of the water.

But little calcareous matter is found in the bones, and those of the vertebræ are fastened so loosely that they often separate, as is the case when larger fishes are brought to the surface. And although the muscles are so very thin, and the connecting tissues almost wanting, yet these delicate creatures are ever darting about in search of prey, as if sporting with and defying the mighty waters rising mountain high to crush and engulf them.

But let us go back to our Ocean Lamps, for they are well worthy of more than a passing notice. The contents of a dredge seen at night are far more beautiful than when viewed by day. If you have never seen them it is not yet too late, for here is a haul fresh from the very depths.

There are the lovely star-fish, though you would hardly recognize them, so little resemblance do they bear to their straw-like skeletons treasured in our cabinets. Fresh from their native haunts, what a transformation! Seemingly heated to white heat, with gleams of light running up and down their arms, they are truly marvels of beauty.

Those known as the *Ophinerans* give out a peculiarly dazzling light, the smallest sparkling like the rarest gems. Once when dredging among shoals of them, in deepest waters, our net fairly overflowed with these curious specimens, although but a glimpse of the wondrous beauty concealed in old ocean's bed. Anemones and certain species of coral in more shallow water emit a very brilliant light.

Here we come upon a marvellous group of polyps, which, as you know, like the star-fish, belong to the Radiates. They are growing upon a stem three or four feet long, reminding one of candelabra well lighted, only more intensely luminous. It is called the *Umbellularia;* the first dredge containing specimens was taken at great depth off the Greenland coast in such quantities that one could easily surmise the myriads swarming below. Looking at the specimens before us, with their sparkling coruscations of light, it was easy to hazard a guess at the wondrous beauty of their home-life.

Some one has aptly compared it to a corn-field, a mile or so

COMBAT BETWEEN SPEARFISH AND SWORDFISH.

below the surface, having stalks four feet long, with ears emitting a golden-greenish light of wonderful softness. Then think of them as covering a surface acres and acres in extent, the lights continually flashing and waving in gentle undulations, while the fishes ever and anon dart between these stalks, with their gleaming head-lights; others are outlined as it were in fire, and far above are seen great globes of light, with softly radiant aureolas! A wonderfully brilliant scene; surely the work of some

magician! you involuntarily exclaim. Indeed it is, and that magician is *nature's God.* So dazzling is the light that no modern lens, with gas, electric, and the new illuminant, carbide of calcium, or *acetylene*, as it is named, all combined, could "hold a candle to it"! Among these polyps we find the *Sea-pens*, wonderfully luminous, varying in length from short to long and slender, the latter being termed in science *Virgularia;* a third variety has a graceful, plume-like form, and is dubbed *Veretilium.* If a number are enclosed in a glass, one can easily read by the light emitted at the distance of a foot.

While skirting the Patagonian coast at low tide a shoal of these Sea-pens was exposed to view, making night radiant with their phosphorescent glow; later on they reminded one of a large army disappearing in the sea as the tide came in. The jelly-fishes, or *Medusæ*, seem the most delicate and, with few exceptions, the most luminous of all these light-givers. They are only five per cent. solid matter, the remaining ninety-five per cent. being liquid; their formation is most exquisite. Shoals of them swarm near the Pacific coast, giving that peculiarly brilliant phosphorescence often seen from decks of vessels. Some of the species are only partially luminous, others, as the Pelagia, entirely so; with many the condition is variable, with others constant.

The almost infinite variety of colors, revealed as they flash through the waters, ever changing like those of the kaleidoscope, only add to their wondrous beauty. Here are some emitting a golden light, there is one with a delicate green and azure, while not a few show a combination of tints; but in each and all the effect is a marvel of beauty.

The most dazzling display is in autumn; it is then that these lamps of old ocean seem to hold a family reunion, clustering in shoals around the rocks, lashing the foaming billows into a seething whirlpool. Among these we often met the little *Bombay Ducks*, as they are called, which are entirely luminous; they were among our special favorites of these deep-sea dwellers, and we never tired while studying their strangely varied forms and structure.

They take the shape of bells and disks, tubes and spheres, besides others equally wonderful. One, discoidal in form, was strikingly beautiful, having deep purple and orange bands radiating from the centre, while on the circumference were suspended delicately transparent tentacles. As they became luminous after nightfall, the effect was beautiful beyond description.

The organs giving sight, as well as those affording light, are arranged in the oddest, most fantastic ways. The former may be well named accessory eyes, being arranged in rows on their ventral surfaces, seeing only what is beneath, unless convenience should allow them to turn upon their backs. Near the visual organs are luminous spots giving the needed light.

One of these light-bearers was unusually large, measuring six feet in length, furnished with a tall dorsal fin running along the entire body. The tips of this fin are luminous, as well as a broad place on its head, besides a double row of brilliant spots on either side of the body. A similar arrangement also marks the *Chanliodus*, one of the most ferocious torch-bearers. Its mouth fairly overflows with teeth, which protrude in anything but an attractive manner. The flaming spots that tip the fins also extend along the dorsal surface, like so many windows reflecting light upon the fish.

We have thus far noted the external appearance of these dwellers in the ocean depths; not less wonderful and interesting will be the study of their curious structure.

Taking the bell-shaped jelly-fish, we find the mouth is usually beneath, in the centre of the bell, at a convenient distance from the tentacles fringing it, upon which the creature depends to procure its food. Stinging cells are added, which they use not so much to kill as to paralyze their prey.

These zoöphytes, or animal plants, are indeed well named, as will be seen by their curious modes of reproduction, varying with different species. Sometimes a bud-like appendage develops, which, when fully formed, drops off and is left to care for itself; after passing through various singular changes, it takes its place with other perfectly developed jelly-fish. Again, the parent body actually separates, splits open, each portion becoming a perfect animal; so much for the economy of nature! The budding method of reproduction seems very common among different classes of zoöphytes, as the sponge, coral, etc.

It is well known that half of the world lives at the expense of the other half. This truism may be applied with equal truth to our new acquaintances in the deep sea, where parasites are found in every form and where least expected, making themselves equally at home with the most harmless as with the most formidable of their neighbors.

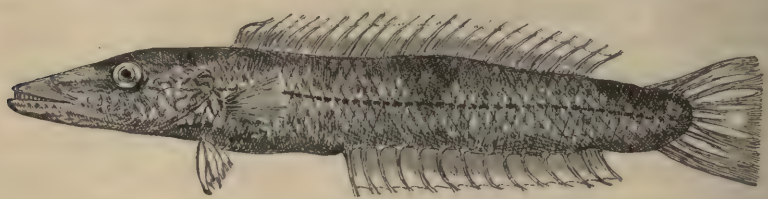
While examining the curiously formed, bell-shaped jelly-fish another species was found lodged in the arch of the bell, and strange though it be, was never seen elsewhere. In such good fellow-

ship do these comrades live, that the little visitor seems in no way affected by the stinging cells of his friendly host, which so quickly paralyzes others within its range; this parasite is even so sure of position as a guest that it eagerly seizes for food

WALKING FISH OF SEYCHELLES.

the prey secured by the sting of the jelly-fish, even at the latter's expense. We were not certain how these favors were returned, but doubtless, as is the case with other parasites, the lodger gives warning of the approach of danger.

Sometimes a small fish is found burrowing in the side of a larger one; again we see them holding on by means of suckers to the sides, even assuming the color of this adopted home,

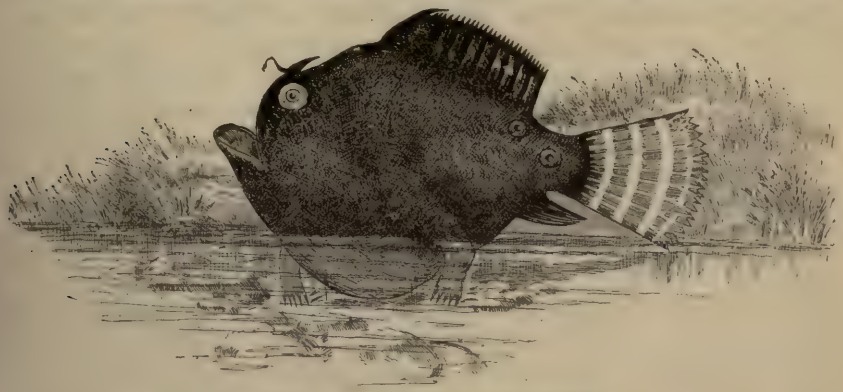


TAZZARD, OR "BULLDOG OF THE OCEAN."

from which they easily catch their food, as shoals of tiny fish are continually swept along by the rushing waters.

An interesting transparent animal, called the *Salpa*, appears structureless; but on closer examination we see a mouth, stomach, and other organs found in the higher invertebrates.

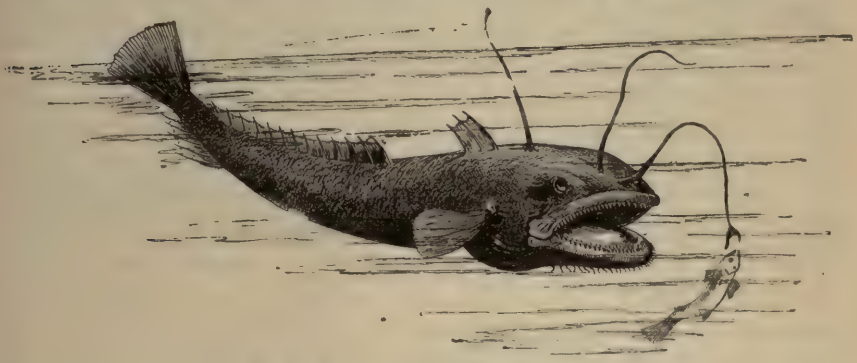
They usually have an odd-looking blue parasite within the wall of their body; indeed very few dwellers in the sea are free from parasites, being more abundant in true fishes than in any others—that is, in those breathing through gills; they make



LOPHIUS, OR ANGLER (WALKING FISH).

themselves at home in any external nook or corner of the body, besides taking lodgings in the gills and roof of the mouth. Even on sharks they are often found, having punctured the flesh an inch in depth.

Human beings with parasitic tendencies usually degenerate in habits, inclinations, and whatever makes individualism and a worthy character. This degeneration is also very marked in the structure of the marine parasites. Organs once essential



ANGLER, OR SEA DEVIL (LOPHIUS PISCATORIUS).

become useless and gradually disappear altogether, so that the animal bears little resemblance to its former self.

On this account naturalists have sometimes been misled, taking these abridged specimens for some new or unknown member of the animal kingdom.

The parasite *Penella* is a good illustration. Once allied to the shrimp, we find the little creature so changed by the loss of its feet and other organs as hardly to be recognized as having been once a worthy member of the higher crustacean family. This demoralization, if we may so term it, is even more marked in those worm-like animals found in the stomachs of sharks and other fishes. Finding their food ready for digestion, without the trouble of preparation, the organs needed for this purpose being useless, the mouth, eyes, etc., have disappeared, leaving the outer walls of the body to absorb all needed food.

While drifting through the Gulf Stream we found curious and variegated little fishes among the seaweed. One, called the file-fish, carries its weapon of defence upon the back. It consists of a long, sharp spine usually folded upon the body so as to be scarcely perceptible. But the little creature is ever on the alert, for at the slightest approach of danger, like a soldier on guard, the weapon springs up, and will at once be so firmly fixed in an upright position as to resist all efforts to bend it down again. Examining its anatomy more closely, we find a little bone at the base of the movable spine, holding it in whatever position the animal may desire. Indeed thus might we go on giving numberless proofs of the marvels revealed to every earnest student of nature's secrets in the ocean's depths; our limits, however, will admit the mention of only one more. It is that of a very curious crab—indeed a creature that would win the prize in a collection of natural eccentricities. Its head might be regarded as almost wholly eye, including numberless lenses. Furnished with this wonderful organ of vision, it was able to remain at a considerable depth during the day, coming to the surface only at night. Quite as remarkable were its organs of motion. Besides five pairs of good legs, there were also three pairs of false or rudimentary ones lower down, but for what purpose we could not determine; in addition to these were two pairs of appendages, which we called foot-jaws for want of a better term, since they seemed to answer the double purpose of locomotion and mastication. To crown this wonder the entire body was so transparent that muscles, nerves, and other internal organs could be easily traced out. Occasionally in some crustaceans the peculiar structure of two genera would be found combined in one specimen.

Temperature on sea as well as land has much to do with the anatomy and habitudes of animals; from the surface to a mile below it gradually lowers to 40° Fahr., being just above

the freezing point. At the lowest depths it is much colder; but in the intervening space, say of five or six miles, the average temperature is found invariably the same in all parts of the world.

Animals remaining at the lowest depths probably represent the oldest and lowest types of their class, linking them with the earliest forms of marine life. These have a wider horizontal range, the same species being found in both hemispheres, and

WHALE ATTACKED BY ORCAS.

in widely separated parts of the sea-bottom. Those limited to the same habitat from age to age show an almost unbroken persistence of form, and hence of successive generations; we thus have the remotest past made vividly present in the living prototypes of their ancestors.

Exceptions not infrequently occur, as among the deep-sea fishes are found those formerly belonging to higher orders, some even allied to the crustaceans. Lack of food or other

unfavorable conditions doubtless drove them from the shore or to lower depths, working the needed transformation. This seems to be the destiny of our well-known halibut, which is passing below its former latitude.

Its new physical surroundings will of necessity develop special organs, so that in time it will have joined the torch-bearers and others found near the sea-bottom.

Not the least of the advantages derived from these researches is the discovery of what may well be termed *missing links* in the great scale of life, and therefore, zoölogically considered, of no trifling value. Each newly-discovered specimen of marine fauna, whether sponge or sea-urchin, coral or crab, fills a gap which verifies more surely that wondrous plan of creation, old yet ever new, hoary with age while still blooming with the freshness of eternal youth.

It is not possible to give more than a few illustrations from the multitude of the denizens of the deep; the bare enumeration of their names would fill volumes. Yet some help will be found in the formation of ideas on the subject in the pictures we present. The extraordinary creature called the devil-fish, for instance, has often been heard of, yet few have any notion of what the monster is really like. Its singular shape and uncouth mass are well shown in the picture of a scene from the Jamaica waters, showing a boat's crew engaged in the dangerous task of capturing one of these creatures. The many varieties of the species called Chætodon deserve study also, as showing the delicate task which naturalists have, in many cases, in classifying and grouping the different natural orders, wherein minor deviations might often be mistaken for organic differences in structure. But the real place to study these subjects is the aquarium, and what is written here will be mainly serviceable if it lead to a closer study of the great marine organisms wherever the advantages of a large aquarium can be enjoyed.

MADAME GARNIER AND HER WORK.

BY ANNIE BLOUNT STORRS.

BEAUTY, ever ancient and ever new!" O Christian Charity! pity so tender and benevolence so generous, mother of the young, nurse of the starving, advocate of the oppressed, faithful lover of the leper; thou who, sharing the varied fortunes of the church, remainest as fruitful as her dogma is immovable; immortal companion of the poor, who never die; thou wilt be yet standing to succor the last unfortunate in the horrors of the last day; thou canst neither weaken nor be extinguished, for that which thou seekest under the ragged garments, in the depth of the weeping eyes, of the bleeding wounds, of the mourning hearts, is divine love!"

With this eloquent apostrophe of the greatest of all virtues, Charity, and to illustrate the fruitfulness of Divine Love, Abbé Chaffanjon, the Director of the Work of the "Women of Calvary" in Lyons, in his book, *Widows and Charity*,* recently translated into English and published by Benziger Brothers, in this city, gives the unbroken chain of illustrious Christian widows from Mary, Mother of Jesus and of men, through the ages, to Madame Garnier, the foundress of the "Work of the Women of Calvary," which he truly calls "one of the most sublime manifestations of charity in modern Catholicity."

The work of the Women of Calvary is to receive into their houses indigent women suffering from cancer, lupus, or any other living, bleeding wounds, non-contagious, whom the hospitals can no longer retain, for non-paying patients may only remain six months when declared incurable; and the singularity of the work is that the "Women of Calvary" are not religious, but women of the world, who enter the association without renouncing family, fortune, or liberty; widows, who seek to sanctify their lives by the practice of charity; which is offered for the conversion of sinners, the perseverance of the just, the deliverance of the souls in purgatory.

Madame Garnier lived but a few years after the foundation

* *The Work of the Women of Calvary, and its Foundress.* By Abbé Chaffanjon, Director of the Work at Lyons. Translated from the French.

of the Work, only long enough to see her dear incurables happily established at La Sarra, a beautiful estate in the vicinity of Lyons. Her life was short, but her ardent, impassioned nature gave the stamp to the Work which still distinguishes it, that of untiring devotion to the cause for which it was instituted. No women in the world have ever surpassed the French in heroism; witness the Sisters of Charity on the battle-field, in times of epidemic; the Little Sisters of the Poor; the numerous religious communities called into existence by their wonderful desire to minister to every want of suffering humanity; and now this appeal of Madame Garnier, not to the virgin, to the lily of the sanctuary, but to women who have loved and lost, who have passed through life's conflict, to bury the past with all its sorrows and bitter memories, to repair the broken links by assuming new duties, has met with a generous response.

The house in Lyons was a success from the beginning, but for thirty years it remained alone until 1874, when a foundation was made in Paris by Madame Jousset, the widow of the well-known publisher, who still directs the Work with consummate tact and prudence, assisted by Madame Philippon, the widow of a general in the French army. There are five hundred widows in the association in Paris; not more than fifteen or twenty are resident, but among the *panseuses*, those whose duties may detain them at home, and only come for certain hours, are many distinguished women; one of the most conspicuous is the famous Duchess d'Uzès, as remarkable for her charities as for her eccentricities. It was she who, during the Boulanger craze, contributed three millions of francs to the fund to assist the cause which so many fondly thought might bring back royalty to France; and no one, to see her in her dashing equipage in the Bois de Boulogne in the afternoon, would dream tnat she had spent the morning dressing wounds in the Calvary. There her gentle, loving words and skilful hands have helped poor women to bear their sufferings more cheerfully; for it is marvellous the good moral effect this daily advent of fresh faces has upon the sick. It seems to bring them into semi-contact with the world they have left, to infuse new life into their failing hearts.

Madame de Montéage, Madame de Vaublanc, and many others too numerous to mention, are all good workers; but incomparably the best is an American, Madame de Forrest, to whom the surgeons always confide the most difficult cases. To perfect herself in her noble mission she studied in the hospitals,

and, after passing her examination before six of the best surgeons in Paris, received her diploma, of which she is justly proud.

The next house founded was in Marseilles, in 1881, where the work was admirably lodged in a large and commodious building, especially suited for the purpose, the walls of the dormitories for the sick being of porcelain. A foundation soon after was made in Saint-Etienne, and in 1886 the work was established in Brussels, Belgium, where a beautiful house, surrounded by extensive grounds, was donated by a wealthy woman. By a singular coincidence the house had been vacant for ten years; the wife of the owner had died of a cancer, which made him leave it, as he could not bear to live where he had seen her suffer so intensely, and yet from a tender sentiment he would not sell it, until the offer was made for this good purpose.

The president of the association in Brussels is the Countess Louis de Merode, who invited Madame Dainez, of the house in Paris, to assume the charge, which she has ever since retained. It was some time before the Belgians entered into the spirit of the Work, so that Paris furnished most of the workers, and sent Madame van der Hecht, a most intelligent and remarkable woman in many respects; Madame Boutilly, Madame Blin; and finally Madame de Forrest thought she could be more useful in Brussels than in Paris, and came to the assistance of the new community. The association has now become very large, and among the more notable women are the Duchess d'Arenberg, the Countesses Henri and Auguste d'Ursel, Madame de Kondrioffsky, a Russian ex-ambassadress, Madame Langhens de Lasca, Madame Symon, Madame Le Tellier; and, although not a widow, her Royal Highness, the Countess de Flandre, has signified her approval of the Work by endowing the dispensary of the Calvary, founded in her parish.

In 1892 the Archbishop of Rouen, France, founded a house of Calvary, and invited two ladies of Rouen, who had been for some years in the Calvary of Paris, to take charge of it; and there as elsewhere great good has been accomplished.

It may be asked, What is the necessity of this new work while there are so many hospitals and institutions of every kind for the poor? The necessity is proved by the numbers that seek admittance wherever a house has been opened; the necessity arises from the unaccountable and deplorable increase of cancer in every condition of life. In a recent report of the Cancer Hospital in London it is stated: "Cancer is increasing; the doctors cannot stem its advance. All that they can pre-

scribe is to cut, without even a promise that the knife will do more than postpone for a little time a torturing death. Thirty thousand die every year by cancer, and as the disease takes from two to four years to torture before it slays its victims, there must be one hundred thousand persons upon whom cancer has laid the mark of death." The rich have their comfortable homes and devoted attendants to sooth their anguish and mitigate their sufferings by all the appliances science can afford; the poor women—for the most numerous patients are women, and of women more especially mothers—have only the hospital; and if after six months they are declared incurable, they must leave. Where are they to go? Even though the husband may have been able to keep the family together when the mother, the centre of unity, has disappeared—for alas! the case is rarely found—can he receive her? In the little rooms of the crowded tenement-house, can the poor sufferer's wounds be dressed, can she even be tolerated?

In Brussels a poor woman in a hospital had been operated upon four times for cancer, which had nearly destroyed the lower part of her face; the surgeons wished to operate a fifth time; she would not consent, and then she was told to leave. She went home; her husband, a shoemaker, refused to admit her; he said her hideous appearance would drive away customers; and the forlorn creature, turned away from her own door, was fortunately directed to the Calvary, where she lingered four months, attended with the most loving care.

In this great city of New York, so noted for its splendid charitable institutions, the same necessity exists as in the large cities of Europe. The same rule holds in the hospitals; it is just. Why should the incurable be retained when many are clamoring for entrance who may be cured? So, by the eternal rule of the survival of the fittest, the incurable must give way to the curable. But should not some refuge be provided for these miserable outcasts of humanity?

The question of establishing a House of Calvary in New York has been agitated, and we trust the movement may be successful. When it is considered that from Bellevue Hospital alone in 1894 there were eighty-nine cases of cancer discharged as incurable, the necessity cannot be doubted.

It may be suggested that there are so many different foundations recently made for the relief of the poor: the Little Sisters of the Assumption, the Helpers of the Holy Souls, and others who nurse the sick poor in their homes. All praise and

honor to their admirable efforts; but they cannot do the work of the Calvary, which is the dressing of wounds; they cannot go around from house to house with antiseptics and the necessary appliances. In Europe they go hand-in-hand; the visiting orders attend the poor in their homes, and when they find cases that should be cared for in the Calvary they seek admittance for them.

A case in point which occurred here four years ago was that of a young French girl, sixteen years old, an orphan who had been for several months a patient in the Cancer Hospital. The ladies of the French Benevolent Society were interested in her, and as, owing to her frightful appearance, she had been unable to be prepared for her first Communion at the parish church, they wished to give her the necessary instruction. Every facility was accorded to them in the hospital; but the limit of time had passed, and she was obliged to leave. Her position was heartrending; the disease had destroyed her hearing, the palate had been eaten away so that she could with difficulty articulate, the nose was gone, only one eye was intact; the surgeons decided the diseased eye should be extirpated, and she was removed to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, where the society paid for her. The operation was successful, but she could only remain there during her convalescence. Meanwhile, every Catholic hospital and institution was visited to try to find a place for her; the society promised to pay her board, to furnish everything necessary for her complete isolation; all in vain, no one would receive her.

The poor child had manifested the best dispositions for her religious instruction, and wept bitterly when she was taken to the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island. The ladies promised to visit her, which greatly comforted her, and told her they would try to find a home for her in some good French family. At last a woman was found who consented to receive and care for the lonely girl, as her board would be paid; but when the ladies went to the Charity Hospital she was gone, and no tidings have ever been heard of her since. The register was searched, but there was merely the date of her departure; the nurse who had charge of the ward said she believed it was the agent of some institution out of the city who had taken her. Of course she is lost to the faith in which she was baptized, and she may be but one of many. If there had been a Calvary to receive her when discharged from the hospital, how different would have been her fate!

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE OF LISFARRAN.

BY KATHARINE ROCHE.

"I remember the black wharfs and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."—*Longfellow.*

N the sunset glow of a bright June evening a girl, one or two and twenty years of age, was walking rapidly along the chief street of the little sea-port town of Lisfarran. She was clad in a faded print gown, with a dark plaid shawl worn over her head in lieu of a bonnet; but the shawl fell in soft folds round her slender figure, and framed her pale face and golden-brown hair in a way that would have gladdened the heart of a painter; while the brightness and color lacking in both face and dress were supplied by a large bunch of roses and geraniums, interspersed with green fern-fronds and dark ivy sprays, which she carried carefully in her hand.

Steep streets, quitting the main thoroughfare, crept up the hill-side, while farther down were to be seen the masts and shrouds of the ships lying in the large dock-yard that furnished occupation and support to a considerable portion of the inhabitants of the little town.

The girl paused at the open door of one of the tallest and oldest of the houses, and after listening for a moment entered. The house had formerly been a good one, but it was now let in tenements, the ground-floor having been turned into a little shop. A tall, fresh-looking young woman stood inside the counter gossiping with a neighbor, while her husband, whose flat, straw tool-basket showed him to be a carpenter just returned from work, guided the tottering steps of a sturdy child in its promenade up and down the counter.

"It's a fine evening, Maggie," he said to the girl as she entered.

"'Tis, indeed," she answered. "Thanks be to God for that same!"

"Don't go upstairs, Maggie," said his wife; "tea will be ready this minute."

"I want just to put these flowers in water. Where's Johnnie?"

"In bed; his back was very bad this evening, so when Jim come home I just made him carry him up at once. He'll be glad to see the flowers, Maggie."

"I'll take them to him." And she passed swiftly up the stairs.

"How fond she is of that boy, to be sure," said the neighbor.

"Indeed then she is, Mrs. Shea. 'Twas a lucky day for Johnnie when she come to lodge in the house, for, between the shop and the baby and everything else, it's little time I'd have to spare for amusing him; but Maggie, sitting there quiet at her work, can talk to him an' tell him stories by the hour together."

Meantime Margaret had mounted to the topmost story, where her own room was situated. She did not enter it, however, but turned to another door close by, through which were audible the notes of a plaintive air, warbled in a sweet, childish voice. At sight of her the singer broke off with a glad cry.

"Margaret! I was afraid something must have happened to you."

The speaker was a little boy of about ten years of age. Lying as he was upon a low pallet bed, his face only was visible; the features were pretty, lighted up as they were by a pair of large blue eyes, and surrounded by soft, fair curls, but they wore the indescribable look seen only on the faces of the deformed, while a little pair of crutches propped up against the bed gave further evidence of the poor child's helplessness.

Beside the window was a low bench on which stood a little earthen pitcher containing a plant of hart's-tongue fern, and near it a small drawing-board to which was fastened a pencil sketch of the graceful, curving fronds. A few rude drawings of plants and ships were pinned against the whitewashed walls.

"I was afraid something must have happened to you."

"What could have happened to me, Johnnie? Don't you think I am big enough to take care of myself? See what I've brought you."

"O Madge! what lovely flowers. I never saw anything like them. Where *did* you get them?"

"Mrs. Darcy gave them to me. Shall I put them in water for you?"

"Do, please. Put them where I can see them, Madge, please. I want to look at them when I wake in the morning. Now, Madge, look out of the window before it gets quite dark. Look down towards the docks. Do you see a tall mast, right over the roof of the big store?"

"A mast with yards across it? Yes."

"That's the mast of Carlo's ship. She'll be going soon now, so I must try an' get down there to-morrow. I must see Carlo before he goes. O Margaret! if you only heard him sing."

"Was it he that taught you the song you were singing when I came upstairs?"

"Yes; only I don't know all the words yet. I must get them perfect to-morrow."

"Will you have a cup of tea, Johnnie? Nellie says it's ready below."

"No, thank you, Madge. Jim brought me an orange when he come home, an' I've no mind for anything else. Go down to your own tea."

"Will you sing yourself to sleep?"

"If I can; do you go down anyway. *Felicissima notte, Margherita.*"

"Is that French, Johnnie?"

"No, Italian. Carlo's teaching me. Oh! I know lots of words. I'll teach them to you if you like."

"Thank you, Johnnie; some day when I've time. Now, good-night, an' go to sleep soon."

But when, some two hours later, Margaret passed up again to her own room she heard the little voice still singing the plaintive Italian hymn.

Poor little Johnnie was Jim's brother; he had been a cripple from his babyhood, and since his mother's death he had always lived with Jim, who was very kind to him in his own rough way. Margaret Hayes had come to lodge with them when the death of her parents obliged her to leave her country home and seek employment in a town; she and Johnnie had taken a fancy to each other from the first, and her stories and songs beguiled many a weary hour when his pain was too bad to allow of his even sitting up to draw, which was his favorite occupation. She it was who had taught him to write, and who had so far improved upon the foundation laid by Jim's painstaking efforts as to make reading a pleasure instead of a labor to him.

II.

"It's a very beautiful picture, Giovanni. If you work hard, you will one day be a great painter, *figlio mio.*"

Johnnie was seated upon a coil of rope on the deck of the barque *Bianca*, while his friend Carlo, leaning against the bulwark close by, was examining a pencil sketch which Johnnie had just put into his hand. Carlo was a picturesque figure with his blue shirt and crimson cap, and dark, bright-eyed Italian face; altogether a contrast to the pale little cripple in dingy, worn clothes who sat beside him.

The sketch which Carlo held was an attempt at Margaret's portrait.

"It's like a Madonna," said the sailor presently. "Is she as beautiful as you have made her Giovannino?"

"I think she's much more beautiful," answered Johnnie; "but do you know, Carlo, Jim says that she's quite ugly because she's so pale and thin. That's why I like her. I like pale faces best."

"And I also," said Carlo. "I would wish much to see this Margherita of yours, Giovanni."

"Couldn't you come down to our place? You could buy something in the shop; we've good tobacco I know; an' then maybe Nelly would ask you to tea."

Johnnie gave this very guarded invitation with considerable hesitation, being by no means clear as to the extent of his privileges in his sister-in-law's house.

"I cannot come this time, *figlio mio;* we sail this evening at the turn of the tide. Next year, perhaps, I will come."

"Will you be away a whole year?" asked Johnnie wistfully.

"Perhaps not quite a whole year, but it will be summer again before we come. We go to Melbourne this voyage. I will keep this picture to remind me of you and of Margherita, and you must not forget me, Giovannino mio."

"Forget you!" sobbed Johnnie; "I could not do that, not if I tried ever so hard."

About a fortnight after the departure of the *Bianca*, as Margaret was sitting at tea with Jim and his wife, the former said suddenly:

"By the by, Maggie, that foreign chap that Johnnie's so fond of is back here again."

"Back again!" said Margaret. "I thought he was to be a year away."

"So he thought himself; but some of the crew of the ship mutinied, an' tried to shoot the captain, an' they had to put back. But for Johnnie's friend the captain would have been killed. 'Twas he that saw the fellow taking aim, an' struck up his hand, so that the ball went into the captain's shoulder instead of through his heart. He contrived to get hold of the revolver then, an' shot one of the fellows, an' frightened the rest until help came an' they were put in irons."

"Shot him!" said Margaret; "was the man killed?"

"No, only lamed for life; an' serve him right too; what business had he to shoot the captain?"

"Them foreign sailors are very treacherous," said Nelly.

"But this wasn't a foreigner at all, but a man from this very place. Delany his name is, and he was the ringleader an' set the other men on. It's all in to-day's paper."

Taking the paper, Margaret went upstairs to Johnnie's room. The poor little fellow was worse than usual, and had remained in bed all day, so that he had not seen the *Bianca*, although she was at anchor in the river directly opposite. Now, however, Margaret managed to move his bed close to the window, thus affording him ocular demonstration of the truth of at least a part of her news, which he had at first been inclined to consider too good to be true. Then, sitting down beside him, she read the newspaper report aloud, becoming as much interested in the narrative of Carlo's heroism as was Johnnie himself. The latter being familiar with every nook and corner of the *Bianca*, was able to realize the whole scene and to add many graphic touches from his own imagination to the somewhat meagre newspaper report.

"I shouldn't wonder if Carlo was to be made first mate now, Madge," he said. "O Madge! I must get up to-morrow whatever way I'll be, an' try to get aboard of her. I want to hear all about it from Carlo himself."

But the following morning found poor Johnnie worse rather than better; the excitement had told on him, and a sleepless, feverish night left him totally unable to rise. It was a bitter disappointment to him, and his grief resisted all attempts at consolation.

One morning Johnnie awoke, according to his usual custom, very early, and propping himself up in his bed, which was drawn close to the window, amused himself by studying his little world in its morning aspect. Very beautiful it looked in the fresh, bright childhood of the day, undisturbed as yet by human

cares or sorrows. The only sounds to be heard were the shrill cries of the sea-birds, and the splash of the little waves as they broke against the steep sides of the railway embankment. Presently, however, Johnnie saw a little boat put out from its shelter under the black hull of the *Bianca*, and full of the hope that it might be bringing Carlo ashore, the little boy watched it eagerly as it made its way across the water, the sunlight gleaming on the shower of drops caused by each dip of the oars. At last it reached the shore at a distance of about a hundred yards farther up the river, and a tall, red-capped figure, whom Johnnie recognized as Carlo, sprang out, and, stooping down, began to secure the little boat to the side of the embankment. As he did so another figure, hitherto concealed by some bushes, crept stealthily forward and dealt the sailor a heavy blow which felled him to the earth.

Johnnie's piercing scream summoned Margaret, who had risen early in order to finish some work, and who was already dressed. She found the little boy almost in convulsions; he could only point in the direction of what he had seen, and gasp out Carlo's name. Margaret looked from the window, and perceived a tall, powerfully built man dragging an apparently lifeless form up the embankment.

"What's the matter, Johnnie? Is that Carlo? Is he hurt?"

"I saw the man kill him," gasped Johnnie. "He knocked him down as he got out of the boat."

"My God!" exclaimed Margaret, who was looking out of the window, "he is laying him right across the rails."

"O Margaret! run, save him; maybe he's not dead," screamed Johnnie.

"I'm going, Johnnie; don't be frightened; there 'll be no train for an hour yet."

"But there will," said Johnnie wildly. "Jim said last night that a special was to come down from Marshport this morning with men to unload that corn vessel that came in yesterday."

Margaret waited to hear no more, but flew down the stairs. No one else in the house was stirring; she presently found herself standing, breathless and somewhat bruised, in the midst of the rails and sleepers on the line. She made her way along the rough track with all possible speed, looking anxiously to the right and to the left in the hope of seeing some one from whom she might obtain assistance. But no one was stirring at that early hour; the assailant even had disappeared, and nothing human was to be seen save the inanimate form lying mo-

tionless across the rails. Presently she reached it; it was that of a dark, foreign-looking young man, dressed in the blue shirt and crimson cap so often described by Johnnie. His face was deadly pale, the eyes half closed, and the parted lips wearing an expression of pain. Margaret thought at first that he was dead, and that all she could do was to save his body from mutilation by the passing train. She tried to lift him to a place of safety, but he was a tall, powerfully-built man, and Margaret a slight and fragile girl. She called loudly for help, but no answer came; but instead she heard a shrill whistle, and looking up, saw the dreaded train rounding a curve at some little distance.

Margaret had not lived for three years close to a line of railway and in constant association with porters and signal men without having picked up certain bits of information concerning their rules and customs. Keeping her place in the middle of the line she raised her arms high above her head and stood there, steadily facing the oncoming train. A succession of shrill whistles soon told her that she had been seen by the engine-driver; the steam was shut off, and she could distinguish the creak of the brakes amid the tumult of sounds which filled her ears and added to her terror. But still the pitiless monster came on and on, and still Margaret held her ground, knowing by instinct rather than reason that were she to move to a place of safety the driver, thinking that the obstacle had been removed, and not seeing, perhaps, the prostrate form on the rails, might cease his efforts and allow the train to proceed. It was close upon her now; she had lost the power to move by this time, and stood gazing straight before her as if fascinated, until her limbs failed her, and she sank with a cry of terror to the ground and fainted. A dash of cold water on her face at length restored her fully to herself, and sitting upright she found herself surrounded by a little crowd of workmen, wondering, compassionating, and speculating as to the origin of the present state of affairs. Some were busying themselves about Carlo, while half a dozen of the strongest kept guard over a slouching, hang-dog figure, that of the author of the mischief, whom they had unearthed from his hiding-place among some bushes.

Many and eager were the questions which Margaret had to answer, and loud and deep the execrations lavished on the would-be murderer, who was now recognized as Delany, the brother of the mutineer shot by Carlo, and whom the evidence

of the latter would undoubtedly go far to convict. It was now clear that the object of the crime was to put Carlo out of the way before the trial. A doctor had been summoned, who, after having examined Carlo, declared him to be still alive, although suffering from concussion of the brain caused by the blow.

III.

The next few weeks were trying ones to Margaret, Johnnie's condition being very precarious. As day by day the reports of Carlo's condition became more reassuring, Johnnie's anxiety merged itself in a fear lest he himself should be unable to attend at the trial of Delany for the attempted murder of Carlo. Both he and Margaret had been subpœnaed, and he had set his heart, with all the feverish impatience of a sick child, upon hearing the trial and contributing his share of the evidence that was to bring Carlo's enemy to justice. As the day of the trial approached, however, the danger and difficulty of moving him became more and more apparent; his presence in court was not absolutely necessary, his deposition having already been taken by a magistrate, while Margaret could bear witness to everything save the actual striking of the blow. A doctor's certificate that he was unable to attend was therefore obtained, and Johnnie, to his extreme disappointment, was compelled to remain at home.

Margaret's preoccupation and anxiety about Johnnie prevented in some degree her realizing what would have caused her considerable annoyance had she been conscious of it, the sensation created by her appearance in court. Her perfect simplicity and a certain quiet dignity carried her safely through the ordeal, enabling her to repel almost without being aware of them all insinuations that her heroism had been inspired by Carlo's *beaux yeux*. She might not, perhaps, have been quite so self-possessed had she known that throughout her evidence those same brilliant dark eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of intense and passionate admiration.

On reaching home she found Johnnie much worse; that day's disappointment, added to the terror and anxiety of the past weeks, had been too much for him, and the doctor whom she hastily summoned shook his head and declared that in his opinion the child had not many days to live.

Johnnie himself seemed conscious of his approaching end, and many a chance word of his during the day went to Margaret's heart. His great wish was to see Carlo once more,

and Margaret promised that Jim should go to Marshport early next morning, find Carlo, and tell him of Johnnie's wish. Of Carlo's readiness to comply with it Margaret had no doubt.

Towards evening the child's restlessness increased, and on Margaret's return to his room after a short absence she found him with his face buried in the pillow, his fragile little frame shaken by convulsive sobs.

"Johnnie, Johnnie, don't!" said Margaret, kneeling down by him. "Tell me what is the matter, darling."

"Will nobody find Carlo?" sobbed the poor child. "I *cannot* die without seeing him."

"He'll come to-morrow, Johnnie, never fear."

"To-morrow won't do; I must see him to-night. Go and find him for me, Margaret—you never refused me anything before."

"I'll go," said Margaret, rising; "but you must be very good and not cry while I am away, Johnnie."

Margaret's search for Carlo was not unsuccessful. She met a policeman who knew the Italian, and who undertook to convey the message to him.

When his voice was heard in the shop Johnnie sat up in bed; and, as Carlo entered, he stretched out his arms to him with a glad cry. The sailor knelt down by his side, caressing him and speaking soft words in his own tongue.

"I am so glad," said Johnnie. "I was afraid that I'd have to die without seeing you, Carlo. I was beginning to think that you had forgotten me."

"I only came out of the hospital yesterday, Giovannino mio, and no one told me that you were ill. I did not even know, until I heard it to-day in the court, who it was that had saved my life."

"It was Margaret," said Johnnie.

"Margaret and you, also. But for you no person would have come to my aid, and the train would have passed over me and crushed me to death."

"What's to be done to Delany, Carlo?"

"He is condemned to ten years' imprisonment—what is the word?—penal servitude."

"And the mutineers?"

"One of them, twenty years; the others, each fifteen."

"I'm glad they're not to be hanged," said Johnnie. "I was wishing at first that they would be, but Margaret said it was wrong to wish that."

After a pause he continued: "You must take my rosary, Carlo—the one Margaret gave me"; and drawing the little chaplet of colored beads from under his pillow he put it into his friend's hand. "You must keep it always to remind you of Margaret an' me."

"Always," repeated Carlo. "But I need nothing to remind me either of you or of Margherita, Giovannino."

After a time Margaret went downstairs, leaving them together. When she returned, after the lapse of half an hour, she found Johnnie asleep, his hand in that of his friend.

"Do not disturb him," whispered Carlo; "I can wait."

Margaret seated herself on the stairs outside, knitting in hand. The last remnants of the twilight faded away, and Carlo's motionless figure grew less and less distinct. Then the moon rose, shining on the opposite hills, and silvering the river, and still Johnnie did not stir. At length Carlo beckoned to her and she went in.

"He is very cold," he whispered.

She touched the brow and disengaged hand, and, startled by the deadly chill she felt, bent over him to listen to his breathing. None was perceptible. Much alarmed, she brought a light, which showed her a quiet little, pale face still wearing the smile with which he had greeted his friend.

IV.

One sultry evening towards the end of the summer Margaret was sitting in the shop. She heard a step, and looking up, saw a man standing outside the counter.

"What can I do for you, sir?" she asked as she rose. He paused a moment, and she was about to repeat her question when he spoke.

"Signora."

She knew the voice instantly.

"O Carlo!" she exclaimed, "we thought you had sailed."

"The *Bianca* is in Liverpool, where we remain until the health of the captain is re-established. He still suffers from his wounds. I have returned to Lisfarran to say adieu to my friends."

"I hope you are quite well yourself."

"Quite well now, signora, and fortunate. I am now first mate, and my employers have promised that when Captain Marullo retires, as he speaks of doing after our next voyage, I am to have command of the ship."

"I am glad," said Margaret. "How pleased Johnnie would be if he were alive, poor little soul!"

"I grieve from my heart that he is not," said the sailor.

They were both silent for a few minutes, and then Carlo said:

"Signora, I have never yet thanked you for having saved my life. I did not know until the day of the trial that it was you who had done so, and since then I did not wish to intrude upon your grief. If I might but speak in my own tongue I could thank you, but I have no words in this stiff, hard English which would express all that is in my heart. My mother will pray for you, Margherita, when she learns what you have done for her son."

"Your mother!" said Margaret. "When I think of her I always feel so glad that Johnnie was at the window that morning."

"Is it only for the sake of my mother? Are you not even a little rejoiced for my own?"

"Of course I am, but somehow I think most of your mother."

"But I want you to think most of me. As I said just now, I did not wish to speak of my own feelings before; but now I must do so, as my time here is short. Margherita, Johnnie has spoken to me about you, oh! many times, before I had ever seen you, and he gave me your picture, a picture that he had made himself. I put it into my prayer-book—the book that my mother gave me—and I looked at it every day, and every day I said to myself 'That is the woman I should like for my wife.' And when I had seen you, and knew what you had done for me, I said it a hundred times a day. And now I say it to you, and I ask if you will not try to love me."

Surprise and terror, and something wonderfully like joy, kept Margaret silent. Carlo took both her hands in his and held them fast, as he leaned across the counter, trying to read her face in the fading light.

"Will you not try?" he said.

"Oh, no no! I cannot."

"Why not? I would take you away from this cold, sad land; you would sail with me in the *Bianca;* the captain permits it. I would bring you to my own Italy, where the sun always shines, and my mother would love you as I do."

The picture thus presented had its charm for the lonely girl. Carlo saw his advantage and followed it up.

"Will you not come with me to my mother?"

"Your mother and I would not understand one another," said Margaret, half laughing. "I don't know your language."

"You will soon learn it. I will teach you. Say this after me: *Buona sera.*"

"I know the meaning of that," said Margaret. "Johnnie taught me."

"Say it; try to pronounce it." She did so.

"That is good. Another: *Felicissima notte.*" Good again. "Now, try once more: *Io tiamo, carissimo mio.*" She repeated the words, quite unconscious of their meaning.

"*Bene; benissimo.* You will soon speak it better than I do," cried Carlo joyously. "And, now that you have said you love me, it is all right."

"I did not say that!" exclaimed Margaret.

"But you did; you did say it to me now, in my own tongue."

"I did not know what I was saying. You ought not to have done that," said Margaret, much confused.

"But you have said it, and it is true. Is it not so?"

"I don't know," said Margaret slowly. "You were always kind and good to my little Johnnie, and he loved you."

"And you will love me for his sake?"

"I will try," whispered Margaret.

When Nelly returned from her tea-party she was met by a new Margaret; a bright, happy-looking girl, who threw her arms round her friend's neck, saying:

"Nelly, Carlo has been here; his ship has not really sailed yet. She is in Liverpool. Carlo has been made first mate—and I have promised to marry him."

"Well, to be sure!" said Nelly. "Promised to marry him! Then I'm thinking, my dear, that you'll have to keep your word."

A STUDY OF THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

BY REV. PATRICK F. McSWEENY, D.D.

"REMEMBER that thou keep the Sabbath Day." The precept of God himself is, of course, the highest motive for the preservation of the glorious Christian Sunday which as a memorial of Christ's Resurrection has taken the place of the Saturday of the Old Law. What can be more edifying than the spectacle which is presented on the Lord's Day? Where the din and bustle of commerce and toil were to be heard and seen during six long days, there is now no sound but that of the church-bells calling men to prayer. From early morning to afternoon the silent throngs can be seen wending their way to God's House, whence they emerge again refreshed and fortified in spirit for the battle of life. As a consequence there are equality and brotherhood and peace among men for one day at least in the week, since they are brought into the presence of God, before whose majesty all the distinctions of class, of power, and of wealth pale away so as to become trifling. In his church the pomp and pride of the great excite our contempt quite as much as that of the man of whom Sydney Smith speaks, who, being in possession of two pence, despised his fellow for having only three half-pence. Thus, since the Sunday is the great equalizer, it is especially in place in a democracy, and, of all lands, in the United States. It may be compared to the day as distinct from the night. Some stars are brighter than others before dawn, but when the sun rises in the east they all alike become invisible. Hence the Sunday is the poor man's day especially—his day of freedom from toil and from servitude. Take it away and there is no oasis in his desert, nothing to cheer him in the monotonous routine of work. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Give up the Sunday, and he will be changed into a dull and hopeless brute; or, if his spirit be not entirely smothered, he will become an enemy of the society which will have turned him into a discontented slave.

Now, this day of rest is lost if the liquor-stores be opened, for then the other businesses will follow suit, and New York will

become another Paris. *Principiis obsta!* Stop the leaks in the dam.

How ludicrous, then, is it not to hear the abolition of its observance advocated in the name of "liberty" for the toiler; and by whom? By some of the keepers of saloons. These gentlemen, who can make a day of rest whenever they choose, and who extend their hospitality to the laborer for six days in the week, cannot forsooth abide his absence even on the seventh. They are lonesome without their beloved guest, and like jealous lovers, their affection is so great for him that they cannot bear that even his wife and children should have any share in it. It is said that love is seldom lost, so the toilers reciprocate with a generosity which is almost beyond belief.

A great manufacturing company in Massachusetts recently paid their workmen on Saturday evening seven hundred ten-dollar bills, each bill being marked. By the following Tuesday four hundred and ten of these marked bills were deposited in the bank by the saloon-keepers of the town. Four thousand and one hundred dollars had passed from the hands of workmen on Saturday night and Sunday, and left them nothing to show for this great sum of money but headaches and poverty in their homes. Well might these men cry out to the state: Save us from ourselves! and their hapless wives and children: Save us from our husbands and fathers on the Lord's Day, at least!

Saturday night is a time of joy to the wearied toiler, for it is full of anticipation of freedom and rest on the morrow; but the open saloon turns it into the most melancholy evening of the week. The children, who under other circumstances would run to meet him, quake with fear when their father's step is heard upon the stairs. The saloon-men talk of liberty, but it is liberty to be brutal to those whom men love, liberty even to murder the wives of their bosoms. To show that this is no exaggeration, it is only necessary to glance at the newspapers on any Monday morning.

All praise, then, to Theodore Roosevelt, who has had the grit and courage to grapple with this apparently all-powerful monster—the saloon—in the big city of New York. Here there is not question of politics; there is question of religion and public decency. What nobler cause could any man champion than that of the helpless women and children of the poor? It is no wonder that he was cheered to the echo at the great Catholic Total Abstinence Convention of last August. When

we think of the curses loud and deep which, as is well known to the missionary priest in New York, are called down upon the destroyer of domestic peace and happiness, it is hard to see how he has the hardihood to open his mouth at all, when there is question of closing his den of villany on the Lord's Day, and how he does not fear to be struck by the lightning of an avenging God. I have known saloon-keepers who are in the business much against their will, as they landed in this country without art or trade, or even physical strength to make a living in any other way—and they were good men too—to be ashamed to put their names over the door, and to denounce it themselves, warning their children never to enter into it. These men, I am happy to say, are not seen in the vulgar and disgusting parades which are made in our streets; they feel that until, to use the words of the Third Council of Baltimore, "they *can* abandon the dangerous traffic and embrace a more becoming way of making a living," they should at least make no opposition to the enforcement of the Sunday Law.

This circumstance methinks accounts for the apparent apathy of many Catholics, at a time when zealous co-operation with the upholders of the right would seem to be demanded more of them as children of Christ's Church than of any others. They naturally regret that friends and even relatives of theirs, otherwise good men, should be in the enemy's ranks, and they fear to shoot lest they should fall.

If some who are not of the faith were similarly placed, they also would probably be somewhat less demonstrative. It reminds one of the magnificent generosity in which men sometimes indulge when there is question of the property of their neighbors. But as to the doctrine and the principle no man worthy of the name of Catholic has any doubt in his mind, and none will be more ready to make sacrifices in its behalf, a trait which we might say, without being accused of partiality, is characteristic of the children of the church.

As we are making apologies, we may attempt to answer the reproach, which is often hurled at certain classes of citizens, that they seem to be less public-spirited and to vote and to work less for ideas than other citizens—to put it in plain words: that they seem to think, talk, and work more for material comfort, food, drink, etc.; if you choose, political offices and political jobs. They seem to be so intent on improving their individual positions that they turn a deaf ear to talk about the interests of the country, and of the people in general, more especially for

the *future;* asking, like the famous Sir Boyle Roche, "What has posterity done for us that we should trouble ourselves about posterity?" In fact they seem to be oblivious even of the future life.

Well, they are in the position of the parched and famished shipwrecked mariners who, having finally reached land, rushed frantically for the nearest spring to quench their burning thirst. Were even the greatest thinkers and the unselfish patriots, who work only for the public good, in such a strait, would human nature, common to us all, permit them to do otherwise? At the other side of the Atlantic many of these good citizens or their parents were accustomed to eat no other food than boiled chestnuts, and had no other drink than water. Not long ago, as we read in the papers, whole communities of European men and women went out into the fields and ate grass, like Nabuchodonosor, for want of better food.

Is it any wonder that, when they reach this Promised Land, they seem to make a god of their bellies, so that drink and good food seem to them the one thing necessary? The hard-worked negro of ante-war times placed the sum-total of happiness in having plenty of watermelons, and in having nothing to do but to swing upon a gate.

These things will be remedied in time. When these people shall have been finally fed up to their satisfaction, they, or at least the survivors not killed off by gluttony, will raise their heads out of the trough—"exaltabunt caput" *propterea;* that is—to use a very liberal translation—*being finally filled*, and will then give their minds to higher thoughts. We have heard of one case which will serve as an illustration of the present rage for sensual enjoyment. One gentleman was visiting a few others in a certain town. When he entered the place his friends were all engaged in fortifying and comforting the inner man with food, drink, and tobacco smoke, although it was not long after dinner. They very kindly invited the new-comer to partake also of their pleasures. When he respectfully declined, one of them, with astonishment depicted on his countenance, addressed him thus: Will you drink something? No, thank you. Will you smoke? No, thank you. Will you have something to eat? No, thank you; I dined not long since. Well! exclaimed his interlocutor, what *do* you do anyhow?—implying that there could not possibly be any other occupation for a man of sense.

This natural effect of conditions antecedent will explain, I think, the seeming indifference with which that class regards

the abolition of the glorious American Sunday, and even their tacit acquiescence in, not to say silent sympathy with, the efforts of the Sabbath-breakers. They and even their children often are not yet at leisure to think. The memory of old times still haunts them and they can as yet scarcely realize that they are safe from starvation, and look with suspicion upon all efforts which are made to cut off the supplies on Sundays or week-days.

But there are indeed, I fear, others who, while claiming to be Catholics, distinguish themselves by trying to defeat both church and state, and in their "grasping avarice would not spare even one day to God" (Council of Baltimore). Such men, I have no hesitation in saying, should be *compelled* to adapt themselves to the salutary customs which they found established in this country, as an act of mercy to themselves as well as to their hapless victims, and Catholics should acknowledge no fellowship with them.

Even during the short time in which the Sunday law has been enforced it has been a blessing to the people of New York, and I do believe that many of the drinkers themselves are thankful for it. Their wives and children are certainly delighted. "Out of the mouth of infants and of sucklings thou hast perfected praise" (Psalm viii. 3).

We are told by some that, if they cannot enter the saloon, men will buy liquor and drink more of it in their homes. This, I feel certain, is not true, as very many of the abuses of drinking are caused by the "treating" custom. Besides, in his home the man is restrained by his wife and family. Moreover, even if he continues his habit of wasting his money at the bar, he must cease to do so at midnight; whereas before he had still all of Sunday in which to continue his lavish expenditures, so that now much of his weekly wages can hardly fail to reach his family, and even if they have to take it out of his pockets, at least there is something left in his pockets. Before this the barkeeper emptied them completely. Then they tell us that he will get his beer or liquor outside of the city. Better so; he will have farther to go for it and his wife will see that he has less to spend, even if he does not use some of it for paying her fare out of the teeming town to the health-giving air of Coney Island or some other place.

I have perambulated the tenements as a priest for thirty-three years, and I ought to know something about them.

Let all who love God and the people stand firm for the Sunday.

Legislative Library
Ontario

CLOISTER OF SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE.

A MORNING IN FLORENCE.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

THE fevered heat of summer was past, and the Arno was rippled by the revivifying breeze of mid-October.

Two youths who had met, approaching from opposite directions, stood in the Piazza San Marco, which thirty years later was to be the heart of Florentine life, vitalized as it then was by the enigmatical prior of San Marco, Savonarola, who, whatever the weaknesses of his great nature, greatly loved his *bella Firenze*.

One of these young men, who must have been twenty years old, rather heavily built, with thick waving hair, and strong, virile features, doffed his velvet cap with half-serious, half-mocking deference to the other, who was three years his senior, more delicately formed, his merry smile as he returned the salutation belying the dreamy pensiveness of the large, drooping eyes. A little boy of ten years, with a long, sensitive face, clung to the hand of the latter, and shrank back as the first speaker advanced.

"Ah, Sandro! have you heard the news from Spoleto?" he

cried. "But I see you have, and are consoling the master's little *protégé*, Filippino, here."

"Yes, Ghirlandajo," replied Sandro Botticelli, using the surname which had descended to the artist from his father, and was given to him as the inventor of the silver garlands worn as jewelry by the Florentine women, "Fra Filippo Lippi is dead, on the tenth, now three days ago, leaving his frescoes upon which he was working at Spoleto unfinished, and Florence without his equal."

In the Suburbs of Florence.

"Not so think all of us, Sandro, my poet," replied Ghirlandajo. "Some of us say that Botticelli is greater than his master, and easily first of us all."

Botticelli flushed, for though he was accounted a madcap by his comrades, and his jokes were the delight and torment of the studio, yet he was sensitive as a girl, and for a moment was at loss to reply to Ghirlandajo's praise. "The frate studied under Masaccio, and I under the frate—" he began, but Ghirlandajo interrupted him.

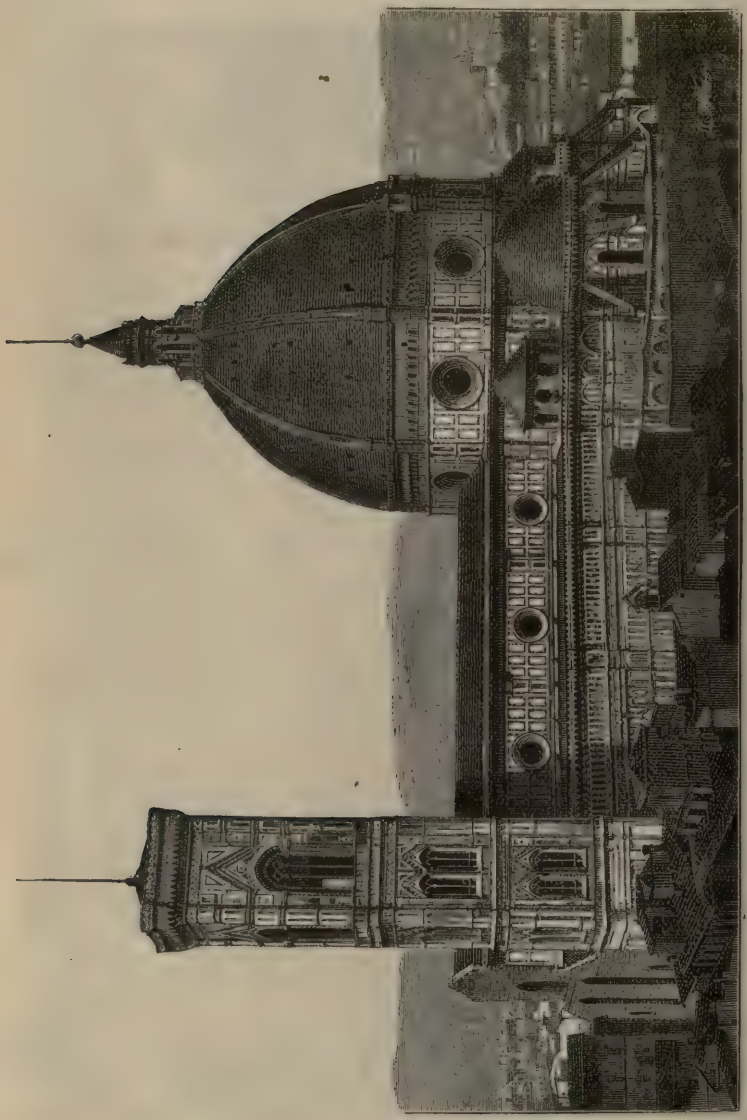
"All of which means nothing. Fra Angelico painted souls, here in San Marco. Fra Filippo—rest be his—" again letting the wind toss his thick hair as he removed his purple cap. "Fra Lippo Lippi painted bodies, and the common folks of Florence. You, my lover of Dante and my poet, you paint souls and bodies and minds, and you see what we purblind moles have not learned of Nature's secrets."

Florence.

"Stop, Domenico; I'll have no more of this disparagement of your own genius," said Botticelli, bursting into a merry laugh. "You are slow to develop the gifts you have, but they are there, and I prophesy that one day our Florence will be proud of you. And since I am beginning to prophesy, let me add another," he continued, drawing the little boy whom he held by the hand forward into view. "Here is Filippino Lippi, and I have discovered in these little fingers a very pretty trick with the brushes. I am going to take him under my tuition, since Fra Lippo is dead, and I predict that he will one day stand high among our fraternity of makers of pictures."

Little Filippino stood on one foot, hanging back from Ghirlandajo's gaze.

"Well, he is a lucky boy to be taken in hand by Florence's



The Cathedral and Giotto's Campanile.

greatest painter," Ghirlandajo said, kindly tipping backward the child's thin face, and releasing it with a farewell pat.

"See, here come Luca della Robbia and Andrea. Did it ever occur to you what a rich period this is for our art in Florence? The Angelical Frate and Masaccio only a few years

gone from us; Lippi scarcely dead, the Robbias very much alive, and—"

"You and I ditto," interrupted Botticelli, laughing his gay laugh.

The Loggia di Lanzi.

"Yes, I have thought of it, my Domenico. See old Luca; he begins to bend under his sixty-nine years, and he needs his nephew's young arm to lean upon. He is the master, if you

will, Domenico. Who but he could have made those wonderful bronze doors of the sacristy in the cathedral?"

"I am not sure that Andrea could not," answered Ghirlandajo. "He presses closely on his uncle's fame, and is not yet twenty-five."

"Ah, yes! but those singing boys of the frieze in front of the organ," exclaimed Botticelli enthusiastically. "They are old Luca's own, and nobody could equal them; but I am glad to think that Andrea can carry on fame as well as name, for in the course of nature Luca must soon leave us. Good morrow, good Messeri della Robbia; we are discussing art and artists in Florence, led thereto by the news which comes from Spoleto of Fra Lippo Lippi's death, which doubtless you have heard."

"Yes," answered Luca della Robbia, returning gravely the young men's salutations, "I have seen the giants all go: Ghiberti, Fra Angelico, Masaccio, and now Fra Lippo Lippi. There is none left, and Florence's glory is departing."

"You are a wholesome corrective to my possible vanity, good Father Luca," laughed Botticelli, throwing up his cap and catching it again like a school-boy. "Ghirlandajo here has been pandering to it."

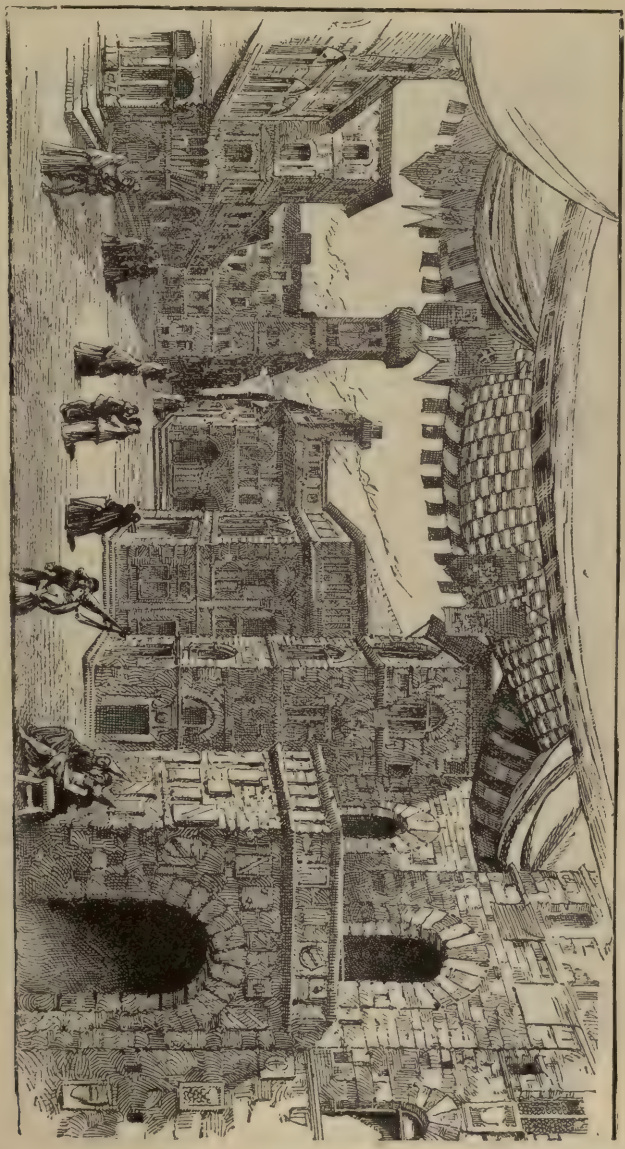
"And justly," said Andrea della Robbia decidedly. "Messer Sandro, to praise is justice, and not necessarily pandering to vanity. My uncle is old, and it is notorious that to old men the past is best—its weather, its heroes, and its glories."

Luca della Robbia waved his hand. "You are young, all young," he said. "We must leave the question of merit to posterity, to which we shall all be old. Sandro, can you tell me of the poor frate's circumstances? What will become of his six nieces, dependent upon him for support; and of this little man, whom I take to be his adopted son, Filippino?"

"I cannot tell you as to the nieces, Messer Luca," replied Botticelli, "for the frate has been away, as you know, some time, and I have heard no one speak of them since I quitted his studio; but I fear they are left destitute by his death, since, as you say, he was their only maintenance. But Filippino here is to be an artist, as great as his adopted father, and I have undertaken his instruction."

"You are a queer mixture of gaiety and something like sadness, my Sandro," said Andrea della Robbia, laying his hand affectionately on the young painter's shoulder. "All your geese are swans, and you are as full of jests as Santa Croce of

tombs; though it's not a very appropriate simile, and must have been suggested by Fra Lippo's death. Yet in your madonnas is shadowed forth all the pain and yearning of human nature.



The Piazza del Duomo in Dante's Time.

How is it, Sandro, you who love Dante and illustrate him, and know our Boccaccio by heart—are you jester or saint, poet or painter?"

"A true artist must be a bit of all, I fancy, Andrea," answered Botticelli, smiling. "A little bit saint, and sometimes

the other. Often sad, yet ready to laughter when in tears. And as to poet and painter, they are terms interchangeable and one; for Dante painted heaven in words, as we with brushes, and both are comprehended in the true artist."

"Hear, hear Sandro!" cried Ghirlandajo and Andrea.

Cemetery of San Miniato.

"Poet and painter, and now orator." While Luca della Robbia added gravely: "You speak truly, my son, and all mankind, or the comprehension of it, is bound up, he can never define how, in the consciousness of the artist."

"Who comes here—the Signor Doctor?" suddenly asked Ghirlandajo.

"Yes, and in him comes a lover of artists," said Andrea della Robbia. "I wonder if he knows that Fra Lippo Lippi is dead."

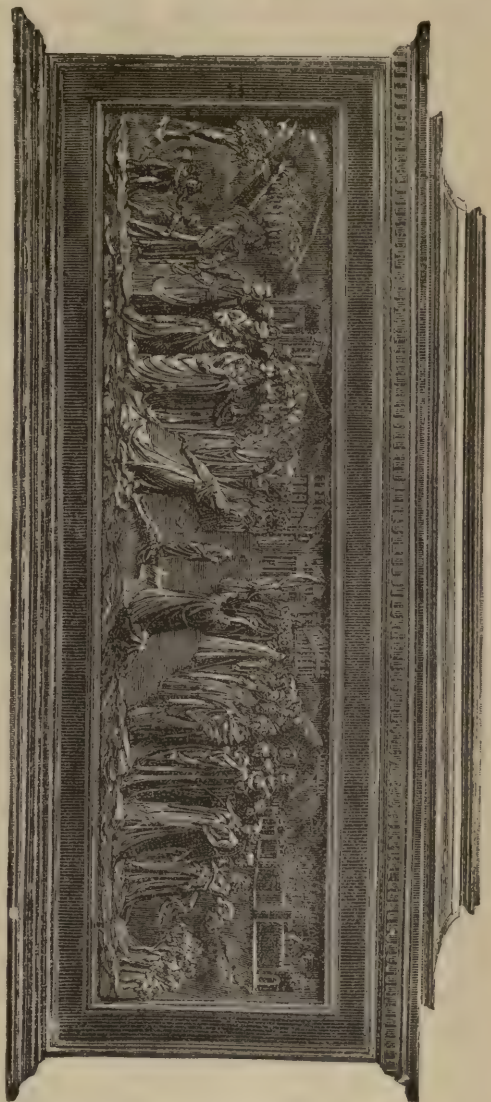
"Good morning, Signor Medicus," said the three younger men, baring their heads, while Luca della Robbia saluted with a cordial gesture as the newcomer drew near.

"Have you heard the news from Spoleto?" asked Ghirlandajo.

"Not I; I have been beyond the gate," replied the doctor. "What is the news from Spoleto?"

"Fra Lippo Lippi is dead, leaving his frescoes unfinished."

"Dead! Alas! the loss to Florence, and to art generally," said the doctor in tones of genuine regret. "We are growing old, Signor Luca, you and I, and we have seen Florence's greatest painters pass. Now there are none save these two youngsters to carry on the noble inheritance."



Shrine of St. Zenobius.

"And here is another, according to Sandro," said Andrea della Robbia, touching the shoulder of the shrinking child, still clinging to Botticelli's hand. "This is Filippino Lippi, the frate's adopted son, whom Botticelli is to train, and of whom he predicts great things, glory to art and to Florence."

The doctor laughed good-humoredly. "Perhaps; at my age one believes less easily in prodigies. My errand has been life, not death," he continued. "I was called out to Suffignano to

bring into the world a young peasant of the house of Baccio. I saw him baptized Bartolommeo, for he was not so sure of living as a young peasant should be, and I came away rather wondering why I took the trouble to go so far for such an insignificant person's arrival."

"The doctor is always surprised by his occasional lapses into Christian charity," remarked Botticelli so gravely that they all laughed, for the doctor's kindness to the poor was well known in Florence, and it was not unusual for him to go great distances to help those from whom he could not hope for the smallest return.

"I for one must say *addio*," said Botticelli, "for Filippino here is shifting from foot to foot, in a way that suggests weariness of our companionship and approaching hunger."

"I'll go with you, Sandro, as far as my studio," said Ghirlandajo, "for I hear my canvases calling across the Arno. Good-day, Messeri della Robbia; good-day, Signor Esculapius." And the two great painters walked away with a wave of their velvet caps, fading down the street from the eyes of their friends, growing dim, as we see them now through the long perspective of five hundred years.

"Your arm, Andrea," said Luca della Robbia, as he and the doctor parted. "I shall not trouble you long."

Yet for thirteen more years the hale old sculptor was to walk the streets of his beloved Florence, which delighted to return to him the honor he had bestowed upon her.

And could they have all seen a little way into the future of their city, they would have beheld the convent of San Marco, before which they stood, bombarded by an angry mob, clamoring for the blood of its prior, who was defended by the frail child that day born in Suffignano, great among the greatest, the third monk painter of Florence, Fra Bartolommeo. For the life of the little peasant boy, begun that year when Fra Lippo Lippi's ended, was to close in that convent of San Marco, in fulfilment of a vow made at the death of Savonarola, whom he deeply revered. His brush has given to the fortunate world madonnas stately, pure, tender, dignified in conception, harmonious in color. And Botticelli and Ghirlandajo lived to rejoice in the addition to their Florentine painters of the gentle Fra Bartolommeo, whose birth was announced to them as they discussed the loss of Fra Lippo that morning in Florence.

NOTE.—Authorities differ as to the year of Fra Bartolommeo's birth; some giving it as 1469, the date of Fra Lippo Lippi's death, others making it a few years later. For the purposes of this little sketch the earlier date has been accepted, which at most cannot be more than five years previous to the event.

WHO IS ST. NICOLAS?

BY W. J. D. CROKE.

GOOD St. Nicolas is one of the unforgotten Saints, and this is a considerable distinction. It is likely, moreover, that he will long be such, for his glory has been secularized, and not only is his name in all the churches, but it is familiar in the least Christian home. And if this be true of western Europe and the large regions which are, in some way, its moral dependencies, his fame is even greater among the Sclave peoples, and he is honored by them with truly religious observance. But who is St. Nicolas?

Generations have been taught to believe that St. Nicolas was a Bishop of Myra who, though suffering under Licinius, survived and was present at the Council of Nice, and that his body was afterwards brought to Bari in Apulia. It may be that the fact of his burial in the West was a cause of his devotion there, but it is most probable that we are indebted to the East for the current view about his personality as well as for the origin, at least, of his legendary attributes.

But even this world-wide legend has found its questioner, and the doubts proposed are made credible by such a show of reason, and are so interesting and ingenious withal, that they merit what they have never received before, namely, public exposition in the English tongue. Father Vannutelli, who has devoted his life to the study of the East, is the sole author of the scepticism.* Though certainty does not attach to the new hypothesis, it has the following negative and positive reasons militating on its behalf.

First, why should this saint be the greatest patron of the venerable churches of Sclavonic Christianity? Once, in the first ages, the Easterns claimed the bodies of Saints Peter and Paul from the Romans, on the plea that they were their fellow-countrymen, and they put their claim to a practical purpose by

*Father Vannutelli, the cousin of the two cardinals, and former chaplain of the Pontifical army, has written a whole library on the East, the result of much travel and thought. He is a favorite in Russia, even in official and religious quarters, where it might be least expected, and his opinion on Eastern questions is reputed a loadstar in Rome.

rifling the Vatican Catacomb of its priceless relics. The episode is characteristic. The principle of choice naturally selects the chief patron of a nation which possesses a hagiography from its apostles or teachers, or from saints of its own race. And if this national feeling makes it difficult to understand this selection of St. Nicolas of Myra, there is a still greater difficulty in the fact that a nation forming part of the majestic Christianity of the East should have chosen a comparatively insignificant bishop-saint for its chief patron. Nor do the facts of his life or of his early cultus after death appear to offer a more satisfactory explanation.

Again, the more particularly we examine the case, the stranger the paradox becomes. St. Nicolas has his most ardent votaries among the Sclaves. He is essentially *the great;* his shrines and pictures are seen everywhere ; his name is one of the most common among the people ; his invocation is continually made, in peril, in accident, in success; he is honored with the perfectly unique distinction of two solemn feasts. So much for his devotion. As to its cause, this cannot have been his readiness in answering petitioners, since this presupposes an existing devotion. He had no relation with the Sclavonic peoples; his body had been translated to Italy before the period of their conversion to Christianity ; that is, during the ravages of the Iconoclasts. Nor could this extraordinary devotion have been introduced from the East, since he does not rank so highly in the East. This is further borne out by the fact that the feast of his translation, which is the second among the Sclavonians, never found a place in the Greek calendars.* And the singularity of all this is intensified by the fact that the Sclaves have always been and are still most tenacious, even in trifles, of their peculiar religious rites.

It must be allowed, therefore, either that the cause of the singular patronage of St. Nicolas over the Sclave nations is a mystery, or that it can only be discovered by the help of some bold supposition. And the supposition, if consistent, is more acceptable than the mystery.

True, it is not wanting in astuteness ; but then we are dealing with an astute Eastern nation. The author of the doubt boldly affirms that the cause of the mystery is an *equivoque*, intentional on the part of its originators, between St. Nicolas of Myra and St. Nicolas the Great, pope (858–867).

St. Nicolas is one of the three popes who have received the

* P. V. Vannutelli—*Poccia : parte prima*, page 169.

designation of *great;* the other two being St. Leo and St. Gregory. The title is very exclusive, and is so personal that these saints are distinguished by it, as other popes are by their number. Pius IX. once, hearing that his name would be afterwards joined to those of his predecessors, said that this was impossible, for there were but three popes to be designated as great.* The first indication, therefore, is found in the identity of nomenclature.

But the relation of Pope St. Nicolas with the Sclaves is very intimate. His zeal for their conversion is among the best-known instances of the kind, and the way the hundred millions of that race came to be Christians is among the most interesting chapters of ecclesiastical history. About the year 857 a sister of Bogoris, or Boris, King of Bulgaria, was detained as hostage at the court of Constantinople, and, influenced by the piety of the Empress Theodora, she renounced her native paganism and became a pious Christian. The empress conceived the plan of sending her to her brother in the hope of converting him to Christianity. And so it fell out. The consequence was a deputation sent to Constantinople to beg for missionaries.

Among those studying at that time in the great capital was a devout priest named Constantine, who, for his dialectical merits, was surnamed the *Philosopher.* He was travelled as well as learned, and, being a native of Thessalonica, which is nearer to Bulgaria, he had probably made some studies in the Sclave language. Constantine was a friend of Photius, then distinguished for his great learning and his influence at court.

Upon the arrival of the deputation at Constantinople Constantine was designated as the preacher of the faith to the Sclavonians. When about to depart he asked his brother, who was superior, or *igumenos,* of a monastery, to accompany him. His offer was accepted, and the two brothers, Cyril and Methodius, became the apostles of the Sclavonian peoples.

Methodius was skilled in painting, a common gift among the monks of that day, and he applied his art to the instruction of the people in the doctrines of the faith. The success of their mission was assured by the conversion of King Boris. The precise date of his conversion is unknown, but it must have been between 850 and 860.

Like the early preachers of the Anglo-Saxons, Sts. Cyril and

* I think it was on the occasion of a commission being formed to offer him a throne of gold, which he promptly refused.

Methodius showed great zeal for relics. In this way they were led to seek and find the body of St. Clement, pope, who had been buried at Odessa in the Chersonese. They afterwards carried the body of the saint with them on all their journeys, and the fact lends a strange light to the subsequent schism of so many of the Sclaves.

Another fact which occurred at the beginning of their missionary career reveals the action of the See of Rome in effecting the conversion of the Sclaves. A long letter, containing a hundred and six questions, was forwarded to Pope St. Nicholas, to all of which he made reply, thus exercising a direct influence upon their Christian formation.

The questions are palpably those of a people only half issued from barbarism. Besides other doubts, they were perplexed to know if baths were permitted on Wednesdays and Fridays; if the cross might be kissed and carried in Lent; if Holy Communion might be received in that penitential season; whether they had administered a just punishment to a Greek who had falsely given himself out to be a priest, when they cut off his nose and ears; what penance should be performed, if they had been over-zealous in this respect; if battle might be given on feast-days; if Holy Mass could be heard before going to battle, preferably to incantations and auguries, which the pope replied were diabolic. He told them also that the king might eat alone or in company, so only that humility were duly consulted; that bigamy was forbidden; that it is not necessary to join the hands during prayer; that the girdle might be worn during Holy Communion; that trowsers might be worn in the manner most approved to the wearer, etc.*

But these are the chaff of the answers; and there were many regulations of great importance affecting dogma, morality, and discipline. Thus, the 106th decree was: "That they should adhere to the Apostolic See, should obey the legates of that see in preference to all the Greeks, Armenians, etc., and that in doubts recourse should be had to the Roman See." †

This was the decision of the authority which they had recognized in putting the questions. The letter was accompanied with rich presents, and Nicolas meanwhile announced the conversion of the Sclavonian nation to the bishops of the Christian world.

Their relations with the Roman See continued, and the pope soon afterwards expressed a desire to confer with the two apos-

* Migne: *Patrologia*, vol. cxix. page 978. † Migne, *loc. cit.*

tles and to acquire the relics of St. Clement; it being an ancient tradition of the Roman See to bury all the bishops in or near the city itself. The two saints readily complied with his desire; and while they were travelling to Rome, Nicolas set about the restoration of St. Clement's Basilica. This is the famous Roman basilica called after its patron the "Basilica of St. Clement," and after its restorer, the "Basilica Nicolaitana." *

Unfortunately Nicolas died before the saintly brothers reached Rome, but his successor, Adrian II., continued the work of restoration begun by Nicolas; and the body of St. Clement was finally laid to rest in the church which stood on the site of his ancestral palace.

The restoration of the church being effected, an attempt was made to perpetuate the memory of the event, and this is the origin of some of the quaint mediæval paintings which enhance the value of the actual lower church of St. Clement. One of these paintings represents the translation of St. Clement's body, and it was painted during the life-time of St. Methodius, since, unlike his companion, St. Cyril, he is represented without the aureola. The meaning of the picture is set beyond a doubt by the inscription below: *Huc a Vaticano fertur Papa Nicolao*, etc.; the honor of translation being assigned to the pope who was its chief promoter, although it actually occurred after his death. A conjecture of Father Vannutelli would make St. Methodius, at least in part, the painter of this picture; in which case it would be a religious as well as an artistic relic.†

While the saints sojourned in Rome, St. Cyril, who was the inventor of the Sclave alphabet, and the translator of the Holy Scriptures into that language, wished to offer a copy of them to St. Peter. This gift was placed on the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles in accordance with the feeling which causes the *pallia* to be placed there.

And here Father Vannutelli offers us another plausible conjecture.. Probably on that occasion, he thinks, St. Methodius offered to the apostle a painting, which has stood above his tomb *ab immemorabili*, and which, bearing a Sclavonic inscription, undoubtedly has some connection with that people. The picture is called Constantinian, but the phrase may refer to these apostles, since the words Cyril and Constantine are identical. Both the saints would seem to be represented; and a third figure of a person who is apparently being presented to

* *Liber Pontificalis: in vita Nicolai.* † *Le Rive del Danubio*, p. 116.

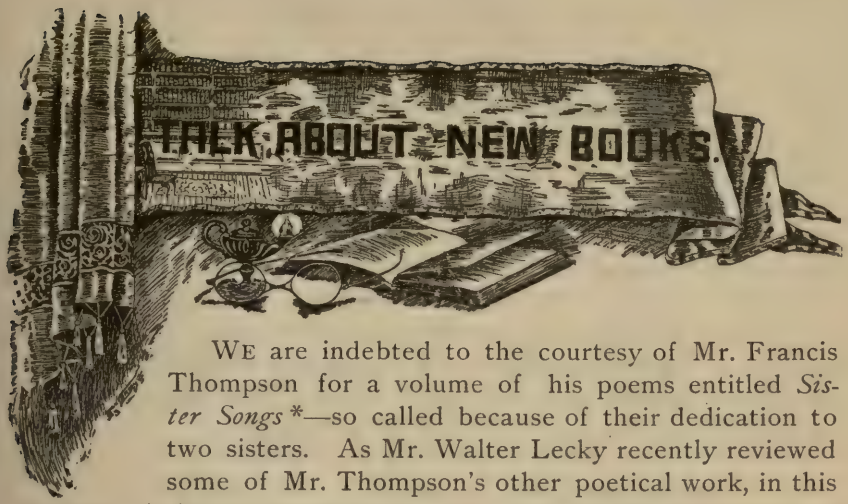
St. Peter may be a king, probably Boris.* It is before this picture that the Sovereign Pontiff performs the blessing of the new *pallia*.

It was the desire of the pope that the apostles should both return and continue their work, but St. Cyril preferred to pass the remainder of his days near the resting-place of St. Clement; he embraced the monastic state and, dying in Rome a few years later, he was buried near his holy patron.

St. Methodius returned to his apostolic labors, and received the title of Bishop of Sirmium, borne in our day by the illustrious Bishop Strossmayer.

These suppositions are not only intrinsically probable and in singular agreement, but are moreover of immense moral importance. Granted their possibility, nothing is more probable than the suggestion of Eastern craft substituting a popular Greek saint for the great Roman Pontiff who condemned Photius; and in few parts of the world would the craft of the governing religious body find so easy an opportunity as in the simplicity and ignorance of the peoples whom it concerned them to deceive.

* *Le Rive del Danubio*, p. 117.



WE are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Francis Thompson for a volume of his poems entitled *Sister Songs* *—so called because of their dedication to two sisters. As Mr. Walter Lecky recently reviewed some of Mr. Thompson's other poetical work, in this magazine, it is not necessary to give any lengthened notice of the work he has been kind enough to send us, but the intimation that this volume can be had in Boston, from Messrs. Copeland & Day, will, we are sure, be welcome to very many of our readers. Still some few observations of our own may not be amiss, especially as since Mr. Lecky's criticism was written some very formidable comment has been made upon the poet's method of work, the critic being no less a person than the eminent Shakespearean scholiast, Professor Dowden, of Trinity College, Dublin. What he charges against Mr. Thompson is that he is addicted to the use of such erudite and cryptographic English —if we may so describe it—as to be in many cases unintelligible to any but the most learned. We take leave to dissent from Professor Dowden's ruling on this issue. No one objects to Milton on such a ground, and yet *Paradise Lost* is written in a form of English which might almost be described as a new language altogether. It is the mission of minds like this to mould and shape a language while enriching it by a noble literature. This was the service which Dante did for the Italian tongue and Chaucer for the Anglo-Saxon. Would Professor Dowden's own idol, the incomparable Shakespeare, be intelligible without a glossary to the unlettered rustics of Durham or Cumberland, whose entire vocabulary might be told on the digits of a dozen people? There is far too little attention paid in these days to the necessity of acquiring a rich and copious vocabulary. Many words express a whole volume of ideas, and no true literary artist, be he or she poet or prose-writer, but knows the value of many words for the meaning of which the ordinary

* *Sister Songs: An Offering to Two Sisters.* By Francis Thompson. Boston: Copeland & Day; London: John Lane.

reader may have to consult his dictionary. We would find ourselves in accord with Professor Dowden were his charge that Mr. Thompson overloads his work with such foreign and unusual forms, so as to make it at times most difficult to follow. But in truth it must be owned, when the work is judged as a whole and not merely in piecemeal, the effects which he produces by the use of a crowd of quaint and exotic forms is exceedingly delightful. Artificial it may be regarded by many, but there are certain classes of the art we call artificial which have a congruity all their own, and which any other scheme of color or artistic treatment must altogether mar. Take for instance this example from the Proem to the *Sister Songs:*

"Next I saw, wonder-whist,
How from the atmosphere a mist,
So it seemed, slow uprist;
And, looking from those elfin swarms,
I was 'ware
How the air
Was all populous with forms
Of the Hours, floating down,
Like Nereids through a watery town.
Some, with languors of waved arms,
Fluctuous oared their flexile way;
Some were borne half resupine
On the aërial hyaline,
Their fluid limbs and rare array
Flickering on the wind, as quivers
Trailing weed in running rivers;
And others, in far prospect seen,
Newly loosed on this terrene,
Shot in piercing swiftness came,
With hair a-stream like pale and goblin flame.
As crystálline ice in water,
Lay in air each faint daughter;
Inseparate (or but separate dim)
Circumfused wind from wind-like vest,
Wind-like vest from wind-like limb.
But outward from each lucid breast,
When some passion left its haunt,
Radiate surge of color came,
Diffusing blush-wise, palpitant,
Dying all the filmy frame.

With some sweet tenderness they would
Turn to an amber-clear and glossy gold;
Or a fine sorrow, lovely to behold,
Would sweep them as the sun and wind's joined flood
Sweeps a greening-sapphire sea;
Or they would glow enamouredly
Illustrious sanguine, like a grape of blood;
Or with mantling poetry
Curd to the tincture which the opal hath,
Like rainbows thawing in a moonbeam bath.
So paled they, flushed they, swam they, sang melodiously.

Their chanting, soon fading, let them, too, upraise
For homage unto Sylvia, her sweet, feat ways;
Weave with suave float their wavèd way,
And colors take of holiday,
For syllabling to Sylvia;
And all the birds on branches lave their mouths with May,
To bear with me this burthen,
For singing to Sylvia."

The imagery here, it will be noted, is extremely delicate and subtle, and the words are fitted in as rare bits of mosaic might be, the effect desired not being attainable by the use of any other class of materials. Mr. Thompson has struck out a path to Parnassus for himself. His ideas are singularly graceful, though at times they may appear singular, perhaps eccentric. Quaintly beautiful they are at all times, and they are never marred by that insolent spirit with regard to forbidden things which is too frequently the accompaniment of poetic gifts in others. Other poets may attain greater popularity, perhaps, but the true minstrel will never be swayed from his noble purpose by any such consideration as this. He does not write for any one set of men or any one period; he writes for all mankind, and for every age of this mundane dispensation.

Those who are in search of truth in religion, and who have not much time to devote to the literature of the subject, will be sincerely glad of the help they must find in Mr. William Richards' little book *On the Road to Rome*.* Here is the story of the great change wrought in the minds and hearts of two earnest seekers, told in the language of a man writing not for

* *On the Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers got There.* By William Richards. New York: Benziger Brothers.

effect, but simply that plain men may understand as well as the learned that the truth may be had by all who ask honestly and with their whole heart. The matter of Mr. Richards' book was given to the public a few years ago, in the shape of an address in furtherance of the Brownson monument. It is a remarkable fact that the highest truths are best stated in the simplest of terms; and this will be found well illustrated in the passages in Mr. Richards' book which deal with the direct means by which his conversion was wrought. One circumstance in especial must strike the Catholic reader as a fact of deep significance. This is that the first agency which appears to have operated towards the writer's conversion was the line of thought into which he was led by a remark made by an Episcopal clergyman about the blessed Mother of God. No being, he said, except one of perfect purity could possibly have filled such a position. Out of that observation sprang the ideas which culminated in the reception of the two brothers Richards into the church, in which one of them is now, by the grace of God, a most distinguished priest. Many other most remarkable instances of the salutary effects of the common-sense method, as it may be called, in the testing of religious propositions, are set forth in this work; and the conciseness and simple force of the narrative add immensely to its value.

There is some departure from Mr. Crawford's usual line in the novel called *Katharine Lauderdale*.* It is a story of American life—or, to speak more specifically, of New York life. But there is very little in the language put into the mouths of the different characters to remind one that New York has any individuality in the flow of its ideas, or any particular penchant for certain idioms of the English language which have been in use from time immemorial and which are likely to continue in favor since they spare the trouble of devising other vehicles of ideas. The English of Mr. Crawford's characters is what might be looked for in Oxford or Dublin, totally ignoring all the various shades of differentiation which have been laid down as the law on this side of the Atlantic; and the scene might just as well have been laid, on this account, in Manchester or Brighton as in New York.

The book makes a good start, but after a few chapters have been got over it commences to drag, because of the very slender materials upon which the author has ventured to build his story. The hammering out of these involves an amount of elu-

* *Katharine Lauderdale.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co.

cidation of the mental processes of each and every one of the main characters which becomes painfully wearisome long before the end is reached. The dialogues show an immense amount of ingenuity in the presentation of one or two leading thoughts in a kinetoscopic kind of way; and the same solemn want of humor observable in all Mr. Crawford's work is found pervading this. In this respect it is glaringly misleading as a picture of New York life in any social grade, as no unprejudiced observer of temperament can justly say that the people of the Empire City are paupers in wit or bankrupts in vivacity.

The story of Katharine Lauderdale is the story of a theoretical contradiction. The author wished to depict a strong woman—strong in character and strong in devotion where her heart has been wholly given away; and he presents us with one who is strong-minded enough to ask the man she loves to marry her secretly—to insist that he shall make no promise to her to renounce his bad habit of drinking, and then when he is falsely accused of having been drunk, just after he had very unwillingly complied with her request to become her husband in secret, condemns him and turns against him unheard. Jack Ralston, the unfortunate reforming bibulist, is another contradiction. He is everything that is noble, except the propensity to work for his living, being one of the Four Hundred, and the inability to control a temper as explosive as gun-cotton. This temper is the only thing human about him; his virtues in other respects are those of another sphere. In neither character is there any real fidelity to nature. Our "strong" women have not as yet come up to—or stepped down to—Katharine Lauderdale's level; and we would be safe in challenging all the concentrated virtue of the hypothetical Four Hundred to give an instance where a needy man like Jack Ralston would burn a note for a million dollars, given him by a rich relative, rather than eat eleemosynary bread. So both in plan and technique the whole story is as unlike New York life as anything that might be imagined by an author residing in the planet Mars.

A different class of work by the same author may be read with more pleasure by many. We refer to his description of the city which was once the centre of Eastern civilization and is now the nucleus of Turkish barbarism.* The sketch originally appeared in the pages of *Scribner's Magazine*, and is embellished by the spirited drawings by Mr. Edwin L. Weeks

* *Constantinople.* By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated by Edwin L. Weeks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

which accompanied the article. There is a sober picturesqueness about Mr. Crawford's treatment of the subject. In the present conjuncture of political affairs a close perusal of this article is very useful, if one would gain a clear idea of the nature of the manifold complications which go to make up the Eastern tangle. Mr. Crawford has an admiration for the genuine Turk—only he believes that his genus is very difficult to find. This sentiment is not peculiar to Mr. Crawford; other writers have expressed it often; but it is doubtful if it would long survive had they been forced to live and carry on their literary labors under Turkish rule.

In the eternal "society" question Clara Louise Burnham finds her theme for her latest novel, *The Wise Woman*.* She hits off her feminine characters well, and the painstaking way in which she gets in her details indicates the clever student of woman's ways and the thousand trifles in dress and social etiquette which make up the sum of the average society woman's life. Her dialogues are bright and clever, but most of her characters show an equality of brilliancy in cut and thrust and that "knowingness" which it seems to be the great aim of everybody in this age to possess or to seem to have. Dialectic fencing in this way would appear to be the incessant habit of society people, no matter what their relations to each other—mothers and daughters especially so, judging from the pictures drawn by writers of this school. There are some strong characters, nevertheless, in this book. The milliner, Marguerite, for instance, is a picture full of forcible coloring, yet not much open to the charge of exaggeration. The self-reliant, clever woman who puts her pride in her pocket when it becomes a question of dependence upon others or braving the prejudices of "society" is a type by no means rare nowadays. The mode in which these prejudices are finally overcome is ingeniously contrived in this tale. The character of "The Wise Woman," too, is a fine study. None of the characters in the drama pretend to anything higher than worldly wisdom and a moral code which is able to dispense with the idea of a spiritual life and the obligations of Christianity of any school. The whole story is of the earth earthy.

A second edition of Dr. MacDevitt's text-book on the Sacred Scriptures,† issued in a brief time after its predecessor's appear-

* *The Wise Woman*. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures*. In two parts. By Rev. John MacDevitt, D.D. Second edition. New York: Benziger Brothers; Dublin: Seely, Bryers & Walker.

ance, is an eloquent proof of the welcome which the work has found amongst the Catholic teaching bodies. With the great impetus to the study of the inspired books which the late Encyclical of the Holy Father has given since the first edition was given to the world, it is not to be wondered at that a work which has been found so helpful as this as a preparation of the student's mind should be eagerly sought after. Dr. MacDevitt's position as Scriptural teacher and historical professor in All Hallows College, Dublin, made it essential that his qualifications should be of the highest. His fame as a teacher has been long established. All that the student must know and can know, as a preparation for the study of the sacred texts, is to be found in this admirable work. It will be used as widely in the United States as in Ireland, in all probability, as the name of the reverend author is to hundreds of priests here a guarantee for the highest learning and the most orthodox teaching.

How to Escape Purgatory, an excellent little treatise by a Missionary Priest, author of several other useful works of a similar character, has now reached a fourth edition. It is a tract full of admirable matter for meditation. His Eminence Cardinal Logue, in his note of commendation of the work, says it is certain to be a source of edification and a means of grace, in his view, exceeding all others. Besides the arguments the work so ably presents, it contains at the close a number of prayers specially adapted to the end which the little volume has in view. The publishers in the United States are Benziger Brothers; in Ireland, Gill & Sons.

A little work that may be regarded as indispensable to all belonging to the Apostleship of Prayer is the manual entitled *League Devotions and Choral Services*. It has been compiled especially for the League of the Sacred Heart, and nothing is embodied in it irrelevant to the direct object in view. It embraces all the hymns, psalms, and prayers connected with this most commendable devotion. The work is issued from the press of the Apostleship of Prayer, West Sixteenth Street, New York.

I.—WIDOWS AND CHARITY.*

In 1843 two widows, who had resolved to devote their lives to the care of helpless incurables, rented a house in the Rue

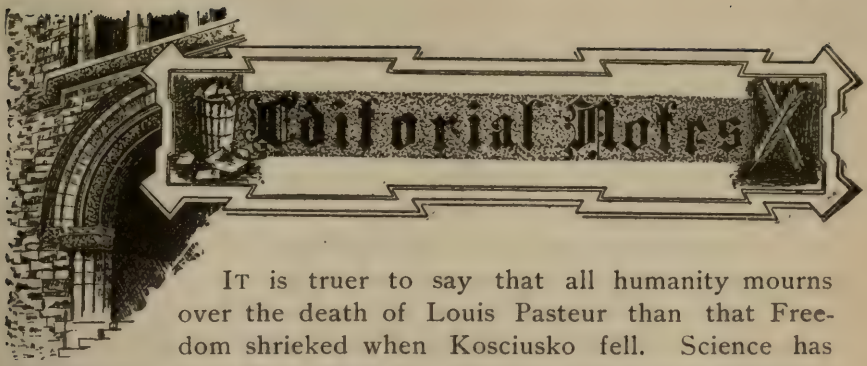
* *The Work of the Women of Calvary, and its Foundress.* By Abbé Chaffanjon, Director of the Work at Lyons. Translated from the French.

Vide-Bourse, in the parish of St. Irenæus, Lyons. "The Association of the Women of Calvary" was the name given it by the Archbishop of Lyons, Cardinal de Bonald, and it proved the foundation of a work that has branched through many cities in Europe. At present, after a life and growth of half a century, circumstances seem to warrant its introduction into new fields, and the promoters of the Calvary are trying, with the approbation of the Archbishop of New York, to secure an establishment of the work in this city.

It was within a few months of its opening that the hospital increased the register of inmates from three to seventeen, and by the second year of its existence removal to a larger house was necessitated. Madame Garnier, the foundress, was joined by other unselfish women, and the Hospital of the Calvary began to do sufficient work among the poor to attract serious attention from the citizens of Lyons. Indeed labors multiplied so considerably as to cause the introduction of young persons who, under the name of Daughters of the Cross, assisted in waiting upon the invalids; and this new departure was followed by the adoption of a rule fixing for all the common obligations and the particular exercises for the several groups of invalids, lay sisters, widows, and the Daughters of the Cross. It was only shortly after that the work of the Calvary received legal recognition and a council of administration was appointed for its guardianship. The official schedule of organization includes an annual convocation of members, in which a detailed report of all the work is submitted for examination. The financial expenditures are provided for principally by the contributions of associate members, increased moreover by legacies, collections after retreats, etc., and chance donations.

In July, 1853, the final removal of the institution to La Sarra, an estate in the vicinity of Lyons, effected its final independence and it became at last proprietor, no longer living under borrowed roofs. The same year saw the death of the foundress, Madame Garnier; but what seemed at first, and humanly speaking, a loss irreparable to the little community, served eventually as a mark of an epoch of unprecedented progress, and it still remains and grows, a monument to the charity of widowhood.

To the Christian widows of the new world belongs the task of furthering the progress of the work initiated in the old.



It is truer to say that all humanity mourns over the death of Louis Pasteur than that Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell. Science has her martyrs as well as religion. Pasteur was a true scientist; he loved science because it leads to truth, and he pursued it until he had traced the truth where it lay hid in the centre. His death was the result of paralysis, brought on by his incessant labor in the field of scientific research; and the news of it was received as a catastrophe affecting humanity all the world over. There was something of sanctity about the man's character that deepened the general sorrow. Scientific triumph so usually inflates the mind and makes men arrogant, that the unpretentious, modest simplicity of Pasteur's bearing stands out in refreshing contrast. The victor in science is too often the rebel against God. Pasteur took no pride in his intellect, but what he did he did as a true Catholic, for the honor of God, who gave him that intellect for the benefit of humanity at large. And while working thus unselfishly for the benefit of the whole human race, he was still no universalist when the question of his country's honor was at stake. He was a Frenchman to the heart's core, as was shown in his refusal of the decoration which the German Emperor lately proffered him. The Frenchman who could accept such things, while the wounds of France inflicted by the hand of Germany are still uncicatrized, he considered unpatriotic. How rare it is to get a character so noble, so sympathetic, so full of filial devotion as Pasteur's; how rare to find an intellect so transcendent acknowledging the divine touch that kindled the spark!

Pasteur's funeral may be regarded as the final triumph of intellect over brute power. Material force, in its most imposing representation, paid homage at his bier. The French Republic walked behind it; the imperial and monarchical thrones of the Old World were represented by their ambassadors at his requiem Mass, in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. And never did the posthumous blessing of the church fall upon

a son more sincerely mourned by all nations in two hemispheres than the son of the humble tanner thus honored by republics, emperors, and kings.

The Eucharistic Congress is an American idea; and the idea may not irreverently be described as divinely inspired. What results may flow from the historic gathering held at Washington at the beginning of October may not be measured, perhaps, even by the eye of thought. The motive of such a gathering suggests an illimitable possibility in the work of grace. Apart from the daily life of Catholicity, there are great dividing lines even in the structure of the church and its manifold schools of thought, the existence of which hinders and retards its powers for beneficent action. Such rifts and divisions have in other ages and other climes proved fatal stumbling-blocks; we in this land and in this generation ought to show that we have profited by the lessons of less enlightened times. Co-operation in meditation and prayer, in the spirit of the Holy Eucharist, simultaneously over the land, must certainly bring the grace of unification. There are mighty problems before the world, and the Catholic Church is called upon to attempt their solution. Fortified by the spirit of prayer, she will approach the work fearlessly. It is an age to be up and doing, and the church goes forth to do and dare as her divine commission.

The dedication of the McMahon Hall of Philosophy at the Catholic University had an auspicious date on the 1st of October. Philosophy outside the Catholic Church—and sometimes within it—too often led to infidelity, and the month of devotion to the Rosary was fittingly chosen, that prayer may avert any such calamity from the youthful University of American Catholicism. Our Blessed Lady was the antithesis of all philosophical teaching, and yet the sum of the whole of it, since she accepted the message of God's will as the very source and origin of the highest truth in any philosophy. For the church, however, to stand still while science marches ever onward, propounding new theses and making fresh discoveries, is impossible. In the search after truth in all these things, as the Holy Father points out, Catholics must lead, not follow.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

DR. PARKHURST ON THE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.

(Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst in the Ladies' Home Journal.)

IT is "almost never too early" to communicate with the mind of a child concerning divine truth. He thinks it may never be possible to state with exactness where the frontier lies between the related territories of morality and religion, but that while morality concerns itself with rules of duty, and is therefore apt to become irksome, religion brings us into relation with a Personal Something which lies back of those rules and asserts itself through them. In regard to instructing children about the voice of conscience, he advises:

"Let them understand that the whispered compulsion working within them that puts its gentle restraints upon them is the still, small voice of God, and they will feel themselves placed instantly in the divine Presence, and the holiness and solemnity of their circumstances will, to the degree in which it is experienced by them, procure in them an obedience which will be both easy and reverent."

Speaking now of the remarkable apprehension of children when approached with religious truths, he continues:

"It is not what we say to them that makes them religious; it is the religious instinct already in them that makes intelligible to them whatever of a religious kind we say to them. The best that a child can become in this, as in every other respect, accrues from wisely handling and fostering some impulse already contained in the child's original dowry. If the beginnings of individual religion were not an implant no method of treatment, no ingenuity of culture, could suffice to establish such a beginning. Religion can be immanent in the child, and even be a part of his experience, without his being able yet to know it as religion, or being able to comprehend the allusions made to it by his elders. There is an interesting suggestion along that line in what occurred in the history of little Samuel. Divine influences, we are told, began to be operative in him and to make themselves very distinctly felt by him before he was far enough along to be able to discriminate intellectually between what is human and what is divine. God's voice he took to be Eli's till Eli set him right. It holds in the twilight of life what is true in each dawning, that it begins to be morning a good while before there is sunshine enough in the air for the sun-dial to be able to tell us what o'clock it is."

Dr. Parkhurst says that the initial mistake which parents and teachers are continually making with children is in withholding from them religious suggestion until sure that the way has been prepared for it by their mental development. He then says:

"The fact is that the susceptibility to divine things antedates the appreciation of things human and finite. Whether in the life of the individual or in that of the race at large religion is older than science. In all this it needs to be clearly understood that I am not talking about theology, but about religion—about the loyal sense of God's nearness to us in all the relations of life, which is as distinct

from theology as vision is distinct from the science of optics. A remarkable commentary upon the truth we have just now in hand is found in the fact that when Christ wanted to discourse upon the text, 'God is a spirit,' he selected as his auditor an ignorant Samaritan water-carrier. He could hardly have chosen a profounder theme, and hardly could he have chosen a hearer that from an intellectual stand-point would have been more imperfectly equipped for the suggestions he had to offer her."

THE DOUAI BIBLE AND THE AUTHORIZED VERSION.

(From St. Luke's Magazine.)

ARE we to be contented with the versions of the Scriptures which we have now and which are the results of private enterprise? Our forefathers evidently had no superstitious reverence for the Douai, but they cut and shaped it at their will. There has for a long time been a feeling among English Catholics that a new version of the Scriptures is much needed and would be a great boon.

In the Second Provincial Council of Westminster it was decreed: "That an accurate version of the Holy Scriptures from the Latin Vulgate may be had as soon as possible; the bishops are of opinion that this undertaking should be entrusted to learned men to be selected by his Eminence the Archbishop, care being taken, however, to observe the rules of the Index, as to the revision of the work," etc.

It is understood that the late Cardinal Newman was asked to superintend the work. But it came to nothing, and the decree of the Council is still a dead-letter.

Surely we can't remain much longer in this position. And the only satisfactory solution is to follow Challoner's lead more boldly, and take the Vulgate in one hand and the Authorized Version in the other, and wherever the latter is true to the Latin, to use and follow it. "What, use the Protestant Version!" my readers will exclaim. "Protestant Version!" we exclaim in our turn. "We don't know such a thing. The *faults* in the Authorized Version are Protestant, if you will, and these we of course cast aside; but the version itself, its most sweet melody and balance of parts, its truly English ring, its very touch of quaintness and archaic flavor which is so desirable in a sacred book (*mutatis mutandis* as the use of a dead language in the liturgy), its phraseology, which has wound itself round the speech of the English people and enters into all our literature, and has moulded our tongue, why should this be cast aside? It is not Protestant; it is Catholic. Protestantism never brought forth anything beautiful. All that is good, all that is beautiful is Catholic; and if Protestants have originated them, it is not because they are Protestants, but because they have not got rid of the influence of Catholicity. We are sure a revision of the Authorized Version, made according to the Vulgate by Catholics, would do much to smooth the way to reunion. For the Englishman does love his Bible even if he does not understand it; and it is a grievous trial for him to lose the version he learned at his mother's knee for the sometimes uncouth and unauthorized version used by us to-day. Let us make a start with the Epistles and Gospels for the Sunday. I have a corrected version for these which I always make use of myself; for I see no necessity but a great loss in leaving an accepted version for another which grates on the ear."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

RESOLVED, That it is the duty of the members of the Catholic Young Men's National Union to encourage each other in the reading of religious and scientific works, and to circulate such literature wherever practicable. Such was the decision made by the Convention representing thirty-five thousand young men assembled at St. Louis, September 24–25. As the decision indicates an important duty for young men, and was unanimously ratified by young men, it should have the force of law. The delegates must not rest content with passing the resolution. Definite plans should be arranged to meet the needs of various places. Many ardent defenders of the movement which has encouraged the growth of societies for young men would like to be able to show more tangible evidence than is at present available regarding the progress made in literary improvement. We fear that the advantages to be derived from the Reading Circle have not been fully considered in many societies. In exchange for two cents in postage a pamphlet will be sent by the COLUMBIAN READING UNION—415 West 59th Street, New York City—to any young man wishing to get information how to make reading profitable for himself and useful for the society to which he belongs. Letters on this subject are requested for publication in this department of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

In a friendly spirit we desire to gather proofs for minds disposed to be critical that our young men are really determined to put into active operation the resolution encouraging the reading of good books, and the diffusion of the best Catholic literature.

Fifty-seven Catholic young men's societies are organized in the Archdiocese of New York, twenty-six of which are affiliated to the Union, and five others have applied for admission. Twelve of these societies own their own buildings, the others pay rent. A strong argument in their favor could be advanced, by reliable data showing the reading that has been done by their members within a year. Who will furnish this information?

* * *

It is not generally known that to a young man is due the credit of starting the first publication for "the instruction of the juvenile portion of the Catholic community" in New York City. His name was Cornelius H. Gottsberger. Largely at his own expense he established and edited the *Children's Catholic Magazine*. By the kind permission of his relatives we have examined the first and second volumes, extending from March, 1838, to February, 1840. In the introductory number the young editor promised that each issue of his magazine would contain a fine engraving and a biography of some distinguished Catholic, besides moral and religious tales, extracts of poetry, and dialogues "so agreeably blended together as to be both pleasing and entertaining, and at the same time interesting and instructive." Among other topics he directed attention to the books used in the schools. A statement found in Woodbridge's and Willard's Geography he condemned as "glaringly false." This is the statement: "In Ireland the mass of the people are involved in the grossest ignorance. In some parts not one in five hundred receives instruction. One of the strongest motives to the acquisition of knowledge is destroyed by the Catholic priests in Ireland, who prohibit the people from reading the Scriptures."

A subscriber to the *Churchman* wrote a letter of warning against the "popish sentiments" of the *Children's Catholic Magazine*. It was also attacked by the *Protestant Vindicator*, which stated that "upwards of thirteen thousand copies were printed every month." Our young men should honor the memory of Cornelius Gottsberger, and imitate his zeal for the production and diffusion of Catholic literature.

* * *

A Reading Circle should take the name of the Rev. Gabriel Richard. The following sketch of his remarkable life will have a special interest for many of our readers, as he was the only priest who ever became a congressman:

The Rev. Gabriel Richard, when superior of the Sulpician Seminary at Issy, near Paris, little dreamed that he would one day sit in the Congress of the United States as delegate from one of the Territories. He came to the United States in 1798, and was, in 1799, sent to Detroit to take charge of St. Anne's Church, a parish whose establishment dates back to 1701, and became not only pastor of his flock, but one of the leading spirits in the development of the North-west. He gave an impulse to education, and established the first printing-press in Michigan, issuing several useful books, and the first copy of the Scriptures printed west of the Alleghany Mountains.

Not only does Father Richard bear the distinction of being the only Catholic priest ever elected to Congress, but the only one who had the strange fortune of going directly from a prison-cell to the House of Representatives; not, however, with the full powers of a representative, but as a delegate from a then far western Territory. Lanman's *Directory of the United States Congress* says of him: "He was a Roman Catholic priest; a man of learning. Born at Saintes, France, October 15, 1764, educated at Angiers, and received orders at a Catholic seminary in Paris in 1790. Came to America in 1798, and was for a time professor of mathematics in St. Mary's College, Maryland. He labored as a missionary in Illinois and went to Detroit, Mich., in 1799."

During his pastorate at St. Anne's Church, in Detroit, it became his duty to excommunicate one of his parishioners, who had been divorced from his wife. For this he was prosecuted for defamation of character, which resulted in a verdict being given against him for $1,000. This money the priest could not pay. As his parishioners were poor French settlers they could not pay it for him, and he was thrown into prison. While confined in the common jail, with little hope of ever being liberated, he was elected a delegate to Congress, and went from his prison-cell in the wilds of Michigan to his seat on the floor of Congress. The career in Congress of Father Richard was a remarkable one. He delivered several speeches on matters pertaining to his Territory which marked him as an able speaker. He was not only a thorough French and English scholar, but was conversant with the Spanish, German, and Italian languages, and had learned the Indian tongues of the tribes of Michigan.

In 1809 he introduced the first printing-press to the West and became the first Catholic publisher in the North, printing the *Essai du Michigan*, a paper which gave mortal offence to the English colony at Detroit, and for which the English authorities laid hands on the good priest and dragged him into imprisonment. After the surrender of General Hull, in 1812, he was released, and soon afterward published the laws of the new territory in French. At that time there was great suffering among the settlers; the crops had been taken by the soldiers, and the good pastor came to the rescue in purchasing and distributing wheat among the destitute people.

In 1800 Father Richard commenced a tour of the lake dependencies, taking passage on a government vessel June 20, and after a stormy voyage reached Mackinaw Island June 29. He remained on the island about two months, teaching and administering the Sacraments. He next visited the Ottawas, on Lake Huron; visited St. Joseph's Island; ascended the St. Mary's River to the Sault, and returned in October to Detroit, sending an account of his work to Bishop Carroll. All the important parishes of the diocese of Detroit, along the water-line from the mouth of the Detroit River to Lake Huron, were then small settlements, and were from time to time visited by Father Richard. At Marine City he bought the tongue of land formed by the St. Clair and Belle Rivers for church purposes, and was everywhere instrumental in the erection of suitable church buildings. He was in Arbre Croche in September, 1821, and of the Marquette River he says: "I was detained there a week by head winds, during which period I frequently visited the grave of the great Marquette and prayed upon this interesting spot. I celebrated Mass upon the banks of the river on Sunday, and my little flock went with me in procession to the cross which I had erected, where I sung the 'Libera' for the soul of our brother. In all, Ottawas and others, we were fifty members of the church, and all appeared greatly impressed with the divine providence of the Great Spirit, our Father who is in heaven. I addressed them with considerable effect, but under such circumstances it was impossible not to be eloquent."

From the beginning of his pastoral charge Father Richard became a great educator. He enlarged the small school-house, the first in Detroit; but not having suitable teachers available, he instructed and prepared four young ladies of wealthy families for teachers, and placed them in charge of a seminary for the higher branches of education for their sex. Not unmindful of the intellectual wants of the young men of his parish, he opened a college in which he and Father Dilhet, his assistant, taught the higher branches and lectured upon religious history, literature, and the sciences. In 1807, there being no other minister in Detroit, Governor Hull invited Father Richard to hold meetings on Sundays in the new council-house. These meetings were held regularly at noon, and were attended by the governor and family, by the officers of the garrison and their families, by most of the officials, and by non-Catholic merchants. The lectures, delivered in the English language, were upon the evidences of Christianity and kindred topics, without controversial allusions.

In 1808 Father Richard set up the first printing-press erected in the North-west Territory, having brought from the East the first practical printer known in the West, Mr. A. Coxeshaw. The same year his educational establishments were completed, and comprised primary schools for boys and girls; a seminary for young ladies, under charge of four teachers belonging to the best families of Detroit; an academy for young men, under the learned pastor's direction, assisted by Mr. Sallière, a young professor of literature, chemistry, and astronomy, whom Father Richard had brought from France; and, finally, a school for the technical education of Indian girls.

In the meantime this pioneer priest, the apostle and promoter of literary culture in the North-west, edited and published the following works: *The Penitent Soul*, *The Child's Spelling Book*, *The Ornaments of the Memory*, *Epistles and Gospels in French and English*, *Historical Catechism*, and *The Children's Journal*.

At the period of the publication of these works, the preparation of them for the press, their editing as well as their proof-reading, involved a vast amount of labor, and books suitable for Catholic readers were exceedingly rare in Detroit.

They could only be obtained from Montreal or New York, and were not always of the kind desired. Besides, their high prices excluded their use amongst most families. These books of Father Richard supplied a great want existing in the old city.

His name was sent to Rome as the choice for Detroit's first bishop, but Father Richard was not destined to wear the mitre on the scene of his life labors. His apostolic career was to end in a manner becoming the devoted priest he had ever been. When in 1832 the Asiatic cholera decimated the Catholic population of Detroit, Father Richard and his venerable assistant, Father Francis Vincent Baden, labored among the sick and dying, day and night, until the plague had ceased its ravages. Worn out with hardships he fell, the last of the distinguished victims of that fatal year. He was stricken with the plague, and succumbed to it September 13, 1832, thus crowning his life's work with the martyrdom of charity. He had been pastor of St. Anne's for thirty-four years, vicar-general of the Northwest under four bishops, and he occupied a leading place in the history of Michigan as a priest, as an educator, as a philanthropist, as a legislator, as a citizen, and as a patriot.

Fifty years after the death of Father Richard Bella Hubbard placed four statues on the massive façade of the City Hall of Detroit. These sculptured images represented four great French Catholics whom the city is proud to honor, two great missionaries, Father James Marquette and Gabriel Richard, and two representatives of the genius and chivalry of France, Chevalier de La Salle and Antoine de La Mothe Cadillac.

The saintly subject of this sketch was buried in the crypt of old St. Anne's Church, and his remains were removed to new St. Anne's on the completion of that edifice, where they now lie awaiting a glorious resurrection.

* * *

A writer in the Chicago *Times* made the claim that Englishmen in general are not as well read as Americans, and contends that the proof may be found in a study of the rural people of England. Outside the large cities there is the casual and occasional reader of fiction, biography, history, travel, and no small amount of theology in a diluted form. The great middle class read—and trust—their periodical literature and their newspapers; the students, the real readers, who feed their minds as other men their bodies, read with more thoroughness and patience than our students. The entrance examination for any college at Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, or Dublin is trifling compared with the entrance examination for Harvard University; but, on the other hand, both the classical and mathematical men who take the highest rank here get through an amount of reading that our men hardly dream of. England has nothing like the number of average well-read men that one finds in America; but America has nothing like the number of thoroughly well-read, widely-travelled, highly-trained men in politics and in all the professions. In America there is a widespread education of the hare; in England there is, confined to narrow limits, the education of the tortoise; and there is a fable that the world is poised upon the back of a tortoise! At any rate, England carries a very heavy proportionate rate of the world's responsibility, and England and America together would seem to have little to fear from the future, for, after all, what men read is not a crucial test of their capacity. Who has not known men with enough university sheepskin to make a wardrobe of who were vacillating incompetents. Who forgets how small were the libraries and the opportunities of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant?

The Reading Circle Union, under the direction of the Catholic Summer-School of America, has arranged a course requiring four years' study. Any person, Catholic or non-Catholic, desirous of truth and self-culture may join by payment of twenty-five cents. The annual fees for Reading Circles are as follows: Ten members or less, $1.00; Ten to twenty-four members, $2.00; Twenty-five to forty-nine members, $3.00; Fifty members and upwards, $5.00; Individual Fees, 25 cents.

This fee is required to meet the necessary expenses incidental to the work, viz.: printing, postage, etc., and shall be remitted to the general secretary with the application. Applications may be sent in at any time.

The required books for 1895–6 are:

History of the Church in the Middle Ages—Text-book will be specially prepared; Roman and Mediæval Art, Goodyear, $1.00; Political Economy, Jevons, 35 cents; Socialism Exposed and Refuted, Father Cathrein, S.J., 75 cents; Foundation Studies in Literature, Mooney, $1.25; Physical Geography, Geikie, 35 cents; Geology, Geikie, 35 cents; The Catholic Reading Circle Review, $2.00.

All books may be ordered of the Secretary, and will be sent post paid upon receipt of price.

Supplementary and Post-Graduate courses:

I.—Sacred Scriptures: Heuser. Lectures delivered at the fifth session of Catholic Summer-School of America. Published by Cathedral Library Association, 123 East Fiftieth Street, New York City. Paper 75 cents, cloth $1.00.; Science and Dogma: Bible, Science, and Faith, Zahm, $1.25; Geology: Geology and Revelation, Molloy. Compendium of Geology, Le Conte, $1.20.

II.—The Divine Comedy, Dante; In Memoriam, Tennyson; Imitation of Christ, à Kempis; Present Position of Catholics in England, Loss and Gain, Dream of Gerontius, Idea of a University, Newman; Phases of Thought and Criticism by Brother Azarias, $1.50.

III.—Ruskin's Mornings in Florence; Ruskin's Elements of Drawing; Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture; Ruskin's Modern Painters; Ruskin's Stones of Venice; Architecture and Painting, and Frondes Agrestes, by Ruskin; Sacred and Legendary Art, Legends of the Madonna, Legends of the Monastic Orders, History of Our Lord, by Mrs. Jameson; Life of Frederick Overbeck, by Margaret Howitt; Christian Art in Our Own Age, by Eliza Allen Starr; Pilgrims and Shrines, by Eliza Allen Starr; Patron Saints, by Eliza Allen Starr.

IV.—The Laws of Thought; or Formal Logic: Fundamental Ethics, by Rev. William Poland, S.J., St. Louis University. Price each 80 cents.

Books of Supplementary Reading on the several courses will be announced in the November number of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*. Outlines of required reading, questions, notes, programs, reports of Circles, and articles on topics supplementary to the required reading will be published monthly.

Address all communications to

WARREN E. MOSHER, Sec'y,
Youngstown, Ohio.

* * *

The Summer-School number of the *Reading Circle Review* contains a large amount of valuable information for every intelligent Catholic. Twenty cents will secure a copy, if sent to the office at Youngstown, Ohio. While the reports of the lectures are very much condensed they serve a useful purpose in showing the immense areas of thought which may be explored by studious minds. People otherwise well informed are still asking what the Summer-School is intended to accomplish, notwithstanding the numerous accounts published within the past four years. Such deplorable ignorance of a great movement will be effectually removed by an attentive perusal of the official report in the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

Mensis Eucharisticus. By Father Faverio Lercari, S.J. *Petronilla, and other Tales.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. *Outlines of Dogmatic Theology.* By Rev. Sylvester Joseph Hunter, S.J. *The Catholic Home Annual for 1896. The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church.* By Rev. A. A. Lambing. *The Christian's Model* (Vols. XI. and XII. of Hunolt Sermons, completing the work). *Christ in Type and Prophecy.* Vol. II. By Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J., Professor of Oriental Languages, Woodstock College.

THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:

Chapters of Bible Study; or, A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Sacred Scriptures. By the Rev. Herman J. Heuser, Professor of Scriptural Introduction and Exegesis, St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.

P. J. KENEDY, New York:

Questions on Vocations: A Catechism principally for Parochial Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By a Priest of the Congregation of the Mission. With an Appendix on How Parishes may establish Scholarships.

MACMILLAN & CO., New York:

Red Rowans. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. *The Men of the Moss-Hags.* By S. R. Crockett. *The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S.*

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Daniel Defoe's Journal of the Plague Year. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Professor George Rice Carpenter.

PAUL BOYTON, London and Chicago:

The Story of Paul Boyton. Second edition.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOOK COMPANY, New York:

A Brief Text-Book of Moral Philosophy. By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

The Spiritual Exercises of an Eight-Days' Retreat. By the Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.F.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

The Christ of To-Day. By George A. Gordon, Minister of the Old South Church, Boston.

PAMPHLETS.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING-OFFICE, Washington:

Annual Report of the Operations of the United States Life-Saving Service, 1894.

CONVENT OF THE POOR SERVANTS OF THE MOTHER OF GOD, Brentford, London:

A Memoir of Father Dignam, of the Society of Jesus. Revised and with Preface by Father Edward Ignatius Purbeck, S.J.

CURTIS & CO., Boston:

Hand-Book of the New Public Library, Boston. Compiled by Herbert Small. Fully illustrated.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Philadelphia:

William Gaston, First Student of Georgetown College. By J. Fairfax McLaughlin, LL.D.

"And bowed: for, lo, he saw
O'ershadowing Death,
A Mother's hands above,
Swathing the limbs of Love!"

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXII. DECEMBER, 1895. NO. 369.

THE ANGEL'S CHRISTMAS QUEST.

"Where have ye laid my Lord?
Behold, I find Him not!
Hath He, in heaven adored,
His home forgot?
Give me, O sons of men,
My truant God again!

"A voice from sphere to sphere—
A faltering murmur—ran,
'Behold, He is not here!
Perchance with Man,
The lowlier made than we,
He hides His majesty.'"

Then, hushed in wondering awe,
The spirit held his breath,
And bowed: for, lo, he saw
O'ershadowing Death,
A Mother's hands above,
Swathing the limbs of Love!

JOHN B. TABB.

Copyright. VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT. 1895.

THE CHURCH AND THE NEW SOCIOLOGY.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

PROPOSE to express one or two thoughts that occurred to me while reading Messrs. Small and Vincent's manual called *An Introduction to the Study of Society*. This work was referred to at some length in the September number of the magazine. With certain limitations as regards the phenomena to be examined by the student of society, the manual will be found useful. The student must also bear in mind the fundamental error of the authors respecting the nature of morality. They fully recognize the utility of good actions; so does Mr. Mill, so do all with whom we are at issue with regard to duty.

The difference is not superficial. The obligation of a law binding upon conscience is one thing, the social utility of such a law is another. The second view in the last analysis leads to the disruption of society, the former holds its elements together. The second accounts for all the extravagant theories set up to explain social results, and for many of the mischiefs that afflict society. It is this second view which regards as the enemy of human progress the august church with whose history the entire march of mankind, its whole advance, all its triumphs for the last nineteen centuries, are identified.

The reckless abusiveness of Professor Huxley, the more refined insolence of Professor Tyndall, the metaphysical intolerance of Mr. Spencer have been all directed to destroy the influence of the creed that created Christendom and taught the principles on which rests whatever is wise, beneficent, and enduring in modern civilization.

POSITIVIST VIEW OF HISTORY.

The imaginative history of Comte and his shadow, Mr. Spencer—shadow of a shade—superseding the "old almanac," and the more classical philosophy of history, is that scientific study of society to which the world is running as to a new play. Their view of how history should be written was laid hold of by some men not devoid of belief in the eternal distinction between right and wrong. When imagination holds the light, pano-

ramas of the past can readily be exhibited. The "old almanac" required the pains of industry for its compilation: the philosophy of history, the labor of study to discover the causes of movements, their relations, value, and effects.

How much more attractive will the narrative be when the historian is free from the fetter of truth! We have commonplace characters made demi-gods by Carlyle, bad men and women winged like angels on the canvas of Froude. Weak peoples have no place in the world. Like the unsocial elements of positivist ethics, they must die out of the paths of the demigods and angels.

I know of nothing in the range of satire that surpasses the simple brutal good faith in which Froude asks the readers of his *English in Ireland* to believe that the native Irish are an inferior race, destined to perpetual slavery, because Shakspere in "Henry V." makes Captain Macmorris ready to "imbrue," as an Irishman would say, under the idea that some one disparaged his nation. Because forsooth Macmorris was prepared to lug out his side companion at a fancied insult, the Irish always burst out into fits of purposeless anger, hence a people so prone cannot govern themselves. Argal! Hence their lands must be taken from them, their societies broken in pieces, their laws blotted out; all that the past had sanctified made a mockery, their present a degradation, their future a despair.

Assuming that Shakspere reported the fanfaronade of Macmorris fairly, what does it amount to? If it has any reality beyond the divine William's truckling to the prejudices of the "groundlings," may it not be the result of national sensitiveness made morbid by English assumptions of superiority? If I cared to go into this, it might appear that Macmorris was a Norman of the Pale, loyal to the king indeed, but accustomed to the sweet rule of his English officials in Ireland. But the fury of the man is quite a different thing to the magnificent anger of the great Celtic chiefs, of which we see so much in their relations with the viceroys—an anger founded in justice from the nature of the thing, and heroic because it counted the odds and realized how great they were.

THE DISCOVERY OF TRUTH THE OBJECT IN ALL INQUIRY.

This, however, is the kind of history we are to receive from the positive philosophy. Everything is perverted. When Messrs. Small and Vincent say that the method of investigation pursued in the physical sciences is that to be applied to the phenomena

of society we agree with them. It may be thought that we are forced to swallow the bitter pill of liberality, because men have shattered the chains that bound them, have flung to the winds the pretension "of an old Italian man"* to rule their thoughts, and walk abroad in the dignity of full manhood; and so on through any number of dithyrambics with which these latest of the anthropoids present us.

But it is not so. We very distinctly say that this has been always the view of Christian philosophy; but we gently object to hypotheses being taken for established laws of mind or matter, and we object to facts being bent, distorted, invented to support hypotheses.

The fact is that the intolerance of modern science goes far beyond anything ever attributed to the ancient teachers. Prove to demonstration that they were honest and successful students and speculators for their day, and we shall learn from Professor Huxley, in a lecture to a body of working-men in England, that the advancement in discovery since Galileo's time would compensate him for the doings of a score of inquisitorial cardinals.

THE CHURCH MADE MODERN PROGRESS POSSIBLE.

And yet the men engaged in these investigations during the last century or two must have been protected in their property and leisure by the law of the land. Whence came it? Under what vine and fig-tree did the Gothic societies of Europe spring up? What was the religion of the men who fashioned the common law of England, broadening from precedent to precedent as the ages went down? Who but the ecclesiastical chancellors infused the spirit of equity into the hardness or incompleteness of the statute law, and laid the foundations of that jurisprudence which more than anything else makes one feel that England is the most imperial nation since Rome, from the golden milestone of her Forum, sent abroad her strong, just rule to the remotest west and remotest east, and from the German forests to the Great Desert?

The moulding of the nations of Europe was a work at least as important to humanity as that discovery and use of natural forces of which modern science is so justly proud. We might be content with this claim of contributory service on the part of the past, but something more remains to be said.

* *V.* Carlyle.

INTOLERANCE OF AGNOSTICISM.

Huxley when elected to the London School Board in 1870 distinguished himself by the violence of his speeches against the Catholic Church. There have been from time to time bigots in Parliament like Mr. Spooner, Mr. Newdegate, and Mr. Whalley in my own memory. In the last century Lord George Gordon's appeals to the prejudices of the London mob caused riots which brought many of his followers to the gallows. Mr. Spooner and Mr. Newdegate were laughed at by the House. *Punch* expressed the degrees of their stupidity by the comparison Spoon-Spooner and Newdegate. Mr. Whalley was mocked by Lord Beaconsfield, when Mr. Disraeli, by suggesting that he was a Jesuit in disguise. In this manner English gentlemen dealt with fools who outraged the convictions of their fellow-men.

If Huxley were a member of a club—I mean a club of gentlemen—he would not have been permitted to use a second time the atrocious language with which he assailed the creed of the Catholic members of the London School Board. Professor Tyndall, who was the son of an Irish land bailiff—that is to say, the son of a person selected for that odious office because he possessed the qualities of the slave-driver on a plantation—attacked Mr. Gladstone in the language of Billingsgate on account of his Irish policy.

PRETENSIONS OF ITS LEADERS QUESTIONED.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in the most foolish essay I ever read, proceeds to tell men who know something about affairs how our youth should be educated for public life. What does he know about law or the theory of legislation? Yet these persons, capable of any degree of audacity, would tell a great Chancery lawyer how he should deal with the most recondite equities, a great statesman how to direct and control social forces in the fever or tempest of their action, a great general how to change his front in the presence of the enemy, a great admiral how to win Trafalgar or the Nile. And yet in the very subjects with which they are supposed to be identified they do not appear to stand so high above other men.

Is Tyndall in reality such a giant that he can look down upon the rest of the world? On an examination by competent judges he is declared greatly inferior as a physicist and mathematician to many of his contemporaries. It is said that no one except the "popular reader" science-man would dream of com-

paring him with J. Clerk-Maxwell, Sir W. Thomson, P. G. Tait, Sir Gabriel Stokes, and others. The magic of that Irish eloquence was the source of his power, and not what he has done by discovery or invention. As a lecturer he stands unrivalled. In his hands we realize what a wonderful instrument of thought and expression the English tongue can be. It is due to that as much as to his scientific attainments that he was put in the chair once filled by Faraday and by Davy.

There is one thing by which his judgment can be tested in view of this very question before us: the application of the experimental method to questions of morals and mental science. In his address as president of the British Association, at Belfast, he made religion the product of the emotions, and because the Presbyterians and other Protestants were shocked he denied the correctness of the reporters. The same withdrawal attended his declaration that he saw in matter the promise and potency of all terrestrial life. The Irish, unfortunately, were not ripe enough for materialism; and so this halycon thinker who bent his beak with each vary of his audience carried his propagandism to the more congenial public of England. A similar instance of dishonesty can be charged to Huxley.

TO SUCCEED, ASSAIL THE CHURCH!

As long as these men confined themselves to abusing the doctrines of the Catholic Church all was right. But there are certain beliefs cherished among the Protestants of Britain as well as Ireland. To assail these is likely to impair the missionary success of the apostles of infidelity. The extraordinary thing about them is, that they desire to lead others into the night and the wild, or into the abyss of annihilation from which nature shrinks aghast, instead of being filled with sorrow at their inability to know God—so far as the faithful since Adam have known him—infinite sanctity, purity, justice, truth, mercy, love, of whose nature all that is best in us is the palest reflection from whom we have come, by whom we are so marvellously guarded, who has filled this earth with so many good things for us, and who has reserved beyond it a home in which the happiness desired by our nature shall be realized. If all that the generations from Adam believed were false as dicers' oaths, what advantage is it to the wild, unresting, jealous, beaten, vengeful hordes of the slums and alleys of great cities to be undeceived, to lose their trust in God, their sense of the soul's goodness, their hope that the hard measure

of to-day will be mended in the overflow of an unfading morrow? In times gone by less dangerous enemies of law and order received their deserts in the only way to silence criminals.

This is the philosophy of tumults, of Orsini bombs, incendiary fires, of the dagger, the philosophy of men dancing like fiends round a lamp-post bearing a dead gentleman or a dead priest. When London is next threatened by more dangerous Chartists than those of '48, and when after a desperate struggle society shall have asserted its strength and the hangman be busy, those who have hearts to feel, heads to think, will regret that the great leaders of agnosticism escaped him.

The authors of the manual which has caused me to tell some home-truths in homely language about the coryphæi of their philosophy acknowledge the influence of religion in determining the wills of individuals to social conduct. I could expect no less from them. I have said in the last number that in tone and temper they present a marked contrast to the writers of their way of thinking. In that number I directed attention to correcting the assumption of modern social science that the world was ignorant of it until a day ago, rather than to the discussion of the method of treating it.

Even Protestant Christianity favors the search for truth.

What M. Guizot lays down concerning the philosophy of history we say concerning sociology. It must be approached in the spirit now prevailing in the intellectual order in the search of truth whatever be its object. The authors of our manual were out of court in laboring to impress upon us the necessity of taking facts as the bases and rule when penetrating the sciences of the moral world. We are so pressed by the delusion which prevails with regard to the attitude of the church toward science that we decline to drop this part of the subject just yet. Candor is somewhat necessary.

I may say that nothing has occurred in my time which afforded more gratification than Lord Salisbury's address at Oxford to the British Association. The men of science were astounded. They had a revelation. The fact is that men of science and professional literary men have a contempt for the attainments of those who only belong to the better classes. A man may have gone out the best man of his year. In the country he may have widened his knowledge of literature or pursued some branch of science with assiduity. But he is only

an ignorant country gentleman because he does not belong to some critics' club or to some scientific institute, or has not tried his hand at a dull book of popular science or a far duller work of fiction. At the same time, for the sake of social recognition, the scientific world and his wife would stoop to any meanness to be received into the society of that country gentleman. If this be so, and I know it to be so, I may be excused for my way of rating the opinion of such persons with respect to the attitude of Catholic thought on questions of science.

DARWIN'S SERVICES TO SCIENCE.

What real claim for special veneration can be set up by the whole materialistic, positive school of science? It cannot be on the ground of originality. If we take Darwin, he was preceded in his theory of evolution by the earliest philosophers of Greece, and by others since to modern days, when Kant, Oken, and Lamarck anticipated him. It cannot be on that of scientific certainty from this circumstance, if from no other, that he plainly directs his powers to the establishment of some *a priori* theory. He investigates not to increase our knowledge of nature but to work out his idea of development. Mr. Donnelly's examination of the text of Shakspere to sustain his theory of a cryptograph of Lord Bacon affords an illustration of how a man of respectable talents and character like Darwin may be led along by a craze.

The name of Bacon leads us from "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind" to his namesake, the monk of whom our authors spoke with praise while making his name a rest from which to discharge their arrows at his brother-monks, and by necessary implication at their successors in the universities of the world; but not only at these, but at all who have control over Catholic education.

ROGER BACON'S SERVICES TO SCIENCE.

Concerning Roger Bacon, Dr. Whewell in his history of the inductive sciences regards the existence of Bacon's *Opus Magus* at the period as an insoluble problem. He seems justly astonished, in the light of sciolistic modern criticism, at finding a writer of the thirteenth century urging the claims of experiment as a source of knowledge of supreme importance. With a boldness and precision which a writer of to-day with all his advantages could not surpass, he exhibits the "three great prerogatives" of experimental science which make her the sole mis-

tress of speculative sciences. "First," he says, "she tests by experiment the noblest conclusions of all other sciences; next, she discovers, respecting the notions which other sciences deal with, magnificent truths to which those other sciences of themselves can by no means attain; her third dignity is that she, by her own power and without respect of other sciences, investigates the secrets of nature." Where were Huxley's twenty inquisitorial cardinals that this monk should escape?

SERVICES OF OTHER CATHOLICS.

I have said very little of that which I should like to have said: how Jevons, the greatest authority of this generation—a Protestant—laughs at the notion that the philosophy of the Protestant Bacon—the lord, not the monk—is the fountain of modern science; how the work of reform in the methods of scientific investigation belongs to the Catholic Leonardo Da Vinci;* how Galileo, and the priests, his pupils, used this Catholic method of investigation; how the whole realm of the stars was searched by the ecclesiastical astronomers who for fifteen centuries were the only astronomers; how since then the same science owes to priests or Catholic laymen more than it owes to the men of all other creeds put together; I should like to say what Catholics have done for mathematical science; that in Venice in 1494 a friar published the first work on algebra, that another priest developed it; that a third priest was one of the inventors of the infinitesimal calculus and solved problems from which others, including Kepler, had turned in despair; but if I were to continue the roll it would be like passing in review the stars of heaven, and I must pass to considering how the method of physical investigation is to be usefully employed in social science.

METHOD TO BE EMPLOYED IN SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The value of statistics of the manifold relations of families to the land, to industries of all kinds, their value in political

* Hallam, in the *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, says that "the discoveries which made Galileo and Kepler and Maestlin and Maurolicus and Castelli and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologers, are anticipated by Da Vinci. . . . If any doubt could be harbored . . . as to his originality in so many discoveries . . . *it must be on an hypothesis, not very untenable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which mere books do not record.*" The *italics* are mine. Hallam bears this testimony in a reluctant spirit, but the value of the concession implied in the clause I have marked is of very considerable importance coming from such a source.

or municipal organs of all kinds, their value in watching the growth of population from one year to another, the value of statistics of whatever injuriously affects society whether in the physical or moral health of its members—on all this our authors lay such stress that they seem to require the statesmen or philosophers of the future to personally collect the figures.

But this is not necessary. We find in Ireland an organized body of collectors, the constabulary, with the result that the agricultural statistics of that country—with the census read into them—present a history of every family on the land. From other statistics we may know the condition of people dwelling in towns and cities. What is true of Ireland is true of Great Britain in this respect. No one can undervalue such means of knowledge concerning the society in which all his interests are involved; but what I think is of equal importance is the use to which they may be turned.

The best way I can present my meaning and at the same time test, in one instance at least, the success of our authors in providing a royal road for embryo social philosophers and statesmen, is by giving an illustration of the manner in which an advanced section of British politicians handled certain figures of public relief.

FRAUDULENT USE OF STATISTICS.

In a pamphlet published by this society of politicians, under the title *Facts for Londoners*, it was stated that in London "one person in every five will die in the workhouse, hospital, or lunatic asylum." This appalling sentence, in a way startling as the doom denounced against Nineveh by the prophet, seemed supported by statistics bearing on the point. The object of the society in publishing them was not to rouse Londoners to meet the wolf coming to the door, but, as it said, to spur the people towards the "common end—the emancipation of land and industrial capital from individual and class ownership, and the vesting of them in the community for the general benefit." There was no very considerable juggling with the figures, but they were so classified as to sustain the statement, and if a superficial examiner looked up the sources the figures would be found to be pretty much as they appeared in the pamphlet. Yet hardly anything could be falser in effect than the impression aimed at.

It is time we should conclude. In our last paper we prom-

ised to show how the method of our authors ought to be applied. We have not the space; but as sociology is only the philosophy of history under a name invented by Comte, we invite our readers' attention to a few considerations grouped below.

SOME OF THE MATERIALS FOR THE PHILOSOPHIC STUDY OF SOCIETY.

Possibly it will be recollected that we then stated, with Aristotle, that the family is the basis of the state. Have we an account of the growth of the state from the family? It is plain that we have such an account in the Pentateuch; that we have it with a completeness which no history of modern colonization affords, and in a sense which no such history can supply. A colony is the mother-country in a new situation. Up to the time of the War of Independence the Virginians did not differ in the relations of social life and the modes of thought of the colonists from those of English country families to a degree greater than would be explained by the climate and the institution of slavery. The Greek colonies of Asia Minor, of Southern Italy, and the Mediterranean islands were the states across the seas. One saw in each of them the same enterprise, the same love of pleasure, the same polish, the same love of man in the perfection of intellectual and physical strength and beauty as in the little republic from which it sprang. The colonies of the United Kingdom are parts of it seen through a glass colored by the atmosphere. From a view of all such societies we can learn much, but not the thing we want. Our authors recognize in a dim way that something could be learned from the wandering of the nations—as the great migrations which eventually overthrew Rome are called with a certain romantic accuracy—about the importance of settlement with regard to the growth of population. We think that a great deal more than this can be acquired by following the Barbarians from their first appearance in outlying provinces or on the frontiers of the empire, until we find them carving it out into the kingdoms of modern Europe.

THE BIBLE AS A RECORD OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION AND CONSTRUCTION.

But going back to the family, we find it in Genesis standing at first alone. We find it again in later generations an aggregate of families round the central one. The appeal is so obvi-

ous that no one would omit to make it when considering the genesis of a nation unless he feared his doing so would endanger human progress by rehabilitating the Bible.

But in fact it is not necessary to claim for it an inspired authority when we read the account of the families of the first three ancestors of the Jews for the purpose in view. When Huxley outrages the feelings of Christian men by asserting that it is "impossible for men of clear intellect and adequate instruction to believe," "or to honestly say they believe," the events in Genesis, from those in the first chapter to the repeopling of the earth implied in the eighth, he says all he can against the Pentateuch as a history. I am not concerned to prove the Deluge just now—all antiquity is full of it; peoples wide asunder themselves, and far from the alleged cradle of the race and greatly differing in culture, carried traditions of it—but we have proof enough that the writer of the Pentateuch was a man of great moral and intellectual qualities, and that he had the means of knowing fairly well the story of his ancestors.

There is nothing improbable in the story that Jacob and his family went to Egypt under the circumstances mentioned. I do not take account of a side light said to be let in from Egyptian inscriptions as to the existence of a famine at the particular juncture. The rise of Joseph is not more extraordinary than many instances of such fortune that may be recalled from Oriental nations in twilight history, or than the rise of favorites of the emperors held up in the strong light of the Roman historians, poets, and satirists, or than the similar fortunes of persons of most obscure origin in the Turkish Empire or the Russian, or in other royal and imperial states—but we are satisfied to accept the story without Joseph.

Economic reasons brought Jacob and his family to Egypt, and economic conditions induced them to settle there. We can readily believe his descendants multiplied, that special religious traditions and the hopes founded on them kept them apart from the foul, licentious, idolatrous people among whom they were planted. Jealousy of this haughty isolation called for persecution; and this again reacted on the persecuted in intensifying race passions, and religious memories and aspirations.

We can understand how all these influences could be laid hold of by a commanding intellect, and hence the events which led to the "going out" of the Jews from Egypt. We have in the monograph of this extraordinary man the ordered moulding

of a nation. It is unnecessary to lay stress upon the severe moral and social burdens the law-giver laid upon his people; except so far as this gives irresistible force to the intrinsic evidence of authenticity. Undoubtedly it does this; but what is very clear, Moses had a conception of a human society which in the most important elements of civilization surpassed any ancient state. He realized it. Nowhere was legal-equity interwoven into the national jurisprudence as it was in the Sacred Books until after eight centuries of experience of law and legislation the jurisconsults of Rome worked the like of it into their jurisprudence. All the relations of man to the land were expressed with more than the precision of modern real property law. The status of the family, its relations to the tribe and the latter's relation to the state, were all clearer than those of the families and gentes of Rome were to the commonwealth. So that we have a continuous history of mankind, heterogeneous as parts of it may be, from the first family in Eden to the world-wide societies of to-day; and in all this—in this diversity of parts, differences of civilization, worship and ideals—we find a law of attraction as strong as the law that holds the spheres in their orbits, and an unity of purpose which proves that the same power that set the stars in motion set in motion the forces that work in society.

AMONG THE BUTTERFLIES.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

THE country is never more beautiful than of a June morning: the waving clover, the trees laden with blossoms, the wild flowers, even the despised weeds—all bring delight to our senses. But in this beautiful picture we should lose a good deal if we left out the butterflies. Yet how few of us realize the many hairbreadth escapes which this lovely insect makes as it passes through the four stages of its life history—the egg, the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and finally what we see it now, the butterfly.

Not many butterflies north of the Potomac winter in the perfect or imago state. Generally before the first snow falls the butterfly lays its eggs on the under side of some twig, and if the eggs are able to resist the cold, the caterpillars are hatched in early April. But there are exceptions to this rule, and the insect will sometimes hibernate in its second or caterpillar state. But our large and distinctly American species, known as the milkweed butterfly—*Anosia Plexippus*—passes the winter as a butterfly, and deposits its eggs in the springtime, usually on the leaves of its favorite food plant, the milkweed—*Asclepias*—not more than one egg being laid on each leaf, and the egg, which is of a green color and a trifle less than the twentieth of an inch long, hatches in less than a week. It is no doubt during the first, or egg state, that the species suffers the greatest amount of mortality. The eggs are destroyed wholesale by

spiders and crickets, and well it is that the first state is the briefest of the four.

The caterpillars of the milkweed butterfly are about two inches long, and are not hairy but naked worms with black and yellow bands, and they attain their growth in about a month. During the caterpillar state the same enemies, crickets and spiders, that fed on the eggs are on the alert to devour the newly born worm. But now, besides spiders and crickets, appear igneumon flies, birds, and in some places lizards. And this is, no doubt, the reason why the young caterpillar eats its own egg-shell, viz., in order that its enemies may not so readily discover it. And this strange habit has become hereditary through natural selection; the caterpillar that in the beginning showed a propensity to do this, had a better chance to survive than

BUTTERFLY MIMICKING A LEAF.

the caterpillar that did not eat its own egg-shell. The igneumon fly, as we have said, now comes to sting the poor creature, and the worms of the fly, hatching within the caterpillar, pass their brief existence in this living store-house; and, strange to relate, these parasites do not always prevent their host from thriving. Then,

too, there are the birds and lizards, which devour them by myriads. But defenceless as the caterpillar is, it has, nevertheless, certain means of protection: the hairy covering which many of them possess is so irritating that lizards and birds often spit them out. But even a better protection than hairs is resemblance to the environment and protective mimicry. Thus, a caterpillar resting on a bush will sometimes assume the color of a twig, and when it does, it will present also the instinct of taking the attitude which makes it look most like a twig; while Belt describes a large tropical caterpillar which bears so striking a resemblance to a venomous snake that it terrifies you. Such curious modes of defence are more common among insects than among other animals, and Darwin explains this by the fact that insects, excepting those armed with a sting, are helpless, and ". . . hence they are reduced, like most weak creatures, to trickery and dissimulation."*

Caterpillar Mimicking Stem of Currant Bush.

Currant Bush.

Then again, certain kinds of caterpillars are very conspicuously colored, and this fact puzzled Darwin, who saw what tempting objects they must be to their enemies, and the great naturalist asked his friend, Wallace, to try and explain it. Wallace studied the subject awhile, and then told him that highly conspicuous tints were no doubt a positive advantage to these insects, which would be found to be uneatable; the plainer such uneatable caterpillars were to the view, the better it was for them. This ingenious suggestion soon proved, through experiments, to be correct, and these caterpillars—which are nauseous to the taste—are now said to possess warning conspicuousness, or warning coloration; no bird or lizard will touch one that is so conspicuously marked, and therefore the sooner they are recognized the better it is for both parties. And the best authorities hold that the elements out of which protective resemblance and warning coloration have arisen exist in the individual variability of the insect, which variability is hereditary.

* *Origen of Species*, p. 377.

It is in its third, or chrysalis, state that the butterfly is safest; and the change from the caterpillar into the chrysalis occupies a day or two. Nor is there a more interesting study in insect life than that of a caterpillar from the time it ceases to feed to the time when it changes into a chrysalis. Having taken in a good supply of food and the proper moment having arrived, it crawls down from its favorite weed or bush and goes in quest of a safe spot wherein to pass the third, and what we may call the pupa period. Then, when it has found a spot to its liking, the caterpillar curls itself up into a ball and remains perfectly quiet; and thus it stays for about fifteen hours, after which it uncurls itself, and dropping head downward, it is held fast by its last pair of legs, which are now entwined in a tiny silken thread. In this position the insect hangs until at the end of another fifteen hours, sometimes a little longer, the skin along its back breaks open and the chrysalis—for such we now call it—is exposed to view.

We first see the head and body, then by and by the tail is drawn out of the old caterpillar skin, from which finally the pupa manages to detach itself entirely, and so it remains dangling from the end of the silken thread. In its chrysalis state the insect is in a condition of insensibility and exists without nourishment, securely wrapped in a horny case around which it has spun a silken cocoon. And it is most curious how some caterpillars possess the power to spin cocoons of the same hue as the environment. E. B. Poulton, who has made numerous experiments, says: "One of my caterpillars had begun to spin a brown cocoon upon an oak-leaf. I then removed the caterpillar to a white box; it remained motionless for several hours and then spun a white cocoon. . . . It is very probable the color of the cocoon was determined during the time when the caterpillar was motionless in the box."* The physiological processes involved in this adjustment of a cocoon to its surroundings is a subject well worthy of study; and it is while in this third state of its existence that there goes on within it the elaboration needful to provide the organs of the future butterfly with their proper development. And Scudder, in his *Life of a Butterfly*, tells us that the chrysalis may be looked for in the most out-of-the-way places; he once actually found one attached to the under side of the ⊤ rail of a railway.

The chrysalis of our milkweed species is somewhat more than an inch long and of a greenish hue; and the chrysalis of

* *The Colors of Animals*, p. 145.

this butterfly usually hangs for a fortnight. At length the greenish tint begins to fade; then the orange wings of the butterfly glimmer through its prison wall, and in another twenty-four hours the impatient little creature bursts its bonds and flies away.

We are now come to the fourth and final state of this interesting insect. And is it not wonderful that the nasty caterpillar should contain within itself the lovely butterfly? And here let us say that the butterfly has lived through several geological periods: we can trace it back to the Jurassic era, the era of the earliest bird, Archæopteryx, and of the wonderful extinct reptiles, the Dinosaurs and Pterodactyls; and this was scarcely less than five million years ago.

The butterfly, which in the north is frequently, we might say generally, born in early spring, seems to enjoy more than any other insect the long summer days which follow. Nor does it always die when the first winter arrives: it is sometimes able to live on through the frosty months, and in our Southern States we may see it on the wing at Christmas. But farther north it conceals itself in some warm nook, to reappear in faded colors when spring-time comes again. Students of the butterfly are not agreed as to how often the four stages of its life-history—the egg, caterpillar, chrysalis, and butterfly—may be repeated during a year. Some tell us that the complete cycle may be rounded within three weeks; while Scudder, a good authority, says that north of the Potomac we may not look for the entire cycle to be accomplished oftener than twice in a twelvemonth.

It may be accepted as a fact that many, probably the majority, of female butterflies are more beautiful than the males; and the better opinion is that it is the preference of the male for a comely mate that has little by little increased the beauty of the females. And it is interesting to see them making love. The male alights and with fluttering wings brushes against the female. Then a dozen other males come and do the same thing, until at length the hard-to-please female, in some way unknown to us, lets one of the males understand that he has won her heart. Immediately he and she rise up into the air and commence rapidly circling round and round each other for a minute or so—an aerial love-waltz—then down the happy couple drop into the grass.

It is curious to watch a butterfly light on a flower and begin to feed. The mechanism, not unlike a watch-spring,

which it half uncoils, then plunges down into the flower, is in reality an extremely minute tube through which it pumps up the luscious juice; we say pumps up, for it is by means of a microscopic sac and valve within the insect's head that the nectar is made to ascend the tube; and when the sac in the head is full, it is squeezed down into the stomach.

Bates, in his classic work, *The Naturalist on the Amazons*, tells us that it is in the tropics that the greatest number of species is to be found. Within an hour's walk of Para, Brazil, he numbered seven hundred species, while the whole of Europe contains only three hundred and twenty-one species. And of all the Brazilian butterflies, the most beautiful is *Morpho Rhetenor*. It flies high, so that it is hard to capture; the wings are of a dazzling lustre, and to quote Bates, "when it comes sailing along, it occasionally flaps its wings, and then the blue surface flashes in the sunlight, so that it is visible a quarter of a mile off." *

A feature peculiar to the male of the milkweed species are the membranous pouches hidden beneath the folds of the hind wing, and which are filled with exceedingly small scales. But these well-nigh invisible scales are to be found on every male butterfly, if not in a pouch, then scattered over the surface of the wings; and Scudder tells us that owing to their being attached solely to the male, they are sometimes called male-scales.

It is only recently that entomologists have begun to study these minute appendages, and the better opinion is that it is through them that the various aromatic odors—musk, milkweed, crushed violet, honey—are given forth by the male insect to captivate the female; and no doubt natural selection has carried the function of these scales to a degree of perfection beyond anything man can imagine.

It is also believed that the sense of smell plays a most important part in the union of the sexes among all insects; for experiments seem to show that the compound eyes of insects are very imperfect compared with the eyes of vertebrates, and the sense of smell must with them largely take the place of vision.

In regard to seasonal changes, we have already observed that some butterflies hibernate as butterflies, while others pass the winter in the chrysalis state. But it is an interesting question whether our milkweed species does not regularly migrate

* *Naturalist on the Amazons*, p. 53.

like birds. Scudder tells us* that once, ". . . between nine and ten o'clock in the morning of September 2, . . . at Hampton, N. H., a continuous stream of these butterflies passed before me toward the south-west, following the line of the sea-coast, with the wind about north-west. . . . In the hour that I watched them, I calculated that at least fifteen hundred passed me, and without exception in the same direction." And further on he adds: " . . . It seems highly probable that the southern movements may extend over the entire United States." Scudder also quotes from Dr. John Hamilton, who, writing from Brigantine Beach, New Jersey, and alluding to the milkweed species, says: "The multitude of this butterfly that assembled here the first week in September is almost beyond belief. Millions is but feebly expressive—miles of them is no exaggeration, etc." To which Scudder himself adds: "This gathering of the clans is but the first step in the southward movement, which has also been observed in numerous places."

As we know, our milkweed species is quite a large insect, from four to five inches between the tips of the wings, colored black and orange, and of a gentle, easy flight; and its range extends from Hudson Bay to Patagonia. But Scudder holds it as most probable that while this butterfly may wander so far to the north and to the south, it must beyond certain limits —beyond the growth of its food-plant—be looked on as a vagrant; and he says that on our Atlantic coast-line the eggs and caterpillars of this species have as their northern boundary latitude 40°. As we might expect from its size, it has a remarkable power of flight, and where the milkweed goes there it goes. The milkweed was not known in the Sandwich Islands —two thousand miles from the Pacific coast—much before 1850, and as soon almost as this weed appeared there, the milkweed butterfly appeared also. It is more likely, however, that an impregnated female was carried this long distance on some vessel, instead of trusting to her wings. Nevertheless, *Anosia Plexippus* has certainly been seen on the Pacific Ocean five hundred miles from land. But even in this instance may not the insect have flown off some passing ship?

We have already spoken of conspicuous tints or warning coloration in caterpillars, and told how Wallace explained this mystery to Darwin. Let us now speak of mimicry among butterflies, which wonderful fact in nature was first made clear by Bates. By mimicry is meant the—of course unconscious—imita-

* *Life of a Butterfly*, p. 51.

tion in color and form of one species of butterfly by another species, which is thus able to share in some advantage which the imitated kind enjoys. In Brazil, for instance, there is a large family of these insects—the *Heliconidæ*—which are not only very abundant, but also very conspicuous by their varied and beautiful colors.

They have a slow, even a weak flight, and the laziest bird would have no trouble in getting a meal off them at any hour. But no bird will touch them, for these elegant butterflies have a pungent, medicinal odor, which is no doubt disgusting to their enemies; hence it is to the interest of the *Heliconidæ* to fly slowly and to be of showy tints, in order that birds may easily recognize that they belong to the sickening kind. Now, along with the *Heliconidæ* is found another group of butterflies of the genus *Leptalis*, which so closely resembles them externally that the most sharp-eyed bird mistakes them for the *Heliconidæ*, and consequently does not molest them; and let us add that the mimickers number about one to fifty of the mimicked. But while these two kinds of butterflies are outwardly so alike, their inward, structural characters are just as different as the differences between the ruminants and the carnivora among mammals. It is interesting, too, to know that mimicry is much more common among female butterflies than among males, for the reason that they need its protection more. Wallace, in his paper on the Malay butterflies, says: "Their slower flight when laden with eggs, and their exposure to attack while in the act of depositing their eggs upon the leaves, render it especially advantageous for them to have some additional protection." And Belt, in his charming book *The Naturalist in Nicaragua*, adopts the same view; adding, however, the ingenious suggestion that one reason why the males have not undergone a similar exterior modification, is owing to the females evincing a preference for males which have retained the ancestral tints.

But now it may be asked how this close outward resemblance has been brought about. We answer, through Natural Selection. But it has been gained by infinitely slow degrees. In the beginning the insect which ever so slightly varied in tint in the direction of safety—and as a precedent fact we are bound to assume that the actual tints found in the mimicking butterfly of to-day were found in a certain minute degree, sufficient for natural selection to act upon, in the ancestral form—would naturally have a better chance to survive, and its progeny would, through inheritance, tend to perpetuate and increase

this beneficial variation, until after perhaps many generations natural selection would make the external—not the structural—resemblance perfect. And here we again quote Scudder:* "So

long as there is the slightest advantage in variation in a definite possible direction, the struggle for existence will compel that variation. Knowing what we now know of the laws of life, mimicry of favored races might even have been predicted." And

* *Life of a Butterfly*, p. 88.

to quote Romanes:* " . . . It is impossible to imagine stronger evidence in favor of natural selection as a true cause in nature than is furnished by this culminating fact in the matter of protective resemblance, whereby it is shown that a species of one genus, family, or even order, will accurately mimic the appearance of a species belonging to another genus, family, or order, so as to deceive its natural enemies into mistaking it for a creature of so totally different a kind."

And we may add that it is held not only by Romanes, but with few exceptions by all scientists, that protective coloring, warning colors, and mimicry are the strongest evidence we can give of natural selection being the main factor of organic evolution. No theory but Darwin's theory can plausibly explain the above phenomena, and as evidence of the truth of natural selection they amount almost to a demonstration. Nor is it at all correct to say that Huxley ever changed his views of the Darwinian hypothesis; for proof of this see Huxley's last public address, delivered before the Royal Society on November 30, 1894. And Scudder, whom we have more than once quoted, speaking of mimicry in butterflies, very truly says:† "The more we contemplate so strange and perfect a provision, and the means by which it is accomplished, the more we are impressed with the capabilities of natural selection, and begin to comprehend how powerful an element it has been in the development of the varied world of beauty about us."

* *Darwin and after Darwin*, p. 327. † *Life of a Butterfly*, p. 95.

DOMINICAN CONVENT IN ARMENIA.

ARMENIA, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY REV. HENRY HYVERNAT, D.D. (CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY).

IT is a huge mountain island, bounded on the north by the Caspian and the Black Seas, on the south by the Mediterranean Sea and the low plains of Mesopotamia and Assyria. Its altitude averages to five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea; it is crossed in every direction by deep valleys and high mountain ranges, and contains innumerable lakes, some of which are amongst the largest sheets of water on the old continent. From its many high, snow-capped peaks flow some of the most famous historical rivers, like the Araxes, the Tigris, and the Euphrates. Of these three rivers the Araxes is the most important in the eyes of an Armenian; as from the mountain of the Thousand Lakes, where it rises, to the Caspian Sea, it flows in Armenian soil. It is in its valley that Echmiazin, the Rome of Armenia, lies; also the ruins of Ani, the capital of the Bagratide dynasty, the greatest and most beautiful city ever built by Christian Armenia; and it is there again that, according to the ethnographists, we must look for the cradle of the old Armenian race.

THE SUPPOSED SITE OF PARADISE.

Not less interest attaches to the large basin of Lake Van. This wonderful lake is situated five thousand feet above

the Mediterranean's level. The high, steep, and often snow-capped mountains which closely gird it make its scenery amongst the most striking in the world. The deep blue of its waters, combined with the clear atmosphere of Armenia, gives to the eye the illusion of a portion of the Mediterranean Sea transported by the magic wand of a wizard into the highest regions of Switzerland. Like a genuine sea, it has no outlet; its depth is such that it could be crossed in all direction by our heaviest iron-clad vessels. It is a small sea rather than a large lake, and is therefore called the Armenian Sea. The climate of the basin of Lake Van is pleasant; its fertility is renowned far and wide. From the remotest antiquity its shores were bordered by important cities, and it seemed quite natural to the Armenians to suppose that their beautiful country must have been the site of the terrestrial Paradise as we find it mentioned in the second chapter of Genesis.

SACRED ARARAT.

Between the low valley of the Araxes and the high plateau where lies Lake Van rises the famous mountain, Ararat, the king of the volcanic cones of Armenia, and doubtless the most celebrated of mountains in the history of the human race, it being supposed to have been the spot whence the children of Noe dispersed through the world; a scriptural fact which, say the Armenians, is confirmed by the remains of the Ark still visible on the summit of the gigantic volcano. Though Ararat is only seventeen thousand feet high, and consequently considerably lower than several of the Himalayan peaks, yet I can say, speaking from observation, that none of the latter presents such an impressive appearance as the Armenian giant viewed from the low valley of the Araxes, as it rises perfectly isolated, so regular and symmetrical in its shape that the eye follows without any obstacle its bold ascending slope from its sunny and warm base to its snow-capped summit. The farther one stands from it the more he is impressed by its size, as all the other mountains around it look like insignificant mounds, whilst Ararat towers alone and grand above them; an impression very much like that which the tourist receives when, standing on the Alban hills, thirty or forty miles from Rome, and looking towards the Eternal City, he sees clearly with the naked eye the gigantic cupola of St. Peter's, though he has to use a field-glass to discern the other monuments of the city.

Armenia was inhabited, within the historical period, by two

different races, the ancient and what we may call the modern Armenians. The ancient Armenians, whilst they had all the anthropological characteristics of the white race, belonged to the Mongolian family by their language. They were a strong,

CONVENT OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES, NEAR VAN.

robust, energetic people, the most dangerous enemy of their powerful neighbors, the Assyrians. Eight centuries before our era they had reached a high degree of civilization, and the monuments their kings left to posterity are still the admiration of all.

ARMENIAN ETHNOLOGY.

The modern Armenians belong entirely to the Aryan white race. They are designated in the Holy Scripture by the ethnic name of Thogormah, third son of Gomer. Formerly established in the plains north of Caucasus and the Black Sea, they migrated, after centuries of wandering B. C., into Armenia, where later on, by a slow infiltration of new ethnic elements, under the Persian dominion, they grew into a new people, presenting all the chief characteristics of the Armenians of to-day. Unfortunately for this active and intelligent race, they took possession of their new home under most unfavorable circumstances. They passed immediately under the sway of the Assyrians, whose boundless resources and skilful strategy had

finally got the better of the old settlers of Armenia. When, half a century later, Nineveh fell under the combined blows of the Medes and the Persians, they were still too young as a nation to resist the new masters of the world. They were only freed from this dependence by passing under the dominion of Alexander the Great and the Seleucides, his successors. Armenia was then administered by native governors appointed by the Seleucides. The last of these governors, Ardavatz, was driven away by the Parthian, Arsace the Great, or Mithridates, who established his brother Valarce as King of Armenia, a century and a half B. C. Thus commenced the Armenian dynasty of the Arsacidæ, which kept itself, as well as it possibly could, upon the throne until the middle of the fifth century A. D., when it perished under the attacks of the Sassanians.

EARLY INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

It was under this dynasty that Armenia first became Christian. The country was evangelized, according to the traditions, by four Apostles, Sts. Bartholomew, Thaddeus, Jude, and Thomas. They wrought there many conversions, founded churches and consecrated bishops, and so on. Sts. Bartholomew and Jude died in Armenia. It was not, however, until the dawn of the fourth century that Armenia became as a whole officially a Christian country, when King Tiridates, the reigning monarch, was baptized by St. Gregory the Illuminator, who may well be considered as the true Apostle of Armenia; the country was covered in a few years with churches and monasteries, and a powerful hierarchy, depending upon the patriarchal see of Echmiazin, was established. It was towards the end of the same dynasty that a learned monk, by name Mesrob, invented the Armenian alphabet, thus enabling his countrymen to obtain a liturgy in their own language instead of the Greek or Syriac which up to that period they had used owing to the lack of their own letters. It was then that the Bible was translated into Armenian, and Mesrob became the founder of numerous schools of literature, to which we are indebted for translations of important Greek and Syriac works, some of which cannot be found either in original or any other language but Armenian. Unfortunately, in the year 428 the dynasty of the Arsacidæ fell under the assaults of the Sassanians of Persia, who ruled the country for the two next centuries, and endeavored to uproot Christianity. While we rejoice that many of the literary treasures escaped their devastating fury, we have to deplore the

loss of all the architectural monuments of that early and interesting period. After the Sassanians came the Arabs of Bagdad, who were the rulers of the country during the seventh century, and did not prove more partial to Christianity than their predecessors; whatever the latter might have overlooked was destroyed by these fanatical followers of Mohammed. After this long period of persecution the Armenians remained unmolested, though still dependent on the caliphs, and were permitted the free and public practice of their religion. It was the dawn of an era of independence. In the ninth century

BISHOP, WITH ARMENIAN INSCRIPTIONS.

they finally succeeded in getting a dynasty of their own, under whose government they developed into a robust nation, and reached rapidly a high standing in the culture of arts and letters as well as in the civil and military institutions. This dynasty, called Bagratide, after Bagrat its founder, lasted nearly three hundred years, and must have lasted much longer but for the political mistakes of the Armenians. Instead of remaining united under one government, they quarrelled among themselves and divided into numerous small kingdoms, each of which pretended to control exclusively the politics of the nation, just when they most needed to be united against their many enemies. The Greek emperors of Byzantium, who since the end of

the fourth century had been masters of the Armenian provinces of Asia Minor, were always on the lookout for a pretext for interfering in the politics of Armenia. Naturally they profited by the dissensions of the petty kingdoms to annex them to their already too extensive empire. Both by main force and by treachery they relentlessly labored to attain their end. Repeatedly did the Armenians defeat them; but each victory left the nation weaker before an enemy of superior resources, until it finally succumbed. The last Bagratide king, kidnapped by his cunning adversaries, was compelled to exchange a crown too heavy for him for a castle on the Bosphorus. This took place in the year 1045. Armenia then became a province of the Greek Empire, and was treated in the most cruel way by her new masters. The headmen of the army and all the influential citizens of the nation were banished to distant provinces, and whatever of the population had escaped destruction or exile were taxed far above their means. It seemed, indeed, that nothing worse could befall the Armenians; but these atrocities were but little in comparison with misfortunes still awaiting them.

MOHAMMEDAN INVADERS.

The Seljukide sultans, not less bigoted and far more cruel than the Arabs, had just snatched the military power from the weak hands of the caliphs, whom they pretended to protect. Their ferocious hordes soon invaded Armenia. A number of flourishing cities were burned to the ground, after the population had been put to death with the exception of such as could adorn the harems of the conquerors. Many Armenians took refuge in Cilicia, which from the remotest antiquity had been one of their colonies—the kingdom generally known as Lesser Armenia. Whilst the Greeks were making desperate but useless efforts to defend Greater Armenia against the Seljuks, the new kingdom developed rapidly under the wise administration of the Roopenian dynasty, and when, in 1097, the crusaders came to Cilicia they found the Armenians strongly established in their new home and most willing to help them in every way in their war against Islam. For two centuries Armenians and Franks fought side by side against the ever-reappearing heads of the Mohammedan hydra, and there is no doubt that their joint efforts would have had more enduring results but for the short-sighted policy of the Greek emperors, who could never understand that the existence of a strong and

flourishing Christian kingdom on the east of their dominions was the best protection against the invading Asiatic hordes. Instead of helping them in their struggle for independence against the Mohammedans, as Christian spirit and even mere worldly prudence suggested, they attacked them themselves repeatedly when they could not excite the sultans of Konjieh to do so. If the Greeks had received the crusaders with the same cordiality as the Armenians, there is no doubt but the crescent would have been driven back to its sandy deserts. It is true that the unexpected start taken by Egypt under the famous Saladin, and after him by the still more famous dynasties of the Mamelukes, had brought new resources to the enemies of our faith; but the flood of the Mongols was advancing rapidly from the steppes of Northern Asia.

ONE OF THE KURDS WHO CARRIED A PORTION OF A VASE WITH CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTION.

Unlike the Arabs and the Turks, the new-comers brought no creed with them. Christianity and Islam were novelties to them, which did not correspond to anything in their traditions; they would have embraced the one as well as the other; nay they seemed at first to have a decided inclination towards Christianity. The Armenians of Cilicia, like the pontiffs of Rome, understood this, and received with every mark of friendship the new conquerors, who soon became the protectors of the Christian faith. It is not improbable that if the Greeks had followed the same policy the Mongols would never have adopted the tenets of the Koran. But the narrowness of their views made them miss this last opportunity of saving their own empire and Christianity. In 1300 the Mongols became Mohammedans, and as such the enemies of the Christians. This was practically the end of Armenia; her independence was lost for ever. She became a province of the empire of the sultans of Egypt, and her last king, Leon de Lusignan, died in Paris, where he had taken refuge towards the close of the fourteenth century.

During that time a little Turkish tribe, fleeing before the

Mongols from its original home in Central Asia, settled in the western portion of Asia Minor on the Byzantine frontier. They took the name of Othmanlis from Othman, their leader. Early in the fourteenth century they inherited their provinces from the Seljuks of Asia Minor, on whom they depended and who had been swept away by the Mongols. They soon developed into an irresistible conquering nation, to whose prowess the Greek Empire finally succumbed in 1453.

Since that time Armenia has been the great battle-field between Turkey, Persia, and Russia, and it is hard to tell which of the three is most unfavorable to her claims.

No doubt the political misfortunes of that country may, to some extent, be accounted for by its geographical position. For this reason an absolutely independent kingdom of Armenia neither has been nor will be ever possible. Besides it was not, nor will it ever be profitable to any European power to annex Armenia as an ordinary province, since its remoteness from the centre of such a power will always make it impossible to defend it for any length of time against a powerful invader. But between these two extremes a middle course could be pursued, namely, to establish Armenia as an independent state, governed by local princes, under the protection of one or other of the civilized nations of Christendom. The Roman emperors understood the situation very well, and therefore always favored the political independence of Armenia, which policy proved most profitable both to the latter and to the Roman Empire. I have already indicated how the Greek emperors, taking another course, lost both Armenia and their own dominions. But independently of that great political mistake, the Greek emperors committed another, religious in character, and which proved far more fatal to Armenia, no matter how considered.

AN ARMENIAN HOUSE.

RELIGIOUS TROUBLES OF ARMENIA.

So much for the historical and political aspects of the question. The more important consideration of the spiritual interests involved in it remains to be dealt with briefly.

The conversion of Armenia under King Tiridates was so complete that centuries of cruel persecutions could never uproot the tenets of the Gospel from the hearts of its inhabitants. The whole of their religious history shows that they wanted to keep their faith in all its purity, as they boasted to have received it from Rome. They consequently rejected with horror the error of Nestorius, admitting two persons in Christ. When the Council of Chalcedon condemned Eutyches, who sustained the contrary error, maintaining one person, but only one nature in Christ, the Armenians were absorbed in a desperate struggle for their religious and political independence against Persia; and were easily deceived by the cunning partisans of the heretic, who made them believe that the council had approved of the error of Nestorius, and strange to say, whilst they anathematized Eutyches, they anathematized also the Council of Chalcedon. The Armenian bishops in the course of time understood the question and willingly accepted the decrees of Chalcedon. But the Greeks, who wished, in the interest of their political ends, to separate Armenia from the rest of the Christian world, were not satisfied with this acceptation. They objected to the Armenian ritual, which they represented to the Roman authorities as teeming with heretical practices.

Being surrounded by enemies of a different faith, the Armenians, like other nations in similar circumstances, had soon identified their own religious rites with their nationality. The Greeks, who desired the annihilation of the latter, attacked the former *per fas aut nefas*. They claimed besides for the See of Constantinople the right of appointing the patriarch of Armenia, who had the political as well as the religious control of the nation. From one point of view their efforts failed completely; the Armenians clung always more tenaciously to their ritual and privileges. Yet the Greeks succeeded in their ultimate end, the isolation of Armenia from the other Christian churches, to the great injury of Christianity, and especially to the injury of both the spiritual and political interests of Armenia.

The spiritual and intellectual benefit that Armenia could derive from her union with the old Roman See, the corner-stone of the Holy Church, as it is still styled in the Armenian liturgy,

is but too clearly demonstrated by the flourishing condition of the United Armenian Church, and by the unceasing and successful efforts of the Papacy to ameliorate the temporal condition of her subjects. Unfortunately, the prejudice against Rome is still so deeply rooted in the mind of the Armenians that very few can think they can join the Catholic Church without losing their nationality. The Greek Empire has been extinct for many centuries, but its works have outlived it as far as Armenia is concerned. And strange to say, the latter looks now towards its successors, the Russians, for protection. Under Russian government they might, perhaps, find temporal advantage, but they would lose the control of their religious affairs. All their bishops must be what their patriarch, the Catholicos of Echmiazin, has been for some time, the humble servants of the Czar, who would see that no religious denomination excepting the orthodox, so called, shall come in contact with them. The mode in which Russia would administer Armenia may be surmised from this instance of my own personal experience. Journeying through Asia lately, I was permitted to travel freely through Russian

A FAMILY GROUP.

Armenia as long as I had nothing to do with the Armenian hierarchy, but when I manifested my desire of visiting the monastery of Echmiazin, whither I was attracted by a number

of cuneiform inscriptions, the aim of my scientific mission, I was prevented from doing so by an order which emanated from St. Petersburg, and was seen safely off to the Persian frontier.

No wonder that Armenians, persecuted and oppressed by the

"I WAS SEEN SAFELY OFF TO THE PERSIAN FRONTIER."

masters of their native land, seek elsewhere freedom and justice. Closely resembling the Hebrews, they display an extraordinary vitality as well as a great aptitude in settling among other nations, adopting their mode of living without losing their own nationality. Like the sons of Abraham, again, they show wonderful business tact, and in the Orient they may be called their superiors. Hence the Oriental saying: "Where the Armenians have settled, the Hebrews need not come; it takes three Hebrews to outdo a Greek, and three Greeks to outdo an Armenian."

KINDLY CHARACTER OF THE KURDS.

A few remarks on the probable cause of the recent troubles which have so engaged our interest and sympathy may fitly close this paper. Some lay the blame on the Kurds, whom they represent as a blood-thirsty people who revel in taking the lives of Christians just because they are Christians; others place the blame on the Sultan himself, and say the slaughter of the Christians was not perpetrated by the Kurds, but by the regular military force of Turkey. On the other hand, the Sublime Porte pleads that the facts have been considerably exaggerated and entirely misrepresented; that it is not true that thousands of Armenians have been murdered in hatred of their faith, but it is true that some of them were put to death for having tried to excite their co-religionists to rebellion against the lawful government of the country. But what amount of truth may be contained in these various contradictory reports no one can tell, nor will ever be able to tell—not even the Sublime Porte itself; so inaccessible is the scene of the troubles, so unreliable are the different rumors on account of the many interests at stake. Because of the lack of evidence, we cannot see where, of what kind, and on what side was the first wrong; nor how an incident, in itself insignificant, such as the theft of a horse or a gun, could develop into a political imbroglio that stirs the governments of Europe and America. I can tell you, however, from similar events which have taken place in the past, whom the chief actors in this sad tragedy must have been—not only the actors, but, what is more important and more desirable to know, the authors. First of all, what share of responsibility rests on the Kurds? I do not hesitate to say very little, in spite of the very serious charges brought against them by misinformed lecturers. Of course the Kurds are not exactly types of Christian meekness; they do not deny that they are thieves—they are even proud of that title. Amongst them a thief is equivalent to an independent man, a gentleman. They justly consider themselves as the only true masters of the mountains where they live, having the right to levy a tribute on the caravans that go through their territory. Occasionally they will plunder a village, Armenian or other; but very rarely will they kill those whom they rob, unless resistance be offered; which is very seldom the case, inasmuch as the Kurds do not deem it wise to attack a caravan or village that can offer them resistance. Besides, by killing people they would destroy a precious and

durable source of revenue—a dead sheep cannot be fleeced twice. Occasionally they have murdered people, but in almost every case they seemed to have been the instrument of some other party. I lived five months amongst them, not in one place only, but in the Russian as well as in the Persian and Turkish portions of Armenia—nay, in the environs of Lake Van and Mount Ararat, where they are most dreaded on account of the facility with which they can flee from one country into the other, and in that manner escape official punishment. I always found the Kurds kind and hospitable. I can say that my life was never in real danger amongst them. I wonder, indeed, whether I could go through the mining camps and ranches of our Western States with as much safety and comfort.

ARMENIAN WOMEN SPINNING.

HELPLESSNESS OF THE PORTE.

As far as the Sublime Porte is concerned, I do not think it deserves more to be blamed than the Kurds. Neither the Sultan personally, nor his advisers, have anything to gain by the shedding of Christian blood in those remote portions of the Empire. The walis, or governors, although appointed by the Sultan, are independent as to their administration. They are never molested, provided they pay to the Sultan the yearly sum of money which is supposed to be equivalent to the taxes levied in the country, minus a competent salary for the governor himself. You can, therefore, easily understand how widely the doors are open to corruption and injustice. From the lowest up to the highest, the officers of the local administration impose on the helpless population in the most outrageous way. The vic-

tims, when tired of that play, will, of course, try to appeal to the Sultan. Maybe, also, some dissatisfied inferior officer will bring accusations against the governor in Constantinople, where the accusers will find the support of some intriguer who aspires to the governorship of the province. The governor is then in danger of losing his situation, and even his life. His usual device then is to represent himself as the discoverer of some conspiracy against the government. To find witnesses among his favorites is easy for him, but he wants more than this; he must have the testimony of the Armenians themselves. Innocent men will be seized, thrown into jail, and tortured until they reveal an imaginary conspiracy. As soon as the conspiracy is discovered, the governor wires to the Sultan the good news announcing that he is at work repressing the rebels. Then begins a series of persecutions of every description on the Armenian people. Sometimes the victims will resist; who will blame them for that? The governor finds in resistance a pretext for additional vexations and cruelties. What he does not do himself he will pay the Kurds to do; and of course, in spite of their good qualities, the Kurds when well paid can easily be coaxed to plunder and kill. The whole province is then in insurrection. The governor sends to Constantinople for more troops; and when, after long delays, they come he starts to put out the fire he kindled himself.

TYPICAL KURD.

RUSSIAN INTRIGUES.

The governor is not always the only one to play that game. There is another party who generally takes a hand in it, and plays it well too; this other player is Russia. You all know that Russia owns a large portion of Armenia—very nearly half of it. It is no secret in political circles that she wants more, and watches very anxiously every opportunity of interfering in the political affairs of Turkish Armenia. The fact that Echmiazin, the Armenian Rome, is in their hands gives the Russians a

great prestige in the eyes of the ignorant Armenians of Turkey, who have no one to guide them but their priests, who in turn are guided by the patriarch, who is himself the humble servant of the Czar. The Russian consul of Van has, therefore, considerable influence, which he uses in the interest of his government. Either he or his chancellor are constantly travelling from one end of the country to the other. He is everywhere. Every Armenian knows him and welcomes him as the representative of a powerful and friendly Christian neighbor, of a protector, maybe a liberator. Of course the governor hates him, but he fears him too much to act directly against him. He will take his revenge out of the Armenians, some of whom will be arrested and made confess a conspiracy. Officially both the governor and the consul complain of and throw the blame on one another. Secretly both rejoice and expect a reward from their respective governments. I need hardly add that one of them only has a right to it. The governor plays the game for himself, to the detriment of the Sublime Porte, whilst the consul plays faithfully for the Czar, whose ever-growing empire will soon extend down to the plains of Mesopotamia, and that, I am afraid, to the great injury of Christianity.

Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

HOME AT LAST.

BY WALTER LECKY.

PASSENGERS coming to our town came by the stage; whenever any other conveyance was used, it became noteworthy and a subject of talk. When, then, one fine summer morning a spanking pair of bays, drawing a fashionable carriage containing a lady and a child, drove up to the "Hunter's Paradise," there were few of us that did not take a stroll in that direction.

I cannot deny but curiosity was at the bottom, nor am I going to condemn myself for giving way to a feeling which has prompted our race in all ages to marvellous adventures. Without it how wanting would our lives be, especially in a mountain town! So curiosity keeps away dulness. By the time I had reached the hotel the lady and her child had alighted, and were superintending the transfer of their baggage. I took a seat on the piazza, interested in the new-comers.

The lady seemed to eye the hotel curiously. As her gaze rested on the piazza I had a fairly good shot at her face, which was young and beautiful. There was something in the face known to me, that set me rummaging amid old memories.

"Well," said Buttons, who had joined me, "Weeks is going to have some trade. That's an elegant rig. I wonder if she wants a guide? Things are dull in the lettering business; I could leave it for a couple of weeks to one of the youngsters if I could get a soft snap. I ain't as young as I used to be, that's sure; but I am spry enough to guide any lady, no matter how active she be. It's no harm to be ahead for the job, so I'll ask Weeks."

"Billy," said I, "does she remind you of anybody you have ever seen? Her face is familiar; yet who she is, or from whence she comes, I can't collect myself enough to know. Well, there goes Jim, smiling as usual. How he manages to keep so lighthearted is my puzzle."

"It's only on the surface; the heart's ate out years ago," said Buttons, "ay, years ago. How can it be otherwise; neither child nor chick left him? You see only the bark, and the use of that is for hiding. 'Tis, as Père Monnier says, the coffin—the corpse is inside.

"Now I get a good sight on her, yes, that face is powerfully natural to me, but I'm poking my memory for a name.

"What eyes—black as jet! regular daggers! That's as handsome a face as ever struck these parts. Well now it does look like some face that I have seen years ago. It may take a long time to cipher it out, but I'll get it or lose my night's sleep. Here she comes; get a good look at her, Doctor."

The lady, holding the child's hand, was soon in front of us, smiling very pleasantly.

"Doctor," said Weeks, "this is Mrs. Minton, from Chicago. She wishes to be introduced to you and Buttons. She says she has heard of you; and who in thunder does not know Billy? The lady tells me she has been here before. That beats me; I must be losing my memory. Once I was good in remembering faces. Buttons, you know everybody that comes here; can you guess the lady?"

"Jim," said Buttons, "it's mighty queer, I can't for my life. Yet me and the Doctor were saying there's something very familiar in that same face. It's like an old letter you stick away somewhere. You know of it, but you can't just place it on the minute. I have seen them eyes in one woman, God rest her soul!"—and Buttons raised his hat. "She was a good woman at that, one of the best; as Cagy put it 'her likes will never be seen round these diggings again.' She is over there, ma'am," pointing in the direction of the little graveyard, "these many a days, sleeping where we'll all sleep some day."

A large, reeky tear hastily ran down Buttons' cheek. He was unaware that his simple words had a like effect on the lady.

Weeks, dreaming of his own sorrows, was making a desperate effort to conceal his emotion.

I was not indifferent, but somehow or other the sorrows of man have long since ceased to draw my tears. Amid such scenes I am possessed with a gentle melancholy, and not infrequently have caught myself muttering these strange lines of Shelley:

"All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish."

"I am that woman's daughter," said the lady, pressing a handkerchief to her eyes; "that woman's daughter come back to see a mother's grave, and those who were kind in the black, gnawing days of adversity so long ago."

"It's all like a dream to me," said Weeks, "all like a dream. To think that little Aily should be in my house, grown big,

married at that; ay, what's more, having a youngster of her own, as like her grandmother as two peas. I'm right glad to see Aily; couldn't be prouder if it was one of my own—but in a kind of a way you are, as I brought up your father. I take it that you have, as we say, struck luck. It was very hard for me to see your father going out West, but it was all for the best. Squidville is a poor place; we live, nothing more; but come in, Aily—pardon my being so familiar, but old Weeks would like to be close to your father's daughter. I heard you call the little tot Milly; do you tell me that's her name? Well, well, what memories float into my old skull! I must take the tot in my arms and alarm the whole house who's come. While you stay you'll be boss here, and we'll have a gay old time dancing attendance on you."

Clasping the eagerly listening child in his burly arms, he hastened to prepare a meal for the little Aily who had covered him with kisses and mumbled promises on that dreary day when her father, broken-hearted, clasped his cabin-door for the last time, and set out for the West to find a home and fortune in a new land. Happiness he craved not; that was buried with his wife in the lonely little mountain graveyard. As he became rich and polished, men wondered why some woman would not find in him a loving partner. They knew him not; nor could they know that by his Milly's grave on the day of his departure he had knelt with his child, and in his rough way vowed that "no woman should lord it over Milly's child." He could love but once; and the link broken, he lived for Aily, each day finding in her something of the Milly he had lost.

At his death he had but one wish: that he should be carried back and laid by the side of his wife, with a little tombstone marked "Home at last." It was "to have no other squivering upon it." In his last battle business friends were forgotten; his wish was to lie among the friends of his youth until the angel's trumpet should wake the Adirondacks.

It was to fulfil this pious duty that Aily returned to her early home.

As she stood there one could easily dream that it was Milly, the village favorite.

Buttons was dreaming so as he muttered: "Milly, Milly, and is it you?"

"Is Aily forgotten?" asked the lady, rousing Buttons from his dreams. "Don't you remember your little girl, Billy Buttons? One of my father's last sayings was, 'Aily, don't let any-

body put me beside your mother but Weeks, Cagy, Buttons, and the Doctor; they'll do it gently. Before they clay me for good I want Père Monnier to say a few prayers, just a few. He's pretty old, but as he married me, and shut your mother's eyes, I want him to do the last turn for me. Then, before coming away, get his blessing, and show him little Milly, and tell him I have lain many a night in the West thinking what he done for me and everybody else.'"

"Ah, the Père is old, Aily!" said Buttons, his eyes becoming wet; "old, Aily; he is not long for us, but I want to lay down my own burden before he goes. I have been all through the war, and didn't bother much; but I'm now a kind of lonely, so that when I come to fire my last shot I would be a bit easier if the Père was around. But I must hurry up; the Père is near the end. I saw him going up to Cagy's yesterday, just creeping along, holding his stick on the ground to give him a lift. 'My!' says I, 'I knew you when you could climb a hill faster than a deer, and jump at the first go-off any fence in these parts.' It was mighty sorrowful thinkin'; it made me sit down on a stump and feel as if I wanted to sink there on the spot. I'm not much on the tear business—it was always a kind of soft to a fellow of my turn—but when I seen him hobbling along like a deer wounded in the hind end, and then thought of how he used to run, no matter how I squeezed my eyes the water came fussing down my cheeks, and pretty hot at that."

"Is Cagy sick?" said Aily.

"Well," continued Buttons, "you can't call him just well, or he wouldn't be in bed a minute. Whenever he gives in his gun deuce a much shot he has left. It's never been his way to lie down and sputter with a toothache. When he's down it's a tarnation blow that has struck him, keep that afore you. Mind, I don't say he's never going to reclaim his gun; it looks by his talk as if he would. 'Buttons,' says he, 'this is the first year in fifty that I haven't loosened up a deer with a bullet, but we'll soon have a whack at them.' That's not dying talk, but then Cagy won't say 'die' until he's a prisoner. I wouldn't wonder but your coming would speed him a bit. If he's alive, even if he's carried, he'll help to put your father away in his own lot, and that's the best in the graveyard."

"The best, Billy! That would be kindness itself. But as we like to follow father's last injunction, it will be necessary to bury him with my mother, in her lot, if there is a place there. I trust there is room enough."

"Yes, Aily, there's room and to spare; but you and me are talking of the very same place. When you went West Cagy bought the plot; I went with him to do it. 'Billy,' says he, 'Frank's going cuts my heart. I was just a-looking over the fence at Milly's grave; it's uncommonly lonely, Buttons.' Just then I saw him wiping his eyes for the first time in years. 'Uncommonly lonely, Buttons,' he went on, 'and what's worse I don't know what stranger may be planted in it. That's what makes me thaw a bit. You have your own piece and don't want this, else I'd give you the first chance; but I kind of want a place after my jigs are over to take my long nap, and it strikes me it wouldn't be bad policy to buy the lot, and get my certifier. A fellow like me don't want to sleep nigh folks he'll have to be introduced to when Gabriel sounds the horn. Besides, it's next to your hole, so that when the great creeping out comes, as in old times, we'd shoulder the burden together. At any rate we could have a quiet word on the situation.' I never saw Cagy so strange-looking as that day. So up we steps to Père Monnier and got our certifier, and Cagy, putting three thicknesses of brown paper around it, put it in a mink-skin bag and hung it about his neck, where he carries it to-day. That give him the title; so he fixed it good and as handsome as a June rose, put iron rods and chains all around, and that was not all. One day he says: 'Do you know the hardest drive I ever got? It was when La Flamme said, "Some day Aily and I might have money enough to buy Milly a headstone." It's a good many years ago. I suppose they ain't on the ups, and they will never come. Well, I have ordered a bit of stone to be put there. I wouldn't let them letter it much. Just Milly's name; if her own ever come back they can fill it in.' So up went the stone. He was proud of it, and in summer evenings after work he would walk out there to weed, train, or water all kinds of flowers he had growing on your mother's grave. If there's anything against Cagy lying there he's not the man to sneak in where he's not in his place, and he knows he's welcome to the best spot I have—no mistake, Aily. Cagy will give you his certifier; but if there's room, better let him nest in the tree of his choosing."

Tears had long been chasing each other on the soft cheeks of Aily. She had often heard her father in the long winter nights talk of Cagy and his strange way. One of those stories came to her bit by bit. She could see her father's face and the queer curve to his lips. His voice was ringing in her ears saying:

"Cagy felt bad the morning we left. He carried you to the station, Aily, weeping like a child. Now and then he would mutter, 'I have been through the mill.' While we were waiting for the train he told me something that was staggering, if it had been at any other time. He had been married when but a youth, but, as he spoke it, 'After marriage I had to come to the States for work. I was to send for Felina, my wife, in a couple of months. Well, before that time was up, breaking her heart about me, she went to a better country. I was on my way home when I heard the news. I returned and never wanted to see my old home. They had clayed for good all that was dear to me. Like yourself, I must wait, perhaps for years, until I see her. That's how I left Canada never to return. I struck up with Buttons here, so I have been pegging away ever since, with a big black load on my heart that nobody could lift, much less make light. I promised to be Felina's, and when the end comes along I won't be looking around, like these fellows that marry two or three times, to see which of the mates I'll be tackled with.'"

This story that Buttons had told her made her uneasy to see the loyal heart, true in love and friendship, strange only to those who knew it not.

"Can we not see Cagy at once?" she was going to say, when Buttons arose and the bell rang merrily out the dinner greeting of the "Hunter's Paradise."

Milly, holding Weeks' hand, now on the most friendly terms with him, was calling her. She went.

That night—news travels rapidly—it was the talk of every fireside, the death and coming burial of all that was earthly of Frank La Flamme. His history was passed from mouth to mouth, and the best in him brought to the surface. Death brings to us many fine things, utterly ignored in life.

Squidvillites were proud of him, that despite wealth he had never forgotten them, had their memory green in his memory, and dying wished to sleep among them in the little graveyard he had helped as a boy to clear. Nor was his wife forgotten—the village beauty, the patient wife, who had been lying all those long, dreary years facing the big, black cross, waiting for the only man of many who tried to win her girlish heart. Any failings—and no man is free—were overlooked, and the young were asked to learn a lesson in true love from the hearse and bay horses that were to drive through the village next morning. Widows who had married again for once

had little to say. Youth, humming songs of love, scorned any compromise and spoke only of lasting fidelity.

It became a saying which took root in the village, and was often subsequently used by youth with the land of love very near, and yet not within grasp, "As faithful as La Flamme." On various occasions it had the desired effect of converting wavering maidens to cast their fates with ambitious youths.

In a little maple-grove, visible from the "Hunter's Paradise," lived William Cagy, better known to fame as Blind Cagy, from the loss of his left eye—a loss that was his boast, and gave to his nickname a title of honor. Strange as it may seem, it was a bit of pure affection in behalf of Squidville that was accountable for the dropping of William and the giving of Blind—a change, here be it remarked, that was satisfactory to all parties.

When the news was first bruited in Weeks' that a war was on hand, Cagy, then a mere stripling, was heard to remark "that he had no personal dislike to Jeff." The names of great men were all familiarly treated by the Squidvillites.

"But if Old Horace was a-getting hot about it, he feared there was something in it that didn't just look right; but anyhow, he would wait for Horace's second toot, which should be due that night."

The *Tribune* brought it, and Weeks, sitting on a cracker-barrel, his hearers on empty soap-boxes, elbows leaning on their knees, hats brushed back for a better view, faces eagerly peering into Jim's, heard that spectacled worthy read what was allowed to be "a tarnation hot bit of writing—chunky and collopy, and as gritty as an oak-knot."

"There will soon be the deuce to pay," remarked the reader, finishing with a knowing head-shake; "when Old Horace whoops it in that style it's a gettin' ready for the hunt you ought to be, boys. There's music a-brewing, and the dance is about to be called."

"I hear," said Jed Parker, "that they're recruitin' in Malone, or at any rate they've tooted a call for to-morrow by ten—that's what I heard; and seein' Horace a-going it at that gait makes the thing pretty certain. Well, little I thought their foolin' would come to this; but, as Horace says, the die is cast, flesh will fly and blood flow before the end of this, and many a woman and child have wet eyes."

Just then Cagy became uneasy and whispered something in young Buttons' ear. That youngster nodded and winked, and then both withdrew.

"It's bad policy to read when the youngsters are around," was Weeks' word.

"They're off to the front, I'll bet my life," said old Jed, blaming his sputtering tongue, "that blabbed about the Malone meeting."

Jed was right; the first man to step up at that meeting was Cagy, young Buttons a close second. In Buttons' homely phrase, "They wanted to be sent where they could see some game."

They had their wish. Buttons returned unscathed to tell the valor and grit of the Johnny rebs. Cagy left a finger at Yorktown, and an eye at Vicksburg, uncomplainingly.

With his home-coming his name was changed. The money he brought tied up in his deer-skin purse bought a maple strip, made a clearing, and erected a neat, cozy log-cabin. Time and patience and a never-ceasing watchfulness had twined trailing vines in many a pretty design, making in summer-time the cottage one strange-looking flowering shrub. The garden, with its useful vegetables, was merrily lit up by bits of phlox, beds of poppies, and patches of portulaca. Birds, well knowing the occupant's love for their music, and the perfect safety that was found in the maple-grove, came early and lingered late.

Even in snow-time one has remarked, "They only changed their coat to fit the frost, and homed with Cagy."

The cabin was substantially furnished; the walls decorated with pictures of Lincoln, Grant; Sheridan on his charger, right over Cagy's bed, where he might "have a peep at Phil every morning"; Sherman, and a strange face in that company, as Squidville in her ultramontane patriotism was not slow to point out. It was Robert Lee. No amount of argument or invective could make Cagy listen to the invitation to "plaster over that with another picture." To such remarks he had but one argument, driven home by hitting his closed fist against the nearest piece of wood-work and spitting through his teeth.

"Plaster Lee's face! Don't try that, friend. Lee may have been on the wrong track, as many a one before him, and a lot behind him will be, but I guess he thought he was as right as we be. That's neither here nor there now; we're all one, if them flabbergasted politicians would leave us alone. As for Rob Lee, he was a man, and a man's face, in these days of pigmies and sneaks, is welcome; so when Rob comes down out of that it will be the day after they carry Cagy out for good."

Somehow or other, Squidvillites looking at that face softened in after years.

On the window-sill was a large Bible, referred to by its owner as "the wonderful Book of God, containing a bit of balm for every wayfarer's ill." It was large, bound in calf-skin, big type, full of pictures, a treasure from old France brought by some fighting ancestor and bequeathed to the eldest son in every family. It was always marked by the owner's "one-glassed" spectacles, as the neighbors called them.

There were a few other books, yellowish leaved and blotted from long thumbing, their covers very thick from many coatings made to keep them "in readin' condition."

Their outside told no tales, but a learning-hungry stepson of Buttons found in Cagy's absence "that they were the novels of Walter Scott," and when he bore this information to the "Hunter's Paradise" there was commotion, and a well-ventilated opinion that Cagy's head "was cracked to be puttering away his time in such silly stuff."

It was also hinted that the blind-eye pulled on some of his brain-strings when the folks remembered how often they had seen him by the river-bank, lying under a maple, with sodded stone for a pillow, "readin' contentedly one of them books, his one eye stuck into the print for hours, heeding nothing around, as if everything was dead."

Even his dog "smelled the rat," and lay at his feet like a cat by the side of a mouse-hole. The last fireside to hear the news, which was owing to sickness, was Cagy's. A cold that came of a wetting while mail-driving had settled on his chest, and although he had tried to conquer it with a concoction of cream-of-tartar and maple-syrup, "drunk as hot as you could stand it," and fought it with all the grit he had, the battle was unequal.

The mail-route had to be given to less experienced hands, while Cagy by degrees was forced to keep within his cabin and finally forced to bed. He was bolstered up, his candle on a sconce of his make, his one eye gleaning the adventures of Rob Roy, his heart pattering with sympathy.

It was characteristic of him to have a kindly feeling "for dare-devils," as his expression ran.

The fire burned well, a chattering pine log throwing a yellowish light over the walls, lighting up the pictured warriors, and shining on skins of otter, mink, bear, guns, fishing-rods, etc., things which indicated his life foibles.

The dog that lay in front of the fire, now and then grinning at a flying spark lighting on his body, started to his feet,

shook himself, ran to the door, scratched it, then jumped on his master's bed and gave a well-pleased bark. Rob Roy was carefully marked with the one-eyed glasses and gently buried in the clothes. There had never been a lock or bolt to Cagy's door. All that was necessary to give it, said the neighbors, "was a shove and it opened itself."

Soon there was a feet-coming and the accustomed shove, and the loud, merry voice, so long known to Cagy, of Billy Buttons.

Time had worsted Billy badly, stooped his back, whitened his head, wrinkled his face, stiffened his limbs, but the voice was as young as the first time it fell on Cagy's ears, capturing him. That cheery voice was the spokesman of a heart that every Squidvillite vowed "was as soft as a girl's, as fine as silk, and when it come to stand up for what was right, the bravest in the town."

Cagy, in speaking of Buttons' heart, had always to wipe his eyes when he came to that part of his story where, upon losing his eye, Buttons said, as he kept on firing, "Cagy, old boy, I wish it was my eye, or, for that matter, my two, they knocked out, and let you go; but cheer up, they couldn't kill you by putting an eye out. There's more before you."

That was consoling, and on Cagy's part a memory that did honor to Buttons' heart.

"Man alive! Cagy, is it in bed ye are, and the whole town about crazy? Above all the men you're wanted, and it's in bed ye are. Think of that! But leaving foolin' go, are you laid up for awhile, or is it something that's a-working off?"

"Well, Billy," and Cagy pulled himself up, putting his knees on a line with his head, "it's a cold that I'm trying to syrup out, but it sticks like a burr, and there's no telling how long I may be here."

"You'll be up soon," said Buttons, impatient to communicate the strange news he held—"soon, Cagy. But do you know who's come to town? Well you don't, or who could, for that matter, unless they were witches? I'll never say again that anything is strange. Little Aily La Flamme is down at Weeks'; full woman, married at that, and has a youngster into the bargain. Why, she's the dead spit of her mother, and you know what that was—the same nose, same eyes, and the same way of throwing back her head. Well, your looking at me. I don't wonder a bit; and I have more wondering in store for you. She comes on a sad business"—there were tears in both men's eyes—"sad business for you and me, Cagy. She comes to bury her"—

"Father, Billy!" said Cagy, clearing his eyes with the sheet; "that's the end of us all; but I'm glad that Frank came back to Milly. She was lonely, Billy; so lonely that I thought of keeping her company; but now that her rightful partner has come back, I'll be content anywhere you put me—of course the nearer my chums the better. Perhaps you could spare a bit of your ground. You and I have been pretty close in life and I kind of hate to get away from you."

He was fingering a little bag that hung around his neck, and from it he drew his "certifier" and handed it to Buttons.

"That belongs to Aily. I just kept it, waitin' for her. I'm only sorry that the stone is so poor. I suppose they will put in its place something grand, like what we've seen during the war; but I'll never see it, and I'm just as glad. That little bit —I have seen it so often—it has got close to me, and no big affair could take its place."

"Man, you're a-talking as if you had given up the hunt. When you drop, Cagy, we'll plant you beside Milly and Frank. That's Aily's way of concocting it. But you're not getting any of those quavers in your skull? Never say die; a cold won't drop you; it will take a few of them new-fangled diseases that the doctors spout out, without drawing a breath, to knock you over. You're good for a hundred.

"Now, the funeral will be to-morrow; so, if you can, you're coming.

"Come to my house and have a bit of something early, then you and I will creep over to Weeks', where there will be a team and Aily waiting for us. She's full of you; and maybe I didn't tell her what you had done; and you needn't be shaking your skull, it was right. I don't believe in letting a man die before I give out my opinion. Well, I wish you could see Aily; you would see a second Milly, and if you saw the youngster you would have an exact third. My! how things change; it seems only yesterday since Milly was married, and since—but it's not good to be thinkin' too much. Now get over, Cagy, early. I will be on the look-out. Try and sleep. Let me fix the quilts about you. There; you're as comfortable as a bird in a nest. Good-night."

When his footsteps could be no longer heard, Cagy reached for his Bible. His candle was burning low, yet there was light enough to enable him to read the few lines that his eye had fastened on by accident.

"The days of man are short, and the number of his months

is with Thee: Thou hast appointed his bounds which cannot be passed."

A moth entangled itself in the sputtering light; the words were no longer legible. As he closed the book the candle went out. "Rob Roy" beneath him, marked with the one-eyed glass, now broken, was forgotten. The flickering glow of the dying pine log brought him strange thoughts and long-buried faces.

The morning came, one of great excitement for Squidville. If the truth were told, it would run that there were few sound sleepers in the village that night.

Daylight beheld a steady smoke from every chimney-pot, telling of expectations and bustle within. The "Hunter's Paradise," a strange thing in its history, was kept open all night, and held little groups of villagers, amid smoke-puffs narrating all that was known of La Flamme, as well as venting a thousand conjectures as to his life in the far West. In this every man's imagination was free, and as a consequence there was no end of talk, so the night unnoticed had worn away and the sun was feeling his way beyond the pines, scaling the mountains; the higher up he went, the better was he to be seen. He was now tipping the chimneys, and throwing a kind of lantern-light on the roads.

That was enough to set life agog in a mountain town.

It was a saying that "a little light, with a bit of feeling, was enough for a mountaineer to guess his diggings."

Buttons' sleep was scant and jumpy. The first streak of light that blinked through the window-pane was a welcome excuse to jump from his bed and open his door to the morning's freshness.

He could hear the noise and note the lights in Weeks', an observation which on any other occasion would tickle his feet to tread in that direction. The present was little to his taste, bedded as he was in the past. He was nervous and sad. As he dressed, the years slid past him, each a hideous spectre of vanished things. He had for the first time in his life fully awakened to the passing of things.

The thought rushed across his brain of the nothingness of Billy Buttons.

He went out into the keen air and whistled, giving music to his dancing brain phantoms.

He looked towards the little graveyard, thought of La Flamme, and this somehow or other travelled his mind to Cagy. He but added a new figure.

When his wife called him to breakfast he was in a kind of

dream, where he stood old and raggy by a grave marked the Past. Strange, he was wishing to be there, not caring to march when all his love rested there.

As he sat at the table, his dream gone, he was moved to say audibly:

"There's not much in death, after all, when love is buried, and the future is a cold stranger. I rather think I'd like it."

This begot strange suspicions in the wife's head, who, womanly enough, remarked that "people ain't supposed to skip off because their friends do. I suppose you got those ideas from Cagy last night, who's sick a-cause of Frank's endin'."

"Cagy—ay, wife—Cagy—he should have been here, as he promised; he must be right sick in good earnest, so let one of the youngsters go and see if he can come."

The breakfast went on in silence until his stepson returned with the news that Cagy had a bad night. He was sorry that he could not get out, much less sit up in bed, and wanted pa to hurry over after the funeral. He would be a-thankin' Mrs. Buttons for a mug of gruel, very weak and a bit tasty, as his appetite was a-kind of scratchy.

This news sorely depressed Buttons. He had an idea that when a man of Cagy's fibre came to a mug of gruel, and that having to be sweetened like a child's meal, the hunt was over.

With big tears jumping from wrinkle to wrinkle, he solemnly announced to his family that "Cagy would never draw a tricker, and as for me, to keep the gun long after he's gone is something that I don't expect." There was a family sob to punctuate this announcement.

Mrs. Buttons and family hastened to prepare the best they had in the most appetizing way for the sick man. Billy Buttons, sober and subdued, for the first time in his life keenly conscious of age, slowly sauntered to Weeks', there to await the little funeral cortège.

The coming was announced by the ringing of the church-bell. Up the village street came a country wagon containing a coffin, all that was mortal of La Flamme, drawn by two bay colts, followed by Squidville. "Just," said a bystander, "a perfect image of the way his wife went to her long rest."

On went the cortège, the little bell "ringing its three rings, then takin' a bit of a breathin' spell," until the cemetery was reached, and the brown-looking clay that told of a new grave approached. Standing there was Père Monnier, bent and broken on the wheel of time, looking in at the open grave with a sorrowful look, one that spoke of strange thoughts then tenant-

ing his mind. Soon were grouped around him Aily, worn and sobbing, linking the past and present; her husband giving rejected comfort; the child full of wonder, not knowing whether to smile or cry; Weeks holding its hand; Buttons with the shovel that was to put his friend from mortal view.

The Père spoke a few words of comfort, blessed Aily and her child, then tottered along the little path on his way to Cagy's.

"Ah, Billy!" said Weeks, lifting the child in his arms, "that's farewell to Frankie; and who'll be next? It looks as if the Père is nearin' the end.

"Where is he going? My! how he totters; but he never complains. I said to him the other day that he should take a rest. What do you think he answers me? 'Jim, there will be a long rest some day, so as long as we can it is better to keep doing something.' That's him as long as I can remember—never himself, but his people. I'm not of his way of thinkin', but that never made the Père a bit cooler to me and mine. Well, he's turning up by Cagy's, which makes me think that this gatherin' is a kind of queer without poor Cagy.

"I'll be a-gettin' that way myself. Come, Billy, we've crossed many a fence together."

"And I'm going," said the child. "Can't I go, ma, with Uncle Jim?"

"Better all go," was Aily's quiet reply. "Cagy, child, was grandma's uncle. He liked her as much as Uncle Jim likes you."

"And more, ay more, Aily," muttered Weeks.

"He was also your grandpa's best friend, and I was once his little girl. He kept that plot for my father, attended it, planted the flowers, and, being part of us in life, in death shall sleep among us."

"Is that the thing that killed grandpa? I don't like it!" cried the child.

They were at Cagy's house, amid his flowers and song-birds. The door was open, some one was reading; they stopped and listened. These words fell on their ears:

"He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the Law."

Then there was a pause, and they entered and gathered around the sick man's bed. Père Monnier closed the Bible and put it on the window-shelf, rose, whispered something in Cagy's ear, to which he replied:

"I'm ready, Père; I'll go and look over the ground before you come. Farewell; everything is left for you to see to." Père then left.

"You're getting weaker, Cagy," said Buttons, "but rouse yourself; here's Aily, your little girl, come back; yes, Aily and another little Milly."

"Do, Cagy, sit up and see this child; she begs a kiss," said Weeks.

"Fix me up, Buttons; pillar me behind, a little sidewise. I want to get my good eye on you all. Poke over the child now; ay! that's a kiss that ought to make me better—if there was any betterin' to me. I have been in many a tough corner in my day, but this ends the hunt. Don't be blurting, Buttons; a man's days are numbered, and when the time comes let him hand in his gun with due reverence.

"I fixed up my account, temporal and spiritual, as best I knew; so I'm just awaitin' the call. I won't be lonely either; there's some one on the other side a-keepin' watch this many a day. I go off content, seein' you, Aily, and the certifier in your hand; besides this I want you to have my books. I stopped on 'Rob Roy,' page 243. Take that Bible, given by my mother; that's for little Milly. As to my home and belongings, that's Buttons'; all but my gun, that's for Jim.

"Everything is in tip-top shape, so I'm not complainin'.

"If you pull out the pillars, and let me down easy, I will be a bit better.

"Turn me over on my side; I want to have my one eye on the youngster."

"This is hard lines on me," said Buttons. "I don't see why I'm left, and Cagy gettin' ready to start."

"I pity poor Buttons," said Weeks; "it's long they've hunted together."

"Is there any hope?" said Aily, bending over her father's friend.

"Not much, I fear," said her husband; "he seems to be sinking since we put him down. See how strange his eyes are straining, as if he wished to see some one."

"He is smiling like a child," said Buttons, holding his hand—"smiling as if he's happy. Listen; he's going to say something."

They listened; but one word fell from his lips—"Felina."

The spirit had fled.

On the little grave-stone, a few weeks later, a man came and chiselled under Milly's name "Frankie: Cagy," and then La Flamme's dying wish:

"HOME AT LAST."

MONTMARTRE THE HOLY.

BY REV. EDWARD McSWEENY.

MONTMARTRE, in the northern part of the most beautiful city in the world, is so called from the fact of St. Denis and his companions, Rusticus and Eleutherius, having been put to death there for the Faith in the year 272.

During these latter years the French have crowned it with a magnificent church, built in very impressive style, and of fortress-like massiveness. It is consecrated to the Sacred Heart, and is looked upon as a partial expiation of the sins of France, which brought so many calamities upon that most noble and most cultured nation.

Not of this great basilica would I tell, however, but of a little chapel on the southern slope of the hill in a street called Antoinette, near an ancient Roman road, afterwards known among the faithful by the name of the Martyrs' Way.

The spot where this modest little temple now stands was wet with the blood of the Apostle of Paris, and during sixteen hundred years successive sacred edifices, more or less imposing, on the site, have continued to witness to the piety of his children in preserving the memory of his heroic death.

St. Genevieve, the shepherd's daughter, patroness of the city, roused the zeal of many pious persons to build a church in honor of Saint Denis in 512. She had been used to go often with her nuns to see the holy place; she watched there every Saturday night in prayer; and one night, when she was going thither with her mates in the rain, the lamp that was carried before her went out, but lighted again upon her taking it into her own hands. Dagobert I., in 629, rebuilt this church and added a stately monastery.

In the changes of time the place fell into the hands of lay persons, who, however, kept the church still open, aided by the offerings of the pilgrims from all parts of the country. At length, in 1096, the then proprietors, it appears, grew uneasy in conscience about keeping it, and gave it to the nuns of St. Martin-in-the-fields. Afterwards Louis the Big and his wife, Adelaide of Savoy, in 1133, wishing to found a monastery of

Benedictine nuns on Montmartre, induced these others to go elsewhere, and the chapel of the martyrs became a dependence of the new abbey. It was rebuilt by the same king, and continued to be a centre for many pilgrimages.

Among the holy persons who visited the shrine, in addition to the patroness of the city of whose devotion we have spoken already, may be mentioned St. Clothilde, St. Cloud; St. Germain, St. Geran, and St. Hugh, bishops of Paris; St. Gerard, a monk of the Abbey of St. Denis; St. Bernard, on the twenty-first of April, 1147; St. Thomas of Canterbury, October 15, 1169, a little while before his martyrdom; St. William, Archbishop of Bourges, in 1209.

We visited the holy spot in the summer of 1894, and, aided by friends in the labor of love, copied the inscriptions of the bronze tablets which hang on the walls, some of them in Latin, some in French. As our readers, like ourselves, may like to peruse these mural legends, we give them in full, though at the risk of repetition. Love has but one word, and the fascination of those places where saints have trod makes us to be never weary of reciting their names and glorious deeds.

TABLET NO. I.

is in French, and reads in English as follows:

"Here, St. Denis, first Bishop of Paris, and his two companions, St. Rusticus and St. Eleutherius, received the crown of martyrdom. St. Genevieve caused a chapel to be built in their honor.

"In 1134 King Louis VI. and Queen Adelaide of Savoy, having great devotion to St. Denis, founded on Montmartre an abbey of Benedictine nuns.

"On the twenty-first of the month of April, 1147, Pope Eugenius III. consecrated the church of Montmartre; St. Bernard being deacon, and Peter the Venerable, subdeacon. On the first of June the same pontiff consecrated the choir of the nuns, and the following day blessed the chapel of the martyr, raised from its ruins by the king and queen, and consecrated its altar."

Let us stop a moment to think what a great occasion that was. St. Bernard, the "last of the Fathers"; the theologian, statesman, poet! St. Bernard, the Honey-mouthed Doctor, who charmed his sister and his five brothers, besides thousands of other noble souls, so that they left all to embrace the poverty of Christ! St. Bernard, the victor over Abelard! St. Bernard,

the great teacher of devotion to the holy Mother of God! St. Bernard, the friend of St. Malachy! St. Bernard, the man who roused all Europe to hurl itself against Asia in the Second Crusade! St. Bernard, who healed the seven years' schism that rent the Church of God, when two candidates fought for the Papacy! St. Bernard, the Speaker of the Truth, who sent to this Pope Eugenius, previously one of his own monks, the admirable book *Of Consideration*, in which he pressed upon him the duties of his exalted station, and warned him not to forget his own soul in the multiplicity of the affairs of church government! If there be anything that moves one to the very depths of the heart, it is the standing in the very footsteps of such mighty, such holy, such Christ-like men.

Peter the Venerable's name recalls, perhaps even more vividly, the memory of Abelard, whom he took to see St. Bernard, and having brought about a reconciliation between the philosopher and his great opponent, carried the penitent priest to his own monastery of Cluni, where the friend of Héloïse spent his last years in great humility and piety. Peter himself wrote to the prioress of the Paraclete an edifying account of his death.

The inscription continues:

"In the month of November, 1169, St. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, came to this chapel to ask for courage to defend the liberties of his church. On the 29th of December, 1170, he received the crown of martyrdom."

Recall the splendid fight made for the rights of the church against Henry II. by this knightly saint. See him as he orders the doors of Canterbury Cathedral to be thrown open to his assailants, and advances bravely towards them, happy at the prospect of winning the battle for the right by the shedding of his own blood! Bathe your soul in the memory of that last triumphant scene, and bow still lower before this holy shrine, where the future martyr gathered strength for his own conflict from the example and invocation of St. Denis.

We read further:

"St. William Berruyer, Archbishop of Bourges, came often here to pray. He died in 1209.

"In 1412, in the months of May and June, the parishes and the religious communities of Paris came in pilgrimage to the chapel of the martyr, to ask, by the intercession of St. Denis, the safety of France," who was in danger of being dismembered by her foes. God at length sent the Venerable Joan of Arc to save the Eldest Daughter of the Church, and the Holy Maid

defeated the enemies of her country and paved the way for its complete triumph, A. D. 1429.

"In 1593," continues the tablet, "Henry IV., having abjured Calvinism in the basilica of St. Denis, came on the same day to the chapel of the martyr, which he afterwards repaired at the request of the abbess, Marie de Beauvilliers."

This is the "plumed Knight of Navarre," who is said to have decided on returning to the faith of his fathers when the Calvinist preachers admitted the possibility of his saving his soul in the pope's obedience, whilst the priests insisted on the necessity of joining the single true Church of Christ. King Henry of Navarre was the idol of the people, whom he rescued from the tyranny and rapacity of the civic governors and large landed proprietors. His proverbial wish was that every Frenchman should have his fowl and flitch of bacon in the pot on Sundays at least.

TABLET NO. II.

is in the Latin language. It runs thus:

"These, at different times, followed the lead of the ones first set down. In the year 1604, Blessed Mary of the Incarnation."—This holy nun went to Canada in the early days, and illustrated the "forest primeval" by her heroic labors.

"St. Francis of Sales, in the year 1610."—The "gentleman saint," as Leigh Hunt calls this holy doctor, was, like many another pursuer of knowledge, a student at the renowned University of Paris, and charmed all by the sweetness of his disposition, and that easy behavior which Alban Butler ascribes to his having, in obedience to his father's orders, learned to ride, dance, and fence. He frequently went to St. Denis, and made a special pilgrimage thither when starting the Visitation Order.

"St. Vincent de Paul first visited the shrine in 1612, and often thereafter. The same year came the Venerable Peter Cardinal de Berulle."—This holy man, the admirer and helper of the great founder of the Lazarist Order and of the Sisters of Charity, aided him in the reform of the clergy, and himself established the French Oratory.

"In this place Catherine de Bar, foundress of the Benedictine Community of the Perpetual Adoration, resided for two years, from August 29, 1641."

"This threshold was crossed likewise by the following of venerable memory: John Eudes, by whose persuasion the Benedictine nuns of Montmartre celebrated in 1670 the Feast of the

Sacred Heart."—His life tells us that he induced them to recite the Office of the Sacred Heart also, staying himself three months on the mount.

"John James Olier, the pride and glory of the French clergy, who, undertaking that most excellent work, the establishment of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, came hither twice on a pilgrimage."

The case or *cause* of this venerable priest is, we are happy to say, making progress at Rome, and soon we may be allowed to formally salute him with a title often bestowed during his apostolic career, and place the letter S before his honored and beloved name.

"Here," continues the inscription, "poured out their supplications the first members of the pious and far-famed Society of the Foreign Missions. Hither, in 1660, came Bishop De Bourges and his companions before they set out for Siam, and the superior of their order here addressed them in very fervent speech."

Proper it was indeed that they who were going to preach Christ in distant lands, and to brave martyrdom themselves, should come for strength and support to the tomb of him who left home and kindred to teach their ancestors the truth, and who sealed his testimony with his blood.

TABLET NO. III.

is in French, and holds part of an account of the "Chapel of the Martyr" in 1661, from Father Leo, Carmelite.

"The Papal nuncios, on arriving in France, forget not to visit this holy place.

"The French bishops rarely depart for their dioceses without going to receive, as it were, their internal mission from the first Bishop of Paris and apostle of the whole kingdom.

"The venerable chapter of Notre Dame comes hither every year in most solemn procession, and the parish priests of the city and its neighborhood imitate herein their metropolitan cathedral.

"Something that affords special satisfaction is the sight of the many priests who come to say Mass here, especially during the octave of St. Denis.

"Following their example, the laity of every social rank make frequent pilgrimages to this holy place, and their numbers are swollen to a degree incredible to one who has not seen it, during the same octave, when there is every day a plenary in-

dulgence and a sermon by one of the ablest preachers then in Paris."

The devotion of the faithful here described received a considerable impetus at the time of Henri IV.'s visit. For, as has been said, he gave orders to repair the crumbling edifice, and the working-men brought to light a stairway leading to a crypt, in which were found traces of a very ancient oratory and of the altar used by the holy martyr. These being duly authenticated, Queen Mary de' Medici went with her royal train, in 1611, to visit the Cave of St. Denis, as it came to be called, and all the people doing likewise, the pilgrimages kept on always increasing. The old abbey, having become uninhabitable, was reconstructed by the Grand Monarque, next to the chapel, and the nuns occupied it December 8, 1686.

TABLET NO. IV.

This is in Latin, and we render it as follows: "To God most good and great.

"Stop, visitor, and in this tomb of martyrs recognize the cradle of a tried and approved order. The Society of Jesus, which owns St. Ignatius of Loyola for its father, and Paris for its mother, was born here August 15, 1534, when Ignatius himself with his companions, having solemnly pronounced their vows and received Holy Communion, consecrated themselves for ever to God.

"A. M. D. G.

"Venerating the sacred and beloved birthplace of the Society of Jesus, their children placed this memorial to excellent parents.

"This ancestral monument, destroyed in 1795, was restored in 1890 by Fathers of the Society of Jesus."

It were hard to find in all the history of the church a more interesting event than that referred to in the body of this inscription. The Knight of Loyola with his six friends, all of them decorated with university degrees, having, as Bartoli tells us, "prepared themselves by fasting, fervent prayer, and austere penance, and observing the most profound secrecy as to their project, assembled in a subterranean chapel belonging to the church. They were entirely alone. The only priest among them was Faber, who celebrated the holy mysteries. At the moment of Communion, holding in his hand the Body of Our Saviour, he turned toward them, and each, one after the other, added

to the vows of poverty and perpetual chastity that of making a voyage to the Holy Land, and of obeying the Sovereign Pontiff. . . . Their vows being pronounced, they all received Communion, with such feelings of devotion, and such ardent fervor, that one of them, Simon Rodriguez, continued to feel its influence thirty years afterwards, when he wrote the account of it. The sole recollection still filled him with ineffable consolation. But nothing can be compared to that which inundated the heart of Ignatius, whose happiness even surpassed that of his companion, for on this auspicious day he reaped the fruit of his labors, and beheld the fulfilment of his long-cherished hopes. His spiritual family was indeed not numerous, but, as it was afterwards proved, the superior merit of each member rendered him equivalent to many proselytes.

"After having fully satisfied their devotional feelings, and offered up fervent prayer and thanksgiving to the Lord, they passed the remainder of the day seated beside a clear and beautiful fountain, which springs at the foot of the hill where the church stands, and whose waters have, according to tradition, been sanctified by the blood of the holy martyr Denis. There they partook of a frugal repast. . . . The city of Paris, in whose bosom the first plan of the organization had been conceived, took the title of Mother of the Society, and King Louis XIII. regarded the event as a personal honor. 'Our kingdom,' he said, 'received this honor, that so great a servant of God should have come to this our city of Paris, to study the sciences, to collect his followers, and to lay the foundations of his society in the church of Montmartre.'"

No words of ours can deepen the sweet and holy impression which this account must make on those who are acquainted with the history of the religious order alluded to. *Heart speaks to hearts*, and millions have been moved by the recital of this deed of those admirable men, and will continue to be moved wheresoever this story shall be told.

A little more will bring this sketch to a close.

In the days of the Terror the abbey of Montmartre was governed by Madame de Montmorency-Laval. Dragged before the horrid tribunal of the revolution, despite her great age and her blindness, she and fifteen nuns, her associates, were guillotined in the Throne Square.

In 1795 those who bought the confiscated convent and chapel razed both to the ground, and the ancient pilgrimage

had ceased for ever but that the speedy passing of the storm prevented its memory from dying out.

More than one priestly heart was sad, that the people of the great capital could no more go to pray to their holy patron on the spot of his martyrdom. During the last siege of Paris the old chapel was re-established after a fashion by Father Le Rebours, parish priest of the Madeleine, and the first Mass was said in the modest edifice, No. 9 Rue Antoinette, on the 3d of January, 1871, the Feast of St. Genevieve. From that on, every year, during the week from the 9th to the 16th of October, the festival and octave of St. Denis, a pilgrimage organized by that priest, and his successors, teaches the Parisians the path traversed so often by their ancestors.

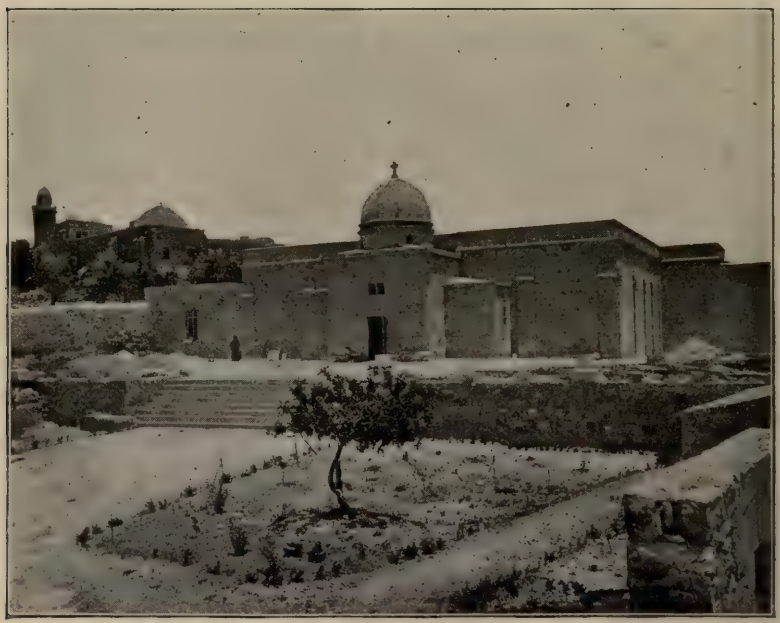
The little chapel and its crypt (or basement) has been renewed within these later years, as the last French inscription tells on

TABLET NO. V.

"A. M. D. G.

"The chapel of the martyrs raised through the efforts of St. Genevieve, on the spot where St. Denis died for the Faith, and destroyed in 1795, was rebuilt in the same place by those of Father Le Rebours, Parish Priest of the Madeleine, of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. It was blessed August 15, 1887, by Father Le Rebours, assisted by two fathers of the said Society."

So now the Sisters of the Holy Souls reside where the ancient abbey stood, and the grateful Catholic traveller feels, while praying in this most favored place, that he shares the company of the Church Suffering in Purgatory as well as of the Church Triumphant in Heaven. "That my soul may die the death of the just, and my last end be like to them!' (Numbers xxiii. 10.)



CHURCH OF THE PATER NOSTRE, MOUNT OLIVET, JERUSALEM.

THE PRINCESS DE LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE AT JERUSALEM.

BY OLIVE RISLEY SEWARD.

MANY of those universal sentiments and ideas which form the strongest bonds of humanity have sought expression through architectural forms, in monuments, temples and shrines, and multitudes in following ages have been animated, by devotion to the same ideals, to make pilgrimages to the consecrated places. In so marked a degree have these natural impulses of the human heart been manifested, that stages of man's development in intelligence and aspiration are marked and determined in posterity's estimate by consideration of the motives which have, at different periods and in distant lands, found expression in architecture, and inspired the pilgrimages of devotees.

The pyramids of Egypt bear witness to human respect for grandeur and authority as it prevailed in ancient thought; awe for unseen but recognized spiritual forces built the Parthenon; the spirit of consecrated human love breathes in the chastened

beauty of the Taj-Mahal; the Church of St. Peter at Rome is an outcome of universal religious devotion. And we may also read in the underlying motive of the national Capitol at Washington that inherent love of freedom which acknowledges the inborn desire of men and women to concede each to the other liberty to think, act, work, and worship in such manner as the disciplined heart and enlightened mind may dictate.

At no period have pilgrimages been so universal as the present, and although the eager traveller of the nineteenth century, enlightened by scientific revelation, no longer bestows on distant objects and phenomena, mysterious because unexplained, the same awe which characterized the reverence of past times, he nevertheless questions oracles and explores remotest regions with an ardor of research unknown to the ancient mind. He is actuated by a universal motive kindred to those which fired the adventurous spirits and inflamed the zeal of his precursors, Helena, the first Christian empress in the fourth century, and the palmers of the middle ages—namely, the attraction of the soul toward the invisible world; and he seeks, as they sought, to justify the reality of that desire by actual contact with monuments and shrines which commemorate the birth and illustrate the life of arts, beliefs, and civilizations that proclaim immortality. The pilgrim of old turned his footsteps toward the East to search for knowledge of man's true purpose among symbols of the past, while the Christian traveller of to-day presses westward to question his destiny. Turn where he will, one fact confronts him as peculiar to the most advanced civilization, namely, the recognition of woman's equal though dissimilar part, her individual place and responsibility in the social systems of man.

The birth-place of the civilization which inspired the crusaders, and which has formed the modern pilgrim, lies sheltered among the highlands of Judea and the Arabian mountains, its surroundings little changed since the day when, from the heights toward the sea, the city of Sion burst upon the enraptured vision of the venerable Empress Helena. To-day, from that same historic eminence, the mists of dawn reveal a mass of square outlines, suggestive of Saladin's ramparts, from which clusters of slender points glisten in the morning's first rays, sharp and cruel as burnished lances, and disappear under the noon-day sun, leaving a sombre colony of square towers, flat roofs, and battlemented walls, cutting hard lines against the clear blue of the palpitating Syrian sky.

But, notwithstanding the minareted mosques, the mediæval masonry and square tower of David, the traveller beholds in a first view of Jerusalem neither the sacred city of Judea, the feudal capital of the Latin kingdom, nor a provincial Turkish stronghold of to-day, but pre-eminently the holy city of the Christian era; for, towering above the battlements, overshadowing the minarets, and dominating the Judean hills, there rises the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

HELENA'S VISION.

Apart from all other associations, this wonderful edifice, as the conception and work of the Empress Helena, is the oldest monument in existence to the devoted zeal of a Christian woman. This first famous woman traveller, Augustan Empress, mother of Constantine, possessed characteristics not unknown among distinguished women of modern times, for history records her as "vigorous, sensible, devout, and irascible." The prestige and splendor of imperial sovereignty, added to these forcible traits of character, were all required to insure her success—a success which opened the ways of travel to Chris-

tian women in the East, and gave the impulse to pilgrimages to the Holy Land, resulting in the Crusades and their far-reaching consequences.

The sainted Helena laid the foundations of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre about three hundred years after the event it commemorates. She built another church over the sacred grotto of Bethlehem, and a third on the summit of the Mount of Olives, imparting to Jerusalem and its surroundings that pre-eminently Christian architectural character found there hundreds of years later by the crusaders, and which served to rouse their flagging enthusiasm and arm their lances in the holy wars.

The title of their leader, Godfrey de Bouillon, has come down to us as "Defender and Guardian of the Holy Sepulchre," though the acclamation of his followers crowned him "First King of Jerusalem," in the wild clamor of victory which at last rewarded their weary marches and fierce combats to reclaim the sacred shrines.

Godfrey, in the early stock of his race, was a prince of the house of Auvergne. Eight centuries later this ancient name has been carried back to Jerusalem, identified with the spirit of our time, by a princess of the house of Auvergne, who journeyed to the Holy Land, rescued the sacred slope from the Moslem ownership of over a thousand years, and added a consecrated monument to the list of Latin shrines.

The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, though famous in the world of fashion, nevertheless sought the city of Christ in the enthusiastic spirit of devotion which would seem to have belonged peculiarly to pilgrims of the time of the Crusades. She also renewed in our realistic age the work of preserving and commemorating sacred Christian localities and events, begun so long ago by the Empress Saint.

A fair description of this lady will perhaps seem exaggerated, so great was her beauty and so many her talents. An Italian by birth, her family was of Piedmontese descent, though for many years identified with Tuscany. Her childhood was passed in Florence, in one of those palaces which are monuments of the genius of *cinque-cento* art. Here the lovely little Aurelia Maria Héloïse Joséphine de Bourg, Contessina Bossi, a light-hearted, golden-haired child, was educated under the guidance of very "grave and reverend seigneurs"; the broad, cool galleries of her stately home serving as school-rooms, where lessons were learned from vellum-bound tomes collected by generations of earnest scholars, and which seemed as much a part of the interior as the mosaic floors and deep-embrasured windows of

the old library itself. She was married in her fourteenth year from the City of Flowers, and, after the early death of her husband, espoused in second nuptials the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duke de Bouillon, etc., etc. The young princess was highly gifted as musician, composer, and artist, a poet of no common order, and a brilliant talker in many languages; but

PRINCESS DE LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

her gift of gifts was the gentle heart and charming presence which made her ever welcome to young or old, humble or grand, the simple or the learned. After her marriage to the many-titled prince her palaces at Paris or Versailles became the centre of all those refinements of art and graces of mind that go to make the *salon* of a princess and woman of the world whose accomplishments, charm, and distinction give a royal claim to homage and admiration.

The time came, however, when untoward sorrow oversha-

dowed her bright days, and the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne was then inspired, as the Empress Helena of old was guided in dark hours, to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Unlike that of the followers of Godfrey and the early palmers who wandered from Gaul on foot across the Alps, finding rest only at infrequent hospices, and proceeding slowly to some distant port of Italy to wait the rare chance of an embarkation to the East, her journey was by *grande vitesse* from Paris to Marseilles, and by *Messageries-Impériales* swiftly on to Joppa. The ride over the mountains of Judea to the holy city, broken by a night's rest at the tower of Ramleh, and pauses at Lydda and Emmaus were the only portions of her way followed as in the middle ages and by the Empress Helena.

Reaching Jerusalem in the October of 1856, the modern princess, still following in the footsteps of the ancient saint, hastened to the sacred spots identified by tradition with the Saviour's life on earth.

The city of Sion presented to her view a depressing picture of inertia, and a disregard for the comfort and refinement of modern life conspicuous even in a Turkish town. But searching for some evidence of Christian influence, with mind and soul uplifted by suggestive thoughts and the faith to believe that some trace must still exist there,

she recognized in the superior spirit and dignity of its women the element that makes modern Jerusalem, with Bethlehem, towns apart and peculiar among Mohammedan communities. Before many weeks had passed the gloomy ways of the mournful city were well known to the princess, who identified herself with the lives of those around her, transforming her own season of sorrow into one of joy and plenty among the suffering poor. Her home was with a religious community of French ladies, and for convenience she assumed a garb like those worn by religious orders, adopting the head-covering commonly worn by Christian women in the Orient, consisting of a white tulle veil, fastened by bands around the head, which framed the fair contour of her noble face in spotless classic folds.

With so attractive a personality and heart dedicated to so loving a purpose, it is not to be wondered at that grief-stricken women and desolate children seeking help and protection found their way in flocks to her convent gate, where they daily awaited her coming and going.

Shortly after her arrival the Pasha of Jerusalem provided a milk-white mule for her conveyance through its steep and narrow streets, and as the trusty creature bearing his gentle burden carefully found a path among the flinty boulders, crowds followed heaping blessings on the head of their benefactress, addressing her by a thousand names which their grateful hearts and Oriental tongues easily coined: among them she was known as "Mother of smiles," "Daughter of hope," "Sister of charity," and to the ardent Armenians "Ambassadress of the angels," for there was no distinction of nation or belief in her treatment of the desolate beings around her, and in return the love of all, "strangers of Rome, Jews, Proselytes, Cretes, and Arabians," was poured upon her.

The Arab dragoman of the French consulate, Hanna Carlò, having been one of the earliest recipients of her kindness, became her most faithful servant, and, as the highest proof of his gratitude, asked her to be godmother to his new-born son. This request, graciously granted, proved the first link in a long chain of wholly unforeseen consequences.

Shortly after the event of the christening, Hanna Carlò was among the retinue of the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne on one of her many rounds of charity and exploration in and about the holy city. On this particular day the princess, riding her faithful white mule, was accompanied not only by her own attendants, but by the French consul-general and his

dragoman. Their purpose was to visit Bethany by way of the upper road, and to return by the road across the summit of the Mount of Olives to the lower one leading to Jerusalem—the three pathways which have alone traversed the Mount of Olives throughout the ages of its recorded history. Their way led through St. Stephen's gate, across the pebbly bed of the brook Cedron, under the shadow of Gethsemani's garden, and so on to Bethany. This hill-side retreat is no longer a "garden of figs" embowered in olive, palm, and sycamore trees, nor is

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE PATER NOSTER.

it the restful abode of any sort of hospitality or friendship. The princess found there only a cluster of deserted Arab huts, the refuge of poor waifs while waiting to beg from pilgrims on their way to and from the Jordan, or crossing the desert to Jericho and the Dead Sea.

The road winding directly over the brow of the Mount of Olives from Bethany passes the site of the ancient Church of the Ascension, built by St. Helena and described by Eusebius as the most beautiful of all those erected by the venerable empress. The original structure has long since disappeared and been replaced many times. Here the princess dismounted and surveyed the present small octagonal mosque, near to a dilapi-

dated Armenian chapel; the custodian of both, a dervish, lived in the mosque communicating with the dilapidated so-called Chapel of the Ascension, which, as he claimed, commemorated a message sent to his order by Mohammed.

Turning from the dervish and his conflicting traditions with a heavy heart, the princess, at the head of her little cavalcade, followed a stony path eastward from the summit toward the valley of Josaphat, and approached the place on Olivet where tradition declares the Saviour stood while teaching his disciples "how to pray." So solitary and uninhabited has the Mount of Olives remained that this site and that of Bethany are the least questioned of all the sacred places in the Holy Land.

On this hallowed ground the princess found only a miserable ruin, in charge of another half-witted dervish, who collected *backsheesh* from passing strangers. It appeared, upon inquiry, that Arabian families who lived in Jerusalem and adjacent villages had, for many centuries, owned the whole of the area of the Mount of Olives, and that no price or consideration would induce them to part with the land to Christians.

Depressed by what she had witnessed in her morning's pilgrimage, the princess felt her soul stirred to its inmost depths as she stood on this now solitary and neglected hillside, facing Bethlehem and Jerusalem, once the scene of the most divine instruction which has ever been uttered. From that moment an apparently hopeless desire to possess the place in the name of Christianity inspired her heart, and sleeping or waking haunted her thoughts, until, in a most unexpected fashion, her desire was fulfilled.

Hanna Carlò, the silent, vigilant dragoman, was no uninterested observer of the lady's emotion, nor had he failed to notice her concern regarding the proprietorship of the rugged soil of this, to him, familiar slope. Many of his friends and even relatives were among the owners of the sun-baked, arid farm-lands. The munificent princess was already godmother to his child. This boy, his idol and son of his later years, was not his heir, being the child of a third Mohammedan wife, and the Arab father sought to secure a fortune for his favorite, for under the Arabian custom boys expect a gift of land from the godmother. It was clear to Hanna's mind that the distinguished sponsor of his son, by some strange fancy or caprice which he could not fathom, coveted the land before them, and he determined to gain possession of it, arguing to himself: "I will resell it to her highness, recover the money that I pay

out, and she will surely give the land to my Hassan." With this scheme in view, the wily Mussulman set to work with such oriental persistence and cunning that he had secured, after ten years, bit by bit, the larger and most desirable portion of the south-eastern slope of the holy mountain. The Arabs from whom he purchased had no suspicion of his purpose to resell to a Christian, and the princess herself was long ignorant of his design.

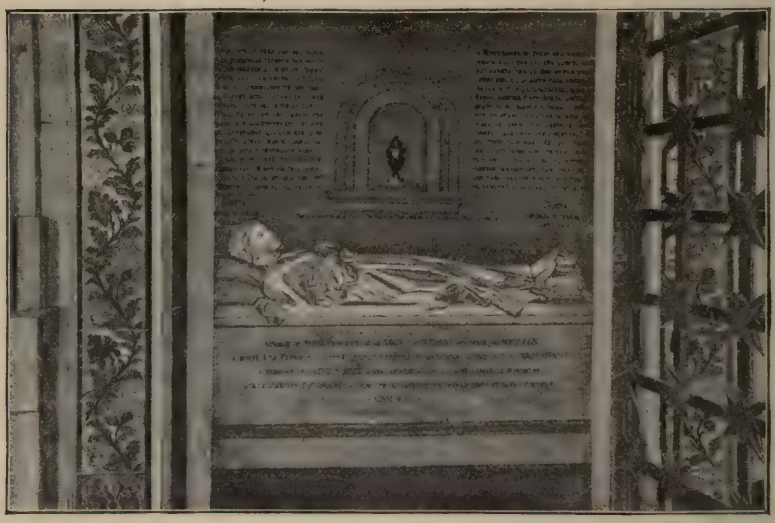
The title secured, Hanna Carlò proceeded to offer his purchase to the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, at a price greatly in advance of that which he had paid for it. The princess lost no time in accepting the proposition, and, as she realized with inexpressible joy that the unique estate had actually come under her control, her purpose concerning it grew in proportion. She determined to create a trusteeship by buying the land in the name of the government of France. Unlooked-for difficulties arose in the way of this apparently simple proceeding, owing to a provision of the French law which debarred a married woman from disposing of real estate. A history of the delicate negotiations in this matter would make a volume filled with tales of diplomatic parleys, incidents of travel and romantic situations, directed by persistent determination, energy, and tact, extraordinary even in a woman with a special genius for charities, and entirely worthy this modern prototype of Saint Helena.

The whole transaction involved interviews with the Pasha of Jerusalem, the Governor of Palestine, and the Sultan of Turkey, not to speak of frequent consultations with the Emperor of the French and the Pope at Rome. Repeated sea-voyages and land-journeys became necessary, and the charming French princess may be said to have walked in the footsteps of the early disciples from Jerusalem to Constantinople, from Constantinople to Rome, from Rome to France, and back to Jerusalem, again and again, before her object was attained.

The purchase was at last concluded, and the Moslem dragoman, to his surprise and chagrin, was compelled to convey the land of his paternal schemes to the protection of a powerful Christian government, instead of to the fairy godmother of his favorite son.

The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne in conveying the land stipulated that she might carry out her own particular object regarding it, and while carrying out the desire of her heart, Jerusalem became her home. For many years she inhabited a

dainty *châlet* of wood which was constructed for her in France, shipped to Joppa, and borne thence by mule-back across the rocky hills of Judea to be set up on the slope of Olivet for her abode. Travellers were welcomed to this little *châlet* with the refined and frugal hospitality of a home so rarely seen in the East, that of an independent Christian woman, and they found that her sojourn in the desert had dimmed none of the wit which had distinguished her in the great capital. During this exile, the beggars of Bethany and the dervishes of the mount were her only neighbors and, with the throng that made



"A CENOTAPH OF CARRARA MARBLE COMMEMORATES HER LIFE AND WORKS."

their way to her across the vale of Cedron, her constant pensioners.

Here she achieved the crowning work of her life, and erected on the spot where the Lord's Prayer was first uttered, as nearly as it may be known, on the authority of uncontradicted tradition, a chapel sacred to that divine teaching.

The chapel thus constructed on the Mount of Olives is in the form of the Campo Santo at Pisa, a rectangular parallelogram, and is built of the pure white limestone of Syria. The long and beautiful cloisters are divided into thirty-two compartments. On the inner wall of each hangs a porcelain tablet of gray color, at least four feet high, bearing the Lord's Prayer enamelled in letters of blue, and in a different language for each of the thirty-two panels.

The pillared marble columns of the cloisters enclose a grassy plot in the centre of the parallelogram, which is the divinely consecrated place. It is open to the sky, and no foot ever treads on the holy ground, though reverent hands water and tend the grasses and cherish every spear of wild bloom that lifts itself heavenward from the soil.

The most indifferent visitor cannot fail to perceive the atmosphere of strength and repose which abides in the cool cloisters of this beautiful shrine, accentuating the silence and solemnity of the holy mount.

To complete and perpetuate her work, the princess built and endowed a school for Christian children near to the chapel; enlarged and improved her own *châlet*, transforming it into a convent for Carmelite sisters, who are appointed to do a special work of charity in Jerusalem.

A cenotaph of Carrara marble, in a small chapel opening from a quadrangle of the shrine, commemorates the life and works of the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne. Another adjoining it, erected by her filial love, is dedicated to the memory of her father.

The chapel is never deserted; there is always a solitary Carmelite sister kneeling under the shadow of the wings of the angels *orantes*, by the altar, who recites the *Pater noster* by day and by night, encircling the months and years in an endless chain of petitions for those souls in the world who ignore or reject its power.

It may well be questioned if the universality of the religion of Christ is not more truly exemplified by the achievement of this one woman of the nineteenth century than by all the battles of the Crusades. While pursuing a gentle life, "going about doing good" in Jerusalem, the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne secured this precious oratory to the world, where pilgrims of every creed, journeying from every clime, rest as in the "shadow of a rock that standeth out in a desert land"; for here each one may read in a familiar tongue the petition which all testify expresses the deepest yearnings of the human soul, as it has done throughout the ages since its first utterance on the slope of Olivet by the Saviour of mankind.

A ROUND YEAR.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

THE dark silken drapery, falling in heavy folds from the arch to the floor, made an effective background for the slender young figure in snowy white thrown into bold relief against it.

Hartley Bennett and his hostess looked upon this effect with keen pleasure, though of different kind. To Bennett, artistic to his finger-tips, the way the glossy brown hair grew about the girl's broad brow, the classical purity of the delicately cut features, thrown into cameo against the dull red, the proud perfection of the way the shapely head was set upon the neck, gave exquisite delight before he thought of the owner of these perfections as a living girl.

To Mrs. Harrison, by his side, it was very pleasant that Honor Middledith should be looking so beautiful in *her* parlor, the result of *her* wisdom in selecting, and she surveyed her with the same satisfaction she would have felt in looking upon a stately palm or graceful statue which she had purchased.

That it was not a well-placed statue upon which he gazed Bennett soon became aware in the awakening of another, totally different admiration, in which, if the artist lost, the man gained. The girl was alive in every pulse of her perfect physique, listening with eager attention to a grave, elderly man, and the sensitive variations of the mobile face as she followed his words gave it an attractiveness superior even to its beauty.

"And she is not in the least disappointing when you know her," said Mrs. Harrison, laying her hand lightly on Bennett's sleeve. In her character of sympathetic woman of the world, diviner of souls, and leader of society, which *rôle* Mrs. Harrison constantly maintained, she often strove to produce the effect of understanding by intuition, and an intimacy not always readily honored by those on whom the draft was made.

Bennett started, annoyed, but reflected in time that it was not only his hostess, but "only Mrs. Harrison."

"Who is she, and where did you find such a perfect piece of womanhood?" he asked.

"Ah, Mr. Bennett, thank you! You always phrase in epigrammatic terseness all one could say," cried Mrs. Harrison, in soft ecstasy. "'Perfect piece of womanhood' is precisely what Honor Middledith is. I did not find her; she and her father found me, in a dreadful hotel in the mountains, last summer, and being found you may be sure I was not so stupid as to lose *her* afterward. 'Perfect piece of womanhood!' Oh, thank you, dear Mr. Bennett!"

"Will you crown your many kindnesses to me by taking me to Miss Middledith, Mrs. Harrison?" asked Bennett; "and as a reward for so successfully summing up her graces?"

For answer Mrs. Harrison rose, shaking her full skirt into place, and putting her hand through Bennett's arm for an effective progress across her parlor. Mrs. Harrison would never acknowledge to herself that she was flattered when Hartley Bennett accepted her invitations, for it was part of her system to be always the grand lady, ignoring, even in her thought, her grandfather; but there was always in her intercourse with Bennett a remembrance of his grandmother coming to the tiny shop in which she tried to forget she had played in her childhood, and she patronized Bennett, to his great amusement, lest he remember too.

Mrs. Harrison's grandfather, actual or potential, was very far from Hartley Bennett's mind, however, as he found himself meeting the clear gaze of a pair of gray eyes, under sharply marked dark brows. Mrs. Harrison immediately engaged in conversation the old gentleman with whom Miss Middledith had been talking, and very soon led him away. Bennett fancied the gray eyes followed him regretfully; they certainly turned from him in unflattering indifference.

"I feel that I ought to apologize, Miss Middledith," he said. "Is old age only desirable?"

"Oh! I don't know," she said.

"Nothing very promising in this school-girl answer," thought Bennett, irritated to add another to the disappointments of pretty faces. But the girl suddenly shook off her abstraction and turned toward him.

"Desirable? Old age?" she said quickly. "Of course old age is always sad, but everything in life is a compromise; one gives up something to gain anything, and old age has paid a heavy price for a good deal. The trouble is when one has made such sacrificial investments one soon gives up life itself, and it is such a pity."

She frowned earnestly, and he felt an unreasonable desire to stroke her white forehead smooth; but he spoke instead, insisting on a lower key, and the personal note.

"Are you not willing to talk to young men sometimes? It is not their fault that they have not had time for acquiring much," he said.

"But Professor Hibbard is interesting," she replied, and caught herself up with a delightful gleam of humor in her eyes, which shut them half, "like Mimsey Seraskier," thought Bennett, who knew his Du Maurier.

"I mean," she added with heightened color, "Professor Hibbard is a biologist, and he tells me what I care to hear of science, evolution, and things that make me forget how small I am."

"Young men sometimes care for science," remonstrated Bennett. "Are you a modern girl, and profoundly interested in philanthropy?"

"Shall I confess?" she asked. "I don't like philanthropy. It strikes me as a poor substitute for Christian charity. I feel that I am impertinent when I investigate cases. What right have I to pry into any one's private affairs because they need help, and I can give it?"

"None whatever," said Bennett decidedly.

"Yes, but modern scientific charity comes forward and tells me that I am pauperizing the poor if I do not," she said eagerly. "It makes me feel very guilty; it sounds wicked, like etherizing, for instance. But after I get by myself, and think it over, I see the new way makes them sneaks and liars, and that is nearly as bad as pauperizing them, isn't it? Besides, how can I pauperize? Some people are born paupers, and they are not all poor. I wonder if the old way of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, going out with a whole apronful of bread, was not just as well?"

"Just as well, or just as bad," said Bennett, interested at last in what she was saying. "We have no right to do either; the whole social system is wrong. There should not be inequalities of fortune, and still less of opportunity."

She flashed an eager look upon him. "You are a Socialist!" she cried.

"Yes, of one school," he answered, smiling.

"I agree with Kidd," she said. "I think there is no logical escape from the right of socialism, and no practical possibility of its continuance as a social condition."

"I do not agree with Kidd in anything," Bennett said quickly. "I deny his premises, necessarily his conclusions. I do not believe religion is the cause of man's social evolution. I do believe that Christianity, with its hatreds and bigotry and dogmas, has retarded, not forwarded, man's progress. He would be better without it, and I believe the growing perception of interdependence of men upon each other, and the inherent beauty of altruistic principles would be sufficient motive to carry on the race to high endeavor and achievement."

"But surely you admit that the Christian teaching of the universal brotherhood of man, so opposed to the world to which it was announced, has had everything to do with the implanting of these principles, and that all are more or less consciously influenced by such teachings, the inheritance and environment of the ages?" she said eagerly. "And is it not very important to know truth, simply as an end, a possession unspeakably valuable?"

He shook his head, smiling a little sadly. "Christian teaching is all very well—to reply to the first part of your plea—how about Christian practice?" he said. "And as to truth—what is truth? Unknowable, found in sure possession of different races and ages, all contradicting each other."

"I do not admit that as a whole Christian practice has fallen so far below Christian precept," the girl cried. "Nor do I admit your last statement as it stands. You are an agnostic, then?"

"As well call me that as anything," he said. "I certainly only affirm that I cannot affirm."

"Miss Middledith, I am sent to beg you to sing to us," a voice said behind Bennett, and she bowed her excuse, following the young man who summoned her to the piano.

Soon her voice, a deep contralto, filled the room, and as it ceased Bennett felt a touch upon his elbow, and Mrs. Harrison's voice said: "Well?" Bennett started in annoyance; Honor's singing had been like herself, emotional, full of warmth and life; the whole past hour had left him stirred, excited, happy and unhappy; he had never met such an electric personality. And now Mrs. Harrison! But her "well" had to be answered.

"She is charming," he said, uttering the truth, yet taking refuge in conventionality.

"Isn't she?" cried Mrs. Harrison. "That she is beautiful

you can see, and clever you have probably discovered; but she is accomplished besides, with a splendid nature, not one bit spoiled. I never saw any one with such a healthy power of enjoying all kinds of things. There is only one *out* to Honor; she is a Roman Catholic."

"A Roman Catholic!" echoed Bennett, in profound amazement and disgust.

"Yes, but not like the Roman Catholics we know; she is an anomaly. Her father and mother were converts, her mother died when she was born, and her father simply idolizes her. Perhaps you have noticed a kind of magnetism about her that would give her pretty much what she wanted, and may imagine how she coaxes her father. She chose not to go to a convent, but went instead to a college, with the result that she is not at all like Catholic girls. I do not think she is at all devout; she is like a fine, honest boy. She never has thought of marrying, and she cares only for her books and friends. She goes to church regularly, for she is very loyal, but her religion is only a logical affair to her; she says there is nothing else possible, granting a Creator and revelation. Now, I doubt logical religion, especially in a woman. I imagine she could be easily diverted by one who had influence over her. Good Catholics go to confession frequently, but I happen to know that Honor does not. It seems queer to think of that noble girl kneeling in a confessional, doesn't it?" added Mrs. Harrison.

"Queer? It is monstrous!" exclaimed Bennett fervently. Mrs. Harrison gave him a quick glance; his face was flushed.

"Oh! well; very likely she'll get over it," she said easily. Then she laughed. "You are rather an anomaly yourself, Hartley Bennett. You profess agnosticism, and wide, indifferent toleration, yet you hate Catholics beautifully. I suppose it is your Puritan blood."

Nine out of ten of Mrs. Harrison's remarks were folly, but the tenth time she "struck twelve o'clock," as Bennett said to himself, in a way that surprised one. Not that he called this "striking twelve o'clock"; on the contrary he thought her unusually foolish, but he felt impelled to defend himself in a manner not usual when talking to her.

"Not at all," he said hastily. "You don't understand. I think all Christianity has done harm, but Rome most of all forms, as the most dogmatic and vigorous. I object to Rome on principle, and consider it the duty of every American to resist her advance."

"Oh! I dare say," smiled Mrs. Harrison. "Pray don't defend yourself. We are all of us furnished with good reasons for intolerance, and, after all, why should you be consistent; who is? And Honor is young; under good influence she'll change her views, especially as they are only founded on reason, not sentiment. You see her indifference is proved by her being here to-night, Christmas eve; if she were a good Catholic she would be preparing for her Christmas Communion."

But all the way home, remembering her glowing beauty, and the look in her beautiful eyes as she said good-night, Bennett repeated to himself: "A Roman Catholic—*she* a Roman Catholic!"

Differences in taste and opinions dynamic in their power to blast peace and affection seem trivial when the circumstances that are to test their strength are yet unmet, and the friction of daily contact is seen only through the golden perspective of youthful hopes.

In the love for Honor Middledith which took possession of Hartley Bennett with all the force of the passions of slow natures, he did not forget the melancholy fact of her adherence to that form of Christianity which he most detested, but he rejoiced in her emancipation from the countless Catholic practices which so enthral men's, and especially women's, minds, and hoped much from the influence of a person whom she should love. In the meantime he longed intensely to be that person, and was too enchanted with what the girl was to realize that he could ever care deeply what she believed.

They were so alike in other tastes, and so supplementarily unlike in temperament, that every one felt their marriage one to be desired in spite of their difference in religious views.

Bennett's state of mind, dating from the memorable Christmas eve at Mrs. Harrison's, had been patent to all observers. Honor was not a girl who lightly betrayed her inmost thought, but Hartley Bennett himself was almost satisfied with the light that his coming brought to the beautiful face, and he took care to call often, permeating her life with his presence and love. He argued, with considerable knowledge of the Diana-type with which he had to deal, that in a girl of Honor's extreme nature, formed for love and hatred, her toleration of his constant devotion argued well for his hope that she was beginning to love him, too, in the depths of her strong young heart.

It was March, a day full of the suggestion and hope of spring. The delicious odor of the earth brought subtle pro-

mise of grass and flowing sap; the pussy-willows waved their little silver, green, and yellow catkins; the big willows along the streams made the perspective joyous with a pale, shimmering green, the very color of early spring; under their branches the frogs piped musically, and the song sparrow warbled from the topmost point of small spruces, while the liquid note of the bluebird, as he drifted by, and the gay whistle of the newly-arrived robins rose from the sunny places. All the promise of life, all the glad intoxication of its reawakening were in the air. Honor Middledith's face shone with a new beauty as she listened and drank in the warmth, corresponding so deliciously to the new joy that had entered her life.

"If you do not admire her I think I must give up predicting," she was saying, conscious that she was talking for the sake of saying something. "Pray, if you do not admire that lovely girl, what sort of a girl do you admire?" Instantly she regretted her words. For a long time she had been fighting off the utterance of what she longed to hear, and as Hartley Bennett glanced up suddenly, she saw the hour had come.

"What kind of a girl do I admire? Let me tell you," he said quickly. Then, his feeling overmastering him as he looked at her, he spoke: "She is like you, only— Honor, I love you! I love you! Don't you think you could?"

She was not a girl to dally, trying her lover. One little space of maidenly fear and joy and reluctance she allowed herself, and then she raised her honest eyes to his and let him read the love that sprang into them.

It was the old story and the old rapture, old as the renewal of spring, and the bluebirds were singing it then in the sunny hollows.

When they turned to walk homeward Honor looked back lingeringly.

"You know the superstition that what one is doing when first hearing the frogs shall be done all summer?" she asked.

He laughed triumphantly. "Telling you I love you?" he exclaimed. "Oh! the frogs are poor prophets. Not all summer but all my life I shall do that. Let me see; I am twenty-eight. If I live to be seventy, for forty-two years—five hundred and four blessed months—"

"Oh, stop! please stop!" she interrupted, woman-like finding pain where he found joy. "I cannot bear to think of its ending."

"Hartley," she began, breaking the silence in which they

walked for a little while after her outburst, "have you thought of one thing—religion?"

He frowned. "Yes, Honor, I have thought of it; and I am sorry that you feel as you do. You may not always."

"Oh, yes! I shall," she said quickly. "Does it matter?"

"Not one bit, dear," he said, "to me."

"Not to me," she responded. "I think I should be the one to care, for I believe, and you do not. But I can never be so stupid as to consider a person's opinions, even—even if I did not love that person."

He put his hand out toward her, but she made a sign to wait. "You see," she went on, "I am a pretty poor Catholic, for I have never felt the need of any religion; I am so young and healthy and interested. But I recognize that to be the case, and I feel that the day may come when I shall turn to it eagerly. I never could be anything but a Catholic, and I mean not to be disloyal. So far I have been sufficient to myself; but if it did not sound irreverential, I would say that I felt as though Jesus Christ were there when I wanted him, and in the meantime I try not to be bad, and am enjoying my life. Do you see?"

Bennett laughed. "You need not be afraid of saying irreverential things to me; I believe it is all a myth, and it would only be when your splendid health failed, indeed, that you could lean on such fables."

She drew away slightly as she walked. "No, Hartley," she said, "you must never say such things to me; they jar. I told you I mean never to be disloyal. But we can be happy by respecting each other's opinions, and leaving them alone, can we not?"

"Certainly, Honor," he replied. "A gentleman will surely be polite, even to his wife." She blushed at the solemn word, but came back to his side. "We agree so completely on every other subject," she said, "and I am so different from most Catholic girls, being college-bred, and—well, not pious, that if ever what the church calls 'a mixed marriage' could be a success ours would be, would it not?"

"I regard it as a sublime success insured," he answered laughing. "And as to mixed marriages, the church has been pretty wise; but she ought to understand that the day for controlling men as in past ages is over. People think for themselves now, and as far as this question goes, all marriages, or the majority, are pretty well mixed, it strikes me."

That night Honor knelt by her father's chair, and told him her secret, begging his consent and blessing.

Mr. Middledith was a man much occupied with other things than his beautiful daughter, whom none the less he loved very dearly, and understood better than she knew.

"My blessing, Honor?" he said. "You have it always. And my consent— Well, my dear, I have allowed you liberty too complete to deny it in a matter in which your happiness were really bound up. But it can be only a consent of toleration, for I know, my daughter, this is not for your happiness."

"Oh, father!" she began, but he checked her.

"I know it all, dear," he said, "all you could say. Bennett is a gentleman, upright, intelligent, clean lived; but you are a Catholic, and he will never tolerate that, no matter what he may say—and mean, too—now. So far your faith has not meant much to you, but it would if your husband hated it. It would, or you would give it up."

"Father, I shall never do that, nor would Hartley wish me to," she cried.

"I am sure of the first part of that, my dear; I am not sure of the latter," said her father quietly. "Indifference is not in Hartley Bennett's line, and you will feel the bitterness of the greatest separation when you are a woman, and he your husband. For so far, my little girl, you are only a child—a precocious child, all brain, the heart dormant. Believe me, when the woman heart wakes up your intellectual assent to Christianity will become a very different thing. I have said you will not have toleration for your faith from Bennett, but indifference would never satisfy the nature which some day will arouse in you. Listen, Honor. Your mother died leaving me a baby, who, until now when she wants to leave me too, could not even partly fill the vacant place. When she was dying, and I received with her the Communion which was her viaticum, I thanked God in my anguish for a union which death could not break. Can I be willing that her daughter should shut herself off from such higher joys?"

There was silence for a long time; Honor had never heard her father speak of her dead mother except from necessity, and she was touched, impressed, in spite of herself acknowledging the truth of what she heard. But in the silence the new love, dear and strong, surged up in her breast and drowned her father's words.

"But you do consent, father? I love him, you know," she said at last.

"I consent if I must, Honor, not otherwise," he answered; "and only then under the condition that you are not to an-

nounce the engagement just yet, and will not marry for a long time."

"Oh! I like to keep it a secret, if I may," cried Honor, springing up and laughing gladly; "and as to marrying—who wants to marry for ever and ever so long, father?"

He looked at her glowing beauty, and smiled tenderly. "You are only a child, as I told you, Honor. I fancy Bennett may want to, but he must wait."

April and May flew by, sped by the joy of blossom-time and love. Hartley Bennett felt the silent antagonism of his future father-in-law, and it oppressed him. He chafed under the concealment of his engagement, and early in June he made an effort to get Mr. Middledith's consent to its announcement.

"Look here, Mr. Middledith," he said, "I don't like it, and it's not quite square—puts everybody in a false position. I am able to marry now and give Honor a suitable home. What is the sense in delaying telling people that I'm going to do it? Have you anything against me?"

"There is no sense, looked at that way, in delaying," replied Mr. Middledith quietly. "And I agree with you that it is not quite square. I have nothing against you personally; you are upright, honorable, straight, as far as I know, yet I delayed announcing the engagement, hoping that Honor would see her mistake."

"Mistake, Mr. Middledith!" exclaimed Bennett, straightening himself.

"Yes," said Mr. Middledith; "for it is a mistake for two people who differ as you do on religion to marry."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Bennett hotly. "I beg your pardon; but it is ridiculous for a girl like Honor to be bound by such fables—only a sentiment at best."

"You could not have presented my objection more strongly," remarked Mr. Middledith dryly. "You consider it ridiculous for her to be so bound, yet bound she is. As to its being a sentiment only, I do not agree with you; but if it were, you are old enough to know that sentiments are the vital part of life. Most people consider love a sentiment, and one to which there is less reason for adherence than religion; for though a man be honorable, virtuous, lovable, he has not a monopoly of those reasons for being loved, while those who profess a religion believe it only to teach saving truth."

Bennett made a gesture of impatience. "There is less than no use in discussing," he said. "The point is this: I am engaged to your daughter, who does not see this matter as you

do, and I have been engaged to her for nearly three months. You do not intend to forbid the marriage; let us deal honorably, and tell the world that it is to be. Do you consent?"

Mr. Middledith sighed, moving the papers on his desk restlessly. "You are perfectly right, Bennett. Yes, I consent."

The announcement of the engagement was speedily followed by the Middlediths' departure from the city for the summer, and every Saturday found Hartley Bennett on the train which took him most rapidly, from the Grand Central station, up the river to the place where Honor stayed.

It was the year of the presidential election, in which Bennett was greatly interested, and it filled Honor with pride that her lover cared so much for his country's welfare that he could not forget it in his love for her.

It was Saturday evening; Honor sat a few feet away from the group of men, of whom Hartley was one, discussing the convention just closed at Chicago, and the candidates appointed, together with those to be sent by the State to the next legislature.

Bennett had forgotten her in the ardor of the discussion, and she had lost herself in happy waking dreams, when she was suddenly aroused by Bennett's voice, listening to his words with a passion of resistance of which she had not thought herself capable.

"No," he was saying, "I know nothing against the man; on the contrary I believe he is a very good fellow, disinterested and all that, but his religion is enough for me. I would oppose, with all my strength, any Roman Catholic for any office."

"But that is the Spanish Inquisition, Bloody Mary on the wrong side, and some years belated," remonstrated the man whom he addressed. "It's Pilgrim Fathers and Quakers' ears; it's rank bigotry, Bennett."

"Oh! I'm not afraid of words," replied Bennett. "Every man of strong convictions is sure to be called a bigot. I'm opposed to trusting the American ballot to men who obey Rome."

"Now, don't be deluded into thinking that is *American*," said the other earnestly. "I'm a Protestant all right, member of the Presbyterian Church, and I don't want Romanism to spread; but the man who strikes a blow at personal liberty, because of the person's religion, strikes a blow at civil and national liberty, and is his country's enemy. There is nothing more un-American than persecution, and that is persecution. The day America is false to her trust of religious toleration and equal rights, that day her doom is spoken. We are made

up of too heterogeneous elements, politically and nationally, to afford to disintegrate those elements. Washington Gladden wrote very well on the subject in *The Century* a few years ago."

"Gladden wrote folly, and is blinded by specious reasoning!" burst out Bennett. "Rome is an evil; all priest and church domination is; hers most of all because it is strongest. She has wrought nothing but harm throughout the ages, and will do it here if we let her get hold. I'm going to take part in this year's campaign, and I'm going to work dead against admitting Roman Catholics to influence in senate, legislature, civic government, and schools."

Honor rose softly, and withdrew unseen by Bennett, but noticed by the man who had answered him. Her hands felt like ice, her head burned, and all her latent loyalty and faith was in arms against what? Her lover? Yes, but the enemy of her faith. Blindly she found the way to her room, conscious that she must face this pain alone, saying over and over as she sped down the long corridor: "A house divided against itself, a house divided against itself!"

After she had gone Bennett's companion turned to him.

"This is rather queer from you, Bennett; you are going to marry a Roman Catholic, I hear."

"Oh, no!" answered Bennett easily. "I'm going to marry a remarkably clear-headed, intelligent girl, whose parents were Roman Catholics; I'll answer for her in time." But the other, who had caught a glimpse of Honor's retreating face, shook his head.

Just before Bennett went away on Monday Honor spoke to him of what she had heard, timidly, fearing its confirmation.

"Hartley," she said, "you did not mean what you said when you were talking politics the other night?"

"What?" he asked, and looking at her troubled face a light broke in upon him. "Oh, yes! I meant it."

She drew herself up, and bit her lip. "I could never marry any one who was pledged to oppose all I held sacred," she said so quietly as to mislead him.

"Oh! look here, Honor, don't be tragic," he said smilingly. "We agreed to let each other's convictions alone, and you are too truly *Honor*, you know, to want me to act contrary to mine. We mustn't talk about things that would make us disagreeable, and I must do exactly what I think right."

She clung to him a moment, and sobbed without tears. "O Hartley! I let you think I was indifferent; I thought so

myself, but something rose up in me like a lion when I heard you, and it frightens me to feel so to you. I love you."

He smiled. "And love—charity, you know—covers a multitude of sins. I kept you up too late last night, and you are nervous. It's a new phase in my strong Honor, but she's a woman after all. It will be all right, my dear. We love each other, and will follow our consciences, and some day you'll see more clearly."

"Remember," she said solemnly, "do not mistake. I can never marry an enemy of the church, though I could marry one who did not believe in her."

The weeks that followed were not easy to Honor Middledith. She treated Hartley with gentleness such as she had never shown, like a true woman trying to atone to him for the pain *he* had caused *her*. She grew more devout in small ways, and went frequently to the little church in the village, where in silence she tried to learn her duty to the human love, which had never been so strong, and the Divine, which held her fast, claiming her to suffer for it, who had never fully delighted in it.

The subject that lay so near her heart was not spoken of to her lover, who rejoiced in her, feeling sure her emotional outburst that morning had been due to tired nerves, and that her new docility was moulding her to his wishes.

It was the first week in November, long after their return to the city, when Hartley Bennett came one night to Mr. Middledith's with a roll of papers in his hand. "I have been quietly working in this campaign, Honor," he began, "and I've been asked to go up to Mycenæ, in the northern part of the State, to deliver a speech on Wednesday. I had a feeling that perhaps I ought to read it to you, because if you saw any allusion to it in the papers you might think I had been underhanded."

"No one could ever think you that, Hartley," she said gently, grasping the arms of her chair as she spoke.

"No, I hope not," he said smiling. "Thank you, dear Honor. You see, one of the candidates for the legislature is a Roman Catholic, and I'm asked to oppose him, and I'm going to."

"On that ground only?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied; "he's a fine fellow, I believe, but his religion disqualifies him politically to my mind. You are so broad you will not feel hurt at all this."

"Read your speech, Hartley," she said. He glanced at her, thinking her voice strained, but her face was quiet, only her

gray eyes were black—"which often happens at night," he thought, and began reading.

"Is that all, Hartley?" she said when he had finished.

"Yes; not a bad speech, do you think?" he asked, smiling confidently; and stopped aghast as he saw her face.

"Bad!" she said in a voice low and intense. "Is that the work you have been doing *quietly* this fall?"

"Yes, whenever I could," he answered. "Oh, come, Honor!"

"I must deserve some punishment as an unworthy Catholic if you can come here and read me this, expecting me to tolerate such words," she began, trembling, but her voice growing clear and strong as she continued. "I have not been devout, but I have been true, after all, to these interests you vilify. Bad, a bad speech! It is utterly bad, false, cruel!"

"Honor, stop!" he exclaimed, taking a step forward.

"No!" she cried, rising to her full height to face him. "There is no excuse for such ignorance as that betrays, if ignorance it be. I repeat, it is false. I told you I would never marry an enemy of the church, and I never will. Do you know who the man is whom in that speech you have pronounced unworthy to represent his land? My father, my honored, noble father; and my son, if he ever lives."

She was a woman now; no young girl confronted him, but a woman, like all true women, the mother of the race.

"Your son, Honor, will be my son, and will not, I feel sure, be a Roman Catholic," said Bennett.

"Your son will never be mine; I shall never be your wife," she replied quite steadily.

"Honor!" he broke forth, with a sharp cry. "My darling!"

She trembled then. "Don't make it harder," she said. "Nothing can alter me. Last summer, and ever since, I have feared this hour; but if it came I hoped that I should be stronger than my love, and I am. I should not want you to be a hypocrite for me, but you might have refrained from attacking all I hold sacred. It—it is bad taste, at least," she ended weakly, with gathering tears.

"My dear little girl!" he cried, springing forward to take advantage of her wavering. But she instantly repulsed him with a gesture sure and strong.

"No, Hartley; I love you, and so it is not easy, but there is no doubt," she said. "Please go, and now—I cannot bear this long."

"You said once if ever a mixed marriage could be a success

it would be ours," he murmured, scarcely knowing what he said; he had never realized how lovely she was till then, he thought.

"Which shows them to be all failures, for this would surely be, or else shows me mistaken; it does not matter," she said.

"Honor, I'll not deliver this speech—" he began, but she interrupted him.

"Pray do not, for it is a tissue of lies; but the reason for our separation is not there, but in the mind which believes it true, and mine. Your not delivering it is right and just, but could not affect us."

"You never loved me," he said angrily.

"I thought you would say that," she said wearily. She had grown pale, and black circles were deepening under her eyes. "Don't you think it were kind to go, and shorten this misery?"

"If you insist," he said sullenly. "Good by." Then, as he touched her hand, it burst upon him what had come about.

"Honor, it is some comedy; it can't be true—why, Honor!" he gasped.

But she checked him. "God bless you, Hartley, and give you all good!" she whispered. He bent his head, and in a moment the portière had fallen over the little twelvemonth chapter of hope and love.

It was Christmas eve again, and Honor knelt alone in the twilight; the sound of quiet feet passing over the stone pavement, to and fro among the confessionals, alone fell on her ears; the odor of spruce and hemlock brought the reality of the festival home to her, and an occasional figure in soft black habit crossed her vision, slipping in and out of the crib to complete the final arrangements.

Those women were safe from the pain which held her, precluding Christmas joys. The light of the sanctuary lamp became myriad in the dew of tears gathering on her lashes. It was just a year ago that night since love had found her at Mrs. Harrison's, and now she was alone again, but never again with the proud, free solitude of a youth sufficient to itself.

But in her pain a joy arose that would some day conquer it. She had found her inheritance more precious for the sacrifice she had made for it than if she had always known it, and she had not betrayed her God, not for silver, nor even for the one earthly thing worth having—love.

AFTER THE MANNER OF ST. FRANCIS.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

MANY well-meaning persons are now busy with brain and pen devising means and propounding theses for the solution of the all-encompassing social problem. Methodical investigation of social conditions has begun in many quarters, and we must applaud the intention, though we may not be over-sanguine of an early crop of practical beneficial results. Sociology is soon likely to be ranked amongst the exact sciences—a problem determinable by fixed laws and demonstrable in terms. But the demonstration of a thesis is a different thing from the performance of a duty made obvious by the truth of a demonstration. We might despair of any ultimate good from the multitudinous discussions and experiments in social science now filling the air and choking the printing-press, were it not that we have amongst us minds too generous to be scientific, too unsubtle to be argumentative, too humane to be philosophic. It is the fashion of Catholic charity to *act* while learning theorizes, when the needs of suffering humanity demand relief and remedy.

The spirit of Catholic charity has always been manifested in the United States, ever since Catholicity became a factor in their building up. But it had been content to work in old-fashioned grooves. Wealthy Catholics gave generously out of their resources for charitable objects; none were more open-handed. Women of position worked at home for the poor, besides giving money freely for their relief. They were incessant in promoting fairs and fashionable enterprises with the same object. Yet many often felt that this was not doing enough to exemplify the parable of the Good Samaritan, and this consciousness of insufficiency at length found concrete expression in the earnestness with which the advent of the French sisterhood called *Les Petites Sœurs de l'Assumption*, and the invitation to co-operate with them in their humane and merciful work, were hailed by many leaders of Catholic society in New York.

Under the title, "The Lady Servants of the Poor," an

auxiliary association has begun operations in the New York diocese. The work of the Little Sisters is to go out among the sick and nurse them, and succor them in their material and spiritual needs. The Lady Servants propose to carry out the same programme, as far as in them lies. In this they have the heartfelt encouragement and approval of his Grace the Archbishop. It was at his request that the Little Sisters came over from Paris three years ago. A committee of Catholic ladies had been got together to prepare for their reception, and the example of the Little Sisters no doubt inspired some of these ladies with the idea that the best use to which they could devote a portion of that leisure which hitherto had been

occupied with social functions was to go out amongst the poor also, visit them in their humble homes, tend the sick, teach the hale to make the home clean, bright, and inviting, and infuse some of that gladness and serenity which make the atmosphere of home so delicious to the opulent and refined into the abodes of the less fortunate.

At the outset such an undertaking must seem startling. Actual contact with the poor, the braving of the dragons of squalor and disease in their own dens, must appear an ordeal too trying to women brought up in refinement and elegance; women to whom spotless cleanliness of surroundings was the fundamental condition of civilized living, and whose delicate

natures shrank in loathing from the bare idea of any contact with the seamy side of humanity. But it proved on actual test to be an imaginary obstacle. It was only the first step which entailed any struggle. Upheld by the thought that it was to cheer and lift up those of the seamy side that He of the seamless garment went forth, those elegant and sensitive Catholic ladies obeyed the call. At first but a few, now the workers form a pretty numerous band. They do their work in the true spirit of charity, hiding it and themselves from the world's gaze as much as possible. The self-respect of the recipients is carefully safeguarded; none knows who that quiet-looking lady who is seen entering a tenement at night, and departing from it early next morning, may be. Few will imagine that it is the wife or daughter of a man high in the banking or commercial world who has passed her night nursing the sick wife or child of the tradesman or laborer out of employment, coming and going on her tasks of mercy with steps as noiseless as the flight of angels' pinions. But such, indeed, is the case. This is how the lessons of St. Francis are percolating down through the ages, undermining the granite crusts of selfishness and caste, and making friable the social soil for the reception of better seed than that of mutual hatred and distrust between the workers and the men of wealth.

It is impossible to withhold our admiration for such work as this. When young and tenderly-nurtured ladies devote their lives to God's service, they have counted the cost. They have measured their souls' strength with that of earthly ties, and, sustained by God's grace, they face the protracted ordeal of self-denial and self-ostracization, the appalling terrors of the battle-field, and the plague-stricken haunts of the poor with undaunted courage. But the woman who is in the world has not nerved herself for any such sacrifice. Naturally she shrinks in alarm from the very mention of disease; to be brought into actual touch with it in many of its revolting forms must be horror indescribable. The knowledge that she had actually been in a fever-den or a place where the horrid spectre of small-pox had been stalking, must of itself cause her family and friends to fly from her as from the pestilence itself. She has made no vow of sacrifice, and she is not, in any religious sense, constrained to run a risk in the cause of charity. The mental discipline which fortifies a woman for such a task, the nerve which enables her to weigh the chances and make every antiseptic provision against the risk of contagion, and above

all, the nobility of the motive which inspires the step, reveal to us a new level of human nature. The women who attain this level redeem the follies of the race. They show us humanity in its highest function, as an agency of unselfish and passionless love, and enable us dimly to grasp the motives of God when he took on himself the human form with all its physical infirmities.

Amongst many of the poor the objections to hospital aid are deeply rooted. Disinclination to part from the home and the family is the most powerful motive; the spirit of independence and the too often well-founded belief that hospital help is merely perfunctory in non-paying cases, are causes which operate powerfully in making the idea of the hospital repugnant to the vast majority of the poorer classes, whether the sick or the hale. It was to deal with such cases of pride in distress, as well as others which hospital help could not possibly reach in any case, that the Little Sisters of the Assumption started on their mission. The foundress, Mother Marie de Jésus (in the world Antoinette Farge), was a lady who had at an early age been given charge of an orphanage by the Dominican Fathers because of her peculiar fitness of disposition and her sensitively sympathetic nature. But the sphere of her activities was not bounded by this charge. So conspicuous was her zeal and activity in the cause of the sick, and the redemption of the fallen, that some time afterwards the Fathers of the Assumption conceived the idea of utilizing it to win back souls to God. It was an age of dreadful infidelity in France. Spurious liberalism was rampant everywhere, the minds of the working-classes were filled with hatred of religion and its ministers. But with

Mother Marie de Jésus.

the sisters it was different. Their quiet, unobtrusive ways and the sweetness of their manners gave them a passport in places where a priest's presence would have roused all the savage in the breast of the French *ouvrier*. When they were found steadily braving disease in its foulest forms—cholera, typhoid fever, scarlatina, small-pox—and fighting the demons of dirt and despair in their own lairs, for the sake of helping a prostrate brother or sister, the battle against prejudice was as good as won.

The success of the Little Sisters in their work of succor and reclamation was speedy, and contagious by its example. Other houses of the sisterhood were established, within a few years, in Lyons and in London. The rule of the order forbidding them to accept any pecuniary reward for their ministrations, and to attend none but the poor who cannot pay for help, attracted the notice of many outside the ranks of poverty. Many women of the wealthy classes, whose time had hitherto been taken up in the frivolities and formalities of fashionable life, grew ashamed of their idleness and flocked to the help of the sisters, not merely with their purses, but with offers of personal assistance in their work. A society of these lay auxiliaries was soon formed in Paris, under the title of "Les Dames Servantes des Pauvres," and many of these soon became as zealous helpers of the sick poor as the sisters themselves. The kindred association in New York, enrolled under the equivalent title, "Lady Servants of the Poor," embraces several ladies who show a zeal as great and a devotion as fearless as any of their French sisters. They go about their work with no desire for ostentation or publicity, and we believe their motives will be respected by the Catholic public. But all those who desire to know the *personnel* of the association in general, can learn of it through the medium of the annual report of the Little Sisters, which embraces the names of the Lady Servants as well as a statistical record of the work done by the two bodies during the past year.

There would not appear to be much proportion between the agency and the work accomplished, looking at the annual report of the sisterhood, and we are led to consider the astonishing results that may be brought about by the smallest of means when the will to conquer difficulties by the help of divine grace is the mainspring of action. When it is borne in mind that only seven sisters composed the community in New York during the year, the fact that they were enabled to nurse

and relieve as many as two hundred and fifty persons in their homes during that period is one to fill the mind with wonder. Their labor of love knows no distinction in humanity, either in age or sex or creed. Thirty of those they tended during the period mentioned were non-Catholics, and three Hebrews were among those whom they nursed back to health. Their labors are chiefly among the poor of the crowded East Side, where disease of some kind is normally epidemic. One of the devoted band succumbed to typhoid fever contracted in her heroic mission, a couple of months after their arrival in the city. They accept such consequences as campaign risks, and, undeterred by their occurrence, march straight ahead along the self-chosen path of duty. It was for this the mission was started; war with disease is not carried on with rose-water. The venerable Mother Marie herself was seized with cholera contracted from a stricken sister, with whom she had been compelled to share her bed, so jejune were the resources of the community at the beginning of their career; yet the heroic woman would not yield even to this usually irresistible foe, but, racked with frightful pain as she was, went about attending to the wants of the community and tenderly nursing her more vulnerable patient. We talk of the gallantry of men on the battle-field or guarding a leaguered wall, but what is the heroism inspired by a sense of common danger and the contagious force of manly example to the silent, unnoted fortitude which faces the King of Terrors in his most revolting and inglorious form, and grapples with the horrible spectre with the delicate, nervous hands of tender womanhood? Who can withhold their tribute of admiration from these types of saintly devotion, who recognize in the stricken pauper, tossing on the fever-pallet, the form of their divine Lord quivering in agony on the Cross, and put into daily practice the sublime lessons inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount? We cannot but feel that whilst the church continues to put forth fruit like this, the efforts of the Atheist and the Socialist to undermine her power and thwart her in her mission of peace must ever prove futile.

It is not with the view of seeking the applause of men that the Lady Servants of the Poor have banded themselves together as the allies and co-workers with the noble sisterhood. Nevertheless, it is our duty to acknowledge our indebtedness as Catholics to their unselfish services, and to hold their example up to others, wherever it can be effectively imitated. Our well-to-do Catholic people will, we are sure, exhibit their sym-

pathy with their action and sustain them by moral and material help. The society enjoys the special blessing of the Holy Father, and his Grace Archbishop Corrigan has procured from His Holiness an extension of the indulgences granted the Lady Servants in France and England to their sisters in the New York diocese.

Another practical effort toward the solution of the social problem in New York is the remarkable undertaking known as the Church Settlement. This is a small colony of Catholic young women who, under the auspices of the Redemptorist Fathers, have undertaken to give object-lessons in neat housekeeping and sociable neighborliness all around the district. They go out amongst the people and help them in their household duties, and give lessons in thrift, tidiness, and cheerful conversation wherever they go. Their example is already finding imitators in other districts of the city. In a densely crowded down-town region we find another voluntary association of young women making a practical experiment in philanthropy by sending out trained nurses to visit the sick, getting up a circulating library for children, throwing open their house for social gatherings, and allowing the juveniles to make a playground of the yard. Facts of this kind are surer proofs of an advancing civilization than the most astonishing discoveries in the field of science. The highest aim of science is the benefitting of humanity. Whatever makes for the social betterment of our fellows makes for peace among men, and we know that such peace and such diffusion of a broader humanity are primary conditions for the establishment on earth of the Kingdom of God.

THE CORNER-STONE.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

MY friend, the parish priest of Split Rock, is so long dead that it seems superfluous to tell a story about him. However, though his ashes are deep enough in the Adirondack soil, so much of him still remains above ground, in the church which he built and the human beings he rebuilt, that he may be regarded as a living member of this generation, as one of our neighbors in fact, and therefore entitled to the honor of being gossiped about. Anyway, his two best friends, Lorenzo and Loreena, are still living, and as this tale is chiefly a record of their opinions, and maybe an insight into their characters, none can complain that the story is ancient history.

Father Edward Hallan had the power of doing four things at once, like Julius Cæsar, and delighted in it so much that six tasks were always on his hands to be done at the same moment. In this way his average came to be four a day the year round. All his friends had to help him, of course. His bishop helped him most of all by giving him a mountain mission with three villages fifteen miles apart. Its territory was defined on three sides by the lake and the neighboring parishes; but on the fourth there was vastness—the parish ran across the mountains and across the State. Here was the outlet for Father Hallan's enthusiasm, and also for his imagination. When he felt the parish limits pressing on his aspirations he plunged into the wilderness, and travelled due west until bad roads, dyspepsia, and backache drained his enthusiasm. These ills he could have conquered or put up with, and have travelled on; but the prospect of a return journey—seventy miles, with a rush over roads too rough for purgatory, confessions after the rush, Mass at one mission next morning, late Mass at another, sick calls at a third, and sermons, visits, collections for the new church everywhere—proved too enticing for one who loved simultaneous labors.

The chief products of his territory were stones and spruce forest. His financial policy was based entirely on the art of extracting money from the stones. The forest yielded nothing, not even firewood. Its chief office was æsthetic—looking beau-

tiful. Experts said its existence was necessary to the rivers flowing out of the Adirondack water-shed, and the natives regretted their inability to tax the rivers, which, like so many other debtors, seemed to like nothing better than running away from their obligations. The north-flowing streams had either an acquaintance with international law or with New York lawyers, for they skipped across the line into Canada. When Father Hallan got tired of playing the Orphean flute to the stones, and there was not yet enough money for current expenses, he called his friends out of the neighboring parishes to labor with him on the stones. And always in the time of winter, when Split Rock was frozen into rest. One man prepared a lecture, another loaned his choir, a third sent down his amateur actors, which one was I, who thus became acquainted with Lorenzo and Loreena. A hall was fitted up, and the local musicians were called in; amid evergreens and bunting the Split Rock people danced, ate ice-cream, and absorbed music, instruction, and the modern drama for six nights, with a matinee auction to get rid of the remnants. It was Arcadian, but a trifle arctic too. The snow lay thick and white on the level, the thermometers went far below zero. Such is the power of suggestion and example, that to look at one during Split Rock's mid-winter gave strangers a temptation to freeze to death at once. Yet were we all more than willing to lend Father Edward a helping hand in any weather, for a truer priest and finer gentleman than this farmer's son, nurtured amid the mountains, hardy as a young pine, did not breathe. He had the pluck and inventiveness of the born missionary. No man in all that country was a stranger to him, and not even the public officials worked so hard to make something of the country, and give it a better standing with tourists and business men.

With all his friends and neighbors, however, Father Edward was simply the young priest, the energetic clerical hustler. The Split Rock people had little active belief in human angels; but Lorenzo and Loreena, who had all their lives thought independently of their townsfolk, and often against them, were as certain of his angelic nature as of their own appetite. The two lived on a deserted mountain road back of the village, their rough and cozy shed standing amid wild creepers on the edge of a spruce forest. Once the little home had a mother and four noisy children, with ignorance, incapacity, and poverty as boarders. They got along by various clever devices, and enjoyed their share of candy and jugged delicacies. For example, the priest allowed them a dollar's credit each month at the grocery-store for pork

and potatoes, whereas the fond mother spent it in chocolate creams and canned strawberries. She was evidently a woman of taste, though these delicacies cannot compare with potatoes and pork in facing an Adirondack winter. Diphtheria in one season carried off her and three of the children, leaving Lorenzo to shift for the best with Loreena for housekeeper. They did very well. The little girl's mind at ten was as vigorous as her father's at twenty-eight, for Lorenzo was a wise simpleton, who had brains enough to begin as other people did, but not enough to continue. He dealt only in surfaces, and could make a shrewdly witty remark sometimes on clamorous things, such as church-bells or stump-speakers. Father Hallan loved these innocents, and rejoiced in them. How often he took the path to their shanty, to enjoy the cozy fireside and the inimitable chat of father and child! Dumb, suspicious, terrified before their own kind, who persecuted them, with the priest they seemed to have many tongues. It was he who had baptized and named Lorenzo, some years after his marriage with Loreena's mother. The fool had been born Ike Pike, and his mother, poor soul! had found beauty in the two sounds because her father and her son bore them; but Split Rock civilization went hilarious over the name and its owner. The bad boys sang:

Ike Pike, the rick-stick-stike;
Cuts his hair with a butcher's knife.

This was one stanza out of three hundred, hence Lorenzo's scorn of verse. The Indians are said to treat the simpleton with great respect and consideration. The people of Split Rock made it clear they were not of Indian blood by heaping ridicule and reproach on Ike; until Father Hallan gave him his new name, took him under his protection, and announced from the altar his desire that father and child should get treatment worthy of Christians and suited to their misfortunes. From that time they became public characters, and Split Rock folk paid mocking respect to Lorenzo and Loreena, and used their dignified names to point the local proverbs thus: as said Lorenzo to Loreena.

When Father Edward determined to build a fine church in the mountains, of the very rock which flourished there, and to build it for a thousand years of use, he made the simpleton and his little daughter, quite by accident of course, the patrons of the work. He always consulted them on his plans, for the mere pleasure of hearing their wise nonsense. One evening he walked up the lonely road to their shanty somewhat heavy with care. The foundation walls of the new church had been laid, and his

winter's task was to get stone for the spring building and money to pay the masons.

"I want you to help me at the quarry all the winter, Lorenzo," said he, after taking his place at the fire. "I'll give you twenty cents more than you get doing chores around town; but you'll have to work harder, my boy, and maybe you'll have long hours sometimes. The corner-stone is to be laid in the spring, and we must be ready to work like true sinners after that.'

"I reckon I'm obliged, Father Hallan, for the job; but what's the corner-stone?"

"That's what I'd like to know, too," said Loreena.

"Now, what would you guess it to be from the name, little school-girl?"

"Why, the stone in the corner," said she promptly; "but why is it in the corner, father?"

"You must have a stone in every corner, Loreena, and all along the sides, and one must rest on the other with mortar between, or you wouldn't have no church," said the wise parent.

"Oh! I know all that, Lorenzo; but don't you see there is something queer about this corner-stone? It's the only one with a queer name."

And so they chattered on, to the delight of the priest, who explained at the right moment the wondrous virtues of the mysterious stone: its careful cutting, its hollow for documents, the fine ceremonies attending its transfer to the corner; and then he went on to show how all great and fine buildings had such a stone at the corner, how our Lord was the corner-stone of the church, and indeed of every human heart, until this idea took possession of every fibre in Lorenzo's brain, and warmed the inmost heart of Loreena, who looked with envy at her father.

"And oh! but you're lucky, Lorenzo, to have the digging out of that stone from the quarry," said she, "and the stone for the walls, and you oughtn't to take any pay for it. And I won't have anythin' to do with it, because I'm not a big man. Father Hallan, if I had the money to pay for it, I would give you enough to build that church."

"I am sure you would, Loreena. But you will have much to do with it just the same. Your father will help me to dig out the stone, and you can pray that money will come in to pay the builders. Your prayers may do more than our blasting and digging."

"What I've allus said to keep her from choppin' wood, and hurtin' of herself when I'm away, sence she will try to do more'n her share," said Lorenzo. "Prayer is better'n work or

money. You begin right off, Loreena. Guns! you needn't wait for us to start a-buildin' that church. You begin now, Loreena."

Father Hallan nodded approval to the child's inquiring glance. Very simply she lit two candles on the old bureau, where stood the crucifix at whose foot were the colored figures of the Mother, the Magdalen, and St. John. The two men knelt behind her while she prayed thus:

"Dear Jesus on the Cross, Father Hallan wants money for the new church, and will you please get it for him this winter? The corner-stone must be put in its corner by spring, and will you please help my dear Lorenzo to dig out the biggest and nicest piece in the quarry? Lots of stone must be dug out of the quarry, and will you please help the men to get all they want? Blessed Mother at the foot of the Cross, I am sure Father Hallan needs your help in building the church; please pray for him hard. The corner-stone must be laid in the spring, and after that they must be ready to work like true sinners."

"Amen," murmured the fool.

She turned to the hearers. "Will I pray that you won't get sick till the church is built?"

"The very thing," said the priest.

"Dear Jesus on the Cross, keep Father Hallan and Lorenzo from the dipteery and any other sickness till the church is all ready for business. Amen."

It can be seen from this incident what diversion the priest enjoyed in the company of these innocents. More than ever were they the delight of his heart that winter in the severe work of quarrying and carting the stone to the site of the new church. The two fell under the spell of the corner-stone. It became for them an explanation of every riddle of life, and the final mystery in every problem. After a struggle with his insufficient brain on some deep question, Lorenzo would say to the child: "It's all in the corner-stone. If we could git at that, an' see its shape, an' take out the dokmints from the holler, the hull thing'd be daylight."

They put a corner-stone at the angle of the shanty cellar wall with ceremony. The fool brought home the stone from the quarry, trimmed and hollowed by an obliging cutter, and a cross and date cut into the face. The child put into it a medal, a newspaper, a picture, and a lock of her mother's hair, of which she had enough to cover a wig; then it was fixed in place to be looked at every hour on Sundays and holidays, and to form a subject of endless speculation. Their share

in the building of the church was new life for Lorenzo and Loreena. The altar candles were lighted five times a day for prayer, and the father grew facetious over blasting and hauling at the quarry. Both were to help also in carrying out the winter's financial programme, which included a lecture on Rome, a play, and a concert, the three events to come off at the annual bazaar in February. For their services Father Hallan had agreed to give them front seats at each performance, on the condition that they should dress in their best to honor the location. With this prospect before them the innocents rushed about their daily work as if the neighborhood were afire and they were the fire department.

At this point appeared on the scene your humble servant with the lecture on Rome and the amateur dramatic company; and as these things contributed largely to the laying of the corner-stone and the happiness of Split Rock, it is only fair that they should get some notice, if only to understand the emotions which they stirred in the attenuated brain of Lorenzo and in Loreena's simple heart. The lecture had been prepared for a serious audience. A single glance at the Split Rock audience, whose honest faces looked broad, stolid, and peaceful as the local mountains, gave me misgivings. While the singers were performing the first part of the programme, I was changing the tone of my discourse from grave to gay, replacing eloquence with jokes, and pointing description with newspaper wit. The lecture was a "howling" success; it had not a serious moment except in the description of an audience with the Pope; and I have never been sure to this day that the Split Rock people do not regard Rome as a circus for European visitors. The mountaineers, you see, take even jokes seriously. Lorenzo and Loreena looked at me for a week after with admiration.

"I never knowed," said Mr. Pike, "as there wuz as much langwidge in the hull world. Guns! he spouted fur an hour and a half, an' I kep' a-sayin' to myself, where is it a-comin' from? But it kep' on a-comin' like the turnpike spring."

Loreena remembered all the funny stories and curious incidents of the lecture, and told them for months afterward to her father, who roared over them joyously until the forest rang, and saw more to laugh at the oftener they were told. Let not this be put down against me in the circles of the wise; it is not every sage can make a wise fool laugh for a year.

The third morning of the week while the bazaar was going on the amateur dramatic company arrived on the early train, and Lo-

renzo drove them from the station to the rectory. The players were clear grit, as this account will show. As they dashed up to the house a hidden rock caught the runner on the turn, and dumped star, leading man, juvenile, soubrette, high and low comedians, old lady, manager, and supers into a snowdrift, one conglomerate mass of dramatic activity and confusion. No one was hurt; but the temperature being twenty below zero and the snow fine and dry, the amateurs did not recover their tempers until the snow had been shaken, like so much salt, out of sleeves, neck-bands, and other inconvenient places. Split Rock was excited over their arrival, because a drama was a rare event in the county, and Father Hallan had royally described what these actors were able to do in mimicry of real life. He had guaranteed the company a fitting stage, a fair set of scenery, music, red fire, and an audience—things as necessary to amateurs as their lines—hence my confusion when I faced the company in the hall that afternoon for a rehearsal of the play. Father Hallan had not been able to keep his promises except as to stage and audience. The latter was a dead certainty after six o'clock, and so was the stage at that moment, for the leading lady, out of the depths of her furs, had just pronounced it the deadest, funeral-like thing she had ever seen. The hall was a coffin-warehouse, and the stage consisted of heavy planks laid on a number of coffins. The scenery was a pair of curtains stretched across the back wall; the flies and wings were of homely wall-paper; the proscenium was made of thick wrapping paper tacked on a frame; and the curtain was of green calico, wound about a roller heavy enough for the mast of a sloop. This curious structure stood at one end of a hall whose side walls were as bare of lath and plaster as a skeleton's ribs of flesh. The naked scantling pressed hard on the spirits. A lonely stove fought bravely with the frost, and, with the aid of a small boy, warmed six cubic feet of the neighboring atmosphere. All else in the place was chaos or icy air. The leading lady looked at me as I surveyed the scene, and it was as if a Split Rock icicle passed through my soul. All managers know that look, which is ever frostier in proportion to the weakness of the salary list. But the company was clear grit. They had come to play, and play they would in spite of fate and temperature.

Night came. The lamps were lit—kerosene lamps with bits of tin as reflectors. The audience sat down on benches, and the visiting clergy occupied a box—namely, the bench nearest the stove. The music struck up—two yokels, an organ, and a fiddle, and the Virginny Reel. Lorenzo and Loreena, with

wildly beating hearts, sat in the front seat dressed in their best; the simpleton in charge of a locomotive reflector, fixed on a table to act as foot-lights for the stage. The bell rang; up went the curtain, and on went the play as smoothly and fervently as the chattering teeth of the actors and the melancholy condition of the stage permitted. It was a story of high life, and the plot was simple—a high-born mother returning in disguise to the home she had deserted, and watching over her little boy. The curtains on the back wall stood for a garden, a road, a palatial parlor, a nursery, and a bed-room; the ladies dressed beautifully in summer garments, and had to be wrapped in blankets while off the stage and toasted near an oil-stove. But the play went on briskly without a hitch, and the entire company, acting on my suggestion, played to the sensitive hearts and erect ears of Lorenzo and Loreena. Did Booth and Modjeska, in their palmiest days, ever receive so perfect a tribute from any audience as these two gave the amateur actors? The general audience thought it good, and the clergy condescended to say it was, for the conditions; but the simpleton and his child wept bitterly though quietly, and clung to each other in real horror. Midway in the performance the villain of the play took an agonizing pain in his stomach, and called for help behind the scenes. Brandy was sent for, which it took a half hour to get in this temperance town. Meanwhile, he had to play one act through with his pain, and the villanous malice of his acting took the audience and his fellow-actors by storm—it was the pain, not he, that acted. The brandy gave him instant ease, and also, unfortunately, a gracious mellowness of manner and speech unsuited to the instincts of a dramatic villain. In fact, a general fear seized the players that he might become the heroine's friend before the play ended; for which reason he was advised, thumped in the ribs, and scolded by his companions at intervals until the curtain fell on the dying scene. He was thus saved from further mishap. The leading lady looked to the scene of her dying to make up for any deficiencies in her performance, and it was really affecting. Lorenzo and Loreena wept bitterly, and the sceptical clergy grew grave, while the Split Rock people actually sorrowed; but behind the scenes all was merriment. The death-bed was a wire mattress-supporter stretched on two chairs; a shawl concealed it, and a single sheet covered the leading lady; the hero kneeling at the bedside kept actress and bed from overturning; and the company stood in the wings and laughed shiveringly while the hero wept and the leading lady died.

However, the whole company had to turn out when the audience had adjourned to the dancing-room, and console and assure Lorenzo and Loreena. His first remark to me was: "Will they bury the poor lady in this here town? Ef they do, lemme dig the grave."

This while the tears streamed down his cheeks and Loreena sobbed. I introduced the leading lady to him, and mighty proud was she of the effect of her acting on the fool. It raised the temperature for the whole company, as with many voices they told him it was only a story, a play, a dream, and the villain was going out to dance the Lancers with the lady he had so cruelly treated, and make up for his wickedness by giving her a Split Rock oyster-supper for the benefit of the bazaar. Then Lorenzo smiled, and felt happy; but for many a day he hugged Loreena with apprehension that some one might take her from him and leave him as unhappy as the play-parent.

The corner-stone received great assistance from the mid-winter festival—something like fifteen hundred dollars, a sum which made the ceremony in the spring a certainty. Lorenzo said fifty times a day, as he worked in the quarry: "It must hev been reel to make so much money," meaning the play; and "Guns! when that woman died I did want to fetch a doctor," but he concluded with "she et the oysters anyway, an' danced an hour, so how do you make thet out ef she was dead?"—all this being great diversion for Father Edward as he tugged and lifted at the great stones for the church of his dreams. In spite of the remonstrances of his friends, he would save money by helping in the quarry and driving the stone to the site on his own team, consoled for his severe labors by the nightly vision of a perfect and everlasting structure, which would grace these mountains evermore. Loreena had dreams also about the corner-stone.

"She says she saw the corner-stone lyin' in a hole," said Lorenzo, "with nobody a-noticin' of it, an' she is dreffful a-feared some other stone is going to be cut instid o' that; an' she says to me this mornin,' 'Lorenzo,' says she, 'ask Father Edward ef I may come down an' look after that 'ere stone,' says she. 'Lor' bless ye, Loreena, says I.'"

"Let her come down," said the priest. "Maybe her angel is directing her in this."

Loreena came down with shining eyes, and told in her pretty way how clearly she had seen the neglected stone hidden away among others, and how it had stretched out its arms

to her, crying, "Please, little Loreena, save me"; and it was a beautiful stone beyond all the others in shape and color, and an angel sat crying beside it because no one had seen it. They took her into every part of the quarry until they found a place like that in her dream. There she put her little hand confidently and joyfully on the projecting end of a boulder of which no other part could be seen.

"And here's where the angel sat cryin'," said Loreena triumphantly, pointing to a hillock above. The men hauled out the stone to submit it to the builder, who pronounced it as perfect a block as the mountain quarry could provide for the dignity of corner-stone. It was cut accordingly, and the legend of its choosing was cunningly carved on the inner side with proper mention of "Loreena, the daughter of Lorenzo." Then in the spring it was laid in its corner by mitred bishop and surpliced priest, with sweet music and fine preaching; and Lorenzo handled the mortar, the trowel, and the precious stone, with his mouth open so wide as to cause the neighbors apprehensions. After that the walls went up like magic, and by autumn the stately mountains looked down with pride on this child of their loins, chosen for the shelter of the King who had fixed their foundations and supported them through the long ages. Many admired the solid and beautiful building, but these three, the priest and his two friends, were alone overpowered by its charm. Their blood had gone into it in planning, labor, and prayer; and only a simpleton and a child could have listened to the endless talk of Father Edward on the beauties of the new temple. He was never done, and they abetted him. They watched each feature of the interior decoration as a mother watches the growth of the first-born; the hanging of the stations, the placing of the altars, of the font, of the organ; and they stood long before the colored windows when the sun shone through, drinking in the magic beams.

The first Mass was to be said on Christmas day, and Lorenzo had the task of providing the cedar for festooning, of making ready the twine, and of overseeing things. Again the innocents went rushing about their work as if the town were afire. Then suddenly came a woful blank in life's affairs, a cessation of interest in the day's progress towards night, and the two looked at each other hourly with frightened and questioning eyes. The priest was very ill, and no one thought enough of Lorenzo and Loreena to make explanations of his danger. The night before a fine moon had lighted up the colored windows so beautifully that Father Edward had stood

many minutes with them admiring the mysterious beauty of saints and angels in the weird light; to-day a workman tells them to get away with their mooning, for the priest was on his death-bed. It was incredible, and they fled to the shanty on the deserted road horrified by the remembrance of death as it had once touched their household.

"Can a priest die?" said Loreena, and the question shook the fool.

"Everybody dies—wunst," he answered, and then the two yelled with sorrow and fright, lit the candles on the bureau, and prayed between sobs and whimperings for the life that meant so much to them.

A man came one day to invite them down to see the priest, who had sent for them. He was very ill; it was thought he would die, and he wished to give them his blessing; and he had something to say to them, he wished to leave something in their care. They went down with fear and trembling, and were overjoyed to see his smiling face as he looked at them from the pillow. He had just said to a friend that it would not do to frighten them, and farewell must be said in figures. He blessed them both feebly and patted their heads.

"I am going a long journey, children," said he, "and it will be some time before I see you again. The doctor tells me I must go, so we cannot complain. Now, I leave the church in your charge, to pray for it, and visit it, and guard it, since you did so much to help build it. You will always live here, and so you will always be on hand to take good care of it. Another priest will come to live here for a little while, and perhaps he will tell you how I am doing in the fine country to which I am going. You must ask him about me."

"Couldn't you please write a letter?" said Loreena cheerfully.

"If there were a postal system between the two countries I might," said Father Edward. "But I think it would be better for you to find out from the next priest. Good-by, children; I'm too tired to speak any more, and the carriage is coming soon to take me away."

They were led out quite satisfied; and the servant gave them cake and tea, telling them how the quarrying had strained the back of the poor priest, and a cold had finished the work. Lorenzo remembered the very day the accident happened. On the way home he arrived at the conviction that their friend was dying, that the carriage was the hearse, and that his good-by was the last from Father Edward; and telling this to Loreena,

they walked up the lonely road weeping aloud as was their custom, and carrying a lump of cake now and then to their mouths; thus, eating and weeping, they got home and lit the candles to pray for their friend.

His soul had passed them on the road. Father Edward was dead; and the first Mass said in the new church was not the Christmas mystery, but a requiem for the eternal repose of his honest soul. It was a more splendid ceremony than that of the corner-stone, and the two innocents, crushed into a corner of the gallery as nuisances, saw with wonder and awe their friend, in his glorious vestments, a chalice in his pale hands, looking up at them from his coffin. He was buried in the lawn fronting the church; the last psalm was sung, the last tears shed; then priests and people went home, the church was locked, the grave-digger ran away to a hot dinner, and Split Rock people gathered to the midday meal—only the fool and his child remained to look at the grave and worry their eyes with saltier tears. It was on this occasion, after wandering about the grave until the cold drove them home, that Lorenzo enunciated the greatest truth which his feeble mind had ever been able to coax from its shallows.

"Loreena," said he solemnly, patting the fresh earth of the grave, "this was our corner-stone. It's buried, it's gone, an' down comes our buildin'. We ain't wuth shucks no more."

Disconsolate and cold, they trotted home. Even for them it was hard to fall back into the insignificance from which the priest had raised them; and it was real wisdom in Father Edward to have given to Lorenzo the charge of the church, for, after the first shock of horror at the loss of his corner-stone, the simpleton took up the sacred charge of the new church, and recovered his spirits in the sense of responsibility. It is the impression of the present priest of Split Rock, and of his sexton, that the care of the beautiful church is in their hands, and this impression will pass to their successors. If they but knew the fine pity lavished on them by Lorenzo for this illusion! He it is who cares for, prays for, and guards the structure which he helped to build; his criticisms on changes and improvements are very severe; and if he submits to them, it is only out of regard to Loreena, who is now a smart school-ma'am, and might lose her place were he to quarrel with the sexton. Thus Loreena keeps him in order, and, as they live close to the church in a pretty cottage, he consoles himself with standing guard over church and grave when pastor and sexton are absent together.

LOOKING BACK AT THE MAYNOOTH CENTENARY.

BY REV. CHARLES McCREADY, D.D.

ON the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, September 8, 1858, the writer, in company of a diocesan, a student some years his junior, was walking in the College Square in eager expectation of the visit which Cardinal Wiseman was on that day to make to Maynooth. Here was a treat to which we had looked forward with intense interest for some days; to see, for the first time, a real live cardinal. In our youthful exuberance, and disregarding the proprieties, my companion and myself actually ran up to the terrace in front of St. Patrick's, to gain a nearer view of the great churchman as he stepped from the carriage which brought him from the railroad station. At a signal from the president all knelt, the senior and junior students, to receive the cardinal's blessing. Arising, the venerable Dr. Russell led the welcome, saying: "Now, gentlemen, now is your time—hurrah!" And immediately up from five hundred pairs of lungs went three cheers such as only so many Irish young men can give. Perhaps by no one was the scene more enjoyed, or the great man more thoroughly admired, than by my friend from the "Junior House." A few years after, and when we had come to know each other even better, Providence so ordained that our ways should, geographically, lie far apart.

In June last, after an absence of two-and-thirty years, I returned to the college—one of the invited guests to be present at the celebration of the Centenary of Maynooth. The grandeur and glory of the celebration have passed into history, never to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be called upon to take part in it. On the platform in the Aula Maxima there were assembled, besides the entire Episcopate of the Irish Church, several bishops from England and Scotland, with an archbishop and two bishops from the United States; the hall itself being filled with eminent ecclesiastics. Prominent among the former, from his dignified bearing and his cardinal's costume, was the Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Vaughan, the

second in succession in that see to the cardinal whom we had long ago been so anxious to look upon. But presiding over that distinguished and venerable body of ecclesiastics, cardinal, archbishops, bishops, and priests, sat another prince of the church. With easy grace and dignity he directed the exercises—now, by his ready, unaffected humor, causing ripples of laughter in that grave assembly, and again, by his simple, straightforward statement of facts, elucidating the matter under consideration.

Amid all these surroundings, and though clad in the purple of a member of the most august senate in the world, I had no difficulty in discovering the genial presence of my running companion of so many years ago. The modest, unassuming young man, Michael Logue, had in the meantime become the Most Eminent Michael Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of All Ireland. He had merited, by his virtues and learning, not only the great honor of becoming the successor of St. Patrick, but the not greater but more rare one of being enrolled among the College of Cardinals. I thus found him presiding over a meeting of the largest and most representative body of ecclesiastics ever assembled in Ireland, at least since the Reformation. How well he fitted into the position, and with what perfect tact he filled the *rôle* of moderator, there was but one unanimous opinion.

Indeed the whole scene, with its centre figure, was one long to be remembered. Venerable, intellectual, learned men were they, bearing the burden of the episcopate, worthy successors of a long line of saints and martyrs, the history of whose lives as they read them in their breviaries, or as they were reminded of them in the venerable ruins of their ancient cathedrals, was to them a daily lesson in holiness of life and in earnest endeavor to sanctify themselves and those entrusted to their guidance. Of most of them I had a tender remembrance as fellow-student or classmate; of many of them I now for the first time made the acquaintance. I could scarcely realize the fact that, in the interval since my last visit, the entire Irish episcopate—with the exception of Archbishop McEvilly of Tuam—had passed away, and their places had been taken by those so much younger.

This is one of the surprises which one meets after a long absence from a familiar haunt. With everything else in the surroundings materially unchanged, the buildings and approaches just as we knew them in the olden time—the same halls, the same rooms, the same refectory, even the same old bell in the tower—one expects to find the same old professors, and the

same boyish companions of his student days, just as he left them. For the moment one makes no note of time, nor of the fact that the Destroyer beats with equal foot at the gates of the college and at the doors of the rest of the world. He forgets, for the time, that much care and responsibility have prematurely whitened the raven locks, or made furrows in the faces that he still remembers as boyish and smooth. Thus it is that, of the entire staff of superiors and professors in 1863, but one remains to form the connecting link between the old century and the new. He is now the venerable and beloved President, Monsignor Gargan, who, in 1855, was my first professor in the class of "Humanity." With him time has been very lenient and sparing, as indeed it is but meet that it should be; for never was a more gentle and indulgent master placed over boys yet in their teens, and with all that good health and good spirits that accompany these years.

What remains of the others lies in the quiet seclusion of the College Cemetery, awaiting the realization of the hopes in which they lived and died. They have gone from the scene of their earthly labors: Drs. Russell, Whitehead, O'Hanlon, Murray, Crolly, Neville, Callan, Jennings, O'Kane—all of them as near to perfection as it is given men to be, in their special departments. Such men are a loss to the community in which they have lived. But the star of the college has not set for ever; its light was not extinguished in their graves.

While we may freely accept the invitation of Ecclesiasticus, "Laudemus viros gloriosos," in giving our tribute of "praise to the men of renown," we must not forget that in advancing years we are only too apt to fall into the weakness accompanying old age—of becoming "laudatores temporis acti" at the expense of being unjust to the present generation.

Acting on this caution, then, we would beg to express the opinion that the present staff of professors has already given, and is daily giving, more and more evidence that its members are not unworthy successors of those who have gone before them, in the chairs which they have adorned in the National College. With natural abilities which are, no doubt, equal to those of their masters they have, in addition, for their guidance and instruction the rich legacies left them in the traditions and written works—the result of long study and experience—of those whose places they have been selected to fill. They have now easy access to fountains of learning and information that were not within the reach of the older professors.

They have had the advantage, too, of a more thorough primary education than most of the older men could have obtained. With the advance of, and the wonderful discoveries in, the natural sciences, the study of Sacred Scripture and theology must be made more deep and searching, if the professor would properly prepare the young ecclesiastic to thoroughly understand the theories and difficulties that in these days so engross and distract the minds of thinking men. To meet these emergencies, and cope with them successfully, the present staff of professors is thoroughly equipped.

But it has been remarked, perhaps in a spirit of unconscious disparagement, "They are all of them comparatively young men." Well, granting this to be the truth, youth, if it be a fault, is after all only a material one, and it would be quite safe to affirm that it is one which they will be amending from day to day. But, after all, vigorous youth, other things being equal, is rather an advantage in carrying on the spiritual and intellectual conflict in which these "young men" have to engage. The superiors, too, to whom is entrusted the discipline of the college, are all men worthy of the greatest confidence. The best proof of this is in the genuine love which the later alumni have for the college. It is a proof that, while the discipline is maintained with firmness, it is administered with paternal affection; that the line separating the student from the superior is not so broadly marked; in other words, that it is now more priestly than military. This was not so in former years; with the result, in most cases, that when a student turned his back on the college after his ordination, he did so for the last time. It is gratifying to be able to say this, and to say it with confidence, after several conversations with those who were in a position to know whereof they spoke. One very potent factor, hinted at as a probable reason for this change of sentiment, is that the college is no longer the "Royal College," with all that that name implied, but the "National College" of Ireland. This with brave Irish patriots of twenty-five years counts for much.

But there is one decided disadvantage, and a very serious one—one which militates considerably against the teaching staff of the college. This is the promoting of its more promising and trained teachers to the episcopate. Just when a professor has, by unremitting study and industry, become a competent and experienced teacher, the priests of his diocese, or a neighboring one, in approval of his learning and acquirements,

immediately set their hearts upon having him for their bishop. At the first vacancy he is voted *Dignissimus* for the mitre. And yet there is no help for it. The bishops of the province, having no fault to find with the candidate, give their approval, Rome confirms the choice, and so the gain to the diocese is to the detriment of the college. So convinced were the trustees of this drawback, that a resolution was introduced some time ago, at one of their meetings, we were told, that no professor should be made a bishop until he should have filled the position of teacher in the college for at least fifteen years. This apparently wise resolution was not, for some reason, adopted. Among others, here is a case very much in point. Who that knows Dr. Healy, or that heard his masterly and scholarly oration in the Aula Maxima, as he eloquently and graphically outlined the history of the college's first century, did not regret that a man of his genius and culture was not retained in his position as professor, where he could make use of his abilities and acquirements in guiding the minds of the future Irish priesthood along the path which he had himself pursued with such marked success? Instead, he is relegated to the coadjutorship of a comparatively obscure diocese, in the west of Ireland, where his allotted work for the past ten years, and perhaps for many years to come, consists in the administering of the sacrament of confirmation, the professing of a nun, the blessing of a church, or acting chaplain to a workhouse. This is one of the regrets that came to my mind as I sat there charmed by Dr. Healy's discourse; though the production of such works as the *Centenary History of Maynooth*, and *Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars*, and other literary work, is evidence that the Most Rev. Dr. Healy eats not the bread of idleness.

The genuine pleasure coming from attendance at this celebration was somewhat marred by other regrets. The question frequently recurred to me, Why is it that the Catholic Church in the United States is not more fully represented at this grand *Te Deum* of Ireland's National College?

It is true Archbishop Riordan and two bishops are here, but that hardly expresses the interest which American Catholics ought to feel in this celebration. Of his Grace of San Francisco we, who were privileged to be present from the United States, felt justly proud. For at the banquet, where the most prominent men—English and Irish—cardinals, bishops, and priests, were heard at their best, it was the unanimous

opinion that the address of the orator from the Golden Gate was *the* speech of the evening.

Again, the educational establishments of England and Ireland had representatives; and even from the Continent of Europe the older sister institutions sent delegations. Thus, the Irish colleges of Paris and Rome, and the time-honored colleges of Salamanca, Louvain, and the Propaganda, wished to honor themselves in honoring Maynooth. With what feelings of joy, then, would not the Irish episcopate and priesthood have received a delegation coming from such institutions as the Catholic University of Washington, or Georgetown, or Notre Dame, Ind., or Niagara, or St. Mary's of Baltimore, or Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg!

It cannot be that the Catholic Church in America is ignorant, or unmindful, of what it owes to Ireland and her great college. Without disparagement of the other European nationalities, that have done their part in building up the Catholic Church in America, it will not be denied that the Irish immigrants have been its greatest factors; that it has been by their loyal adherence to the faith, through good and through evil report, that the wonderful, almost miraculous extension of Catholicity has been brought about in this country; that whatever shortcomings may have been attributed to them, whatever vices even their poverty may have brought to them, their sacrifices for the church have made them the wonder and admiration of those who are of the household of the faith in all lands.

Take away from the church in America her adherents who are Irish by nativity or descent, and the church here will be as barren of Catholicity as any of the northern countries of Europe.

In 1846, and the subsequent years—known as the "famine years"—when the advanced guard of that four million and a half of emigrants, who have since been driven out and forced, for the greater part, towards the American continent, went forth, Maynooth College had reached the first half-century of its existence. Considering the small percentage of priests who had been educated on the Continent, or in other home seminaries, it is safe to say that most of these emigrants had received their religious instruction from priests who had graduated at Maynooth. Though the faith of those exiles may not have been put to such a severe test as was that of their ancestors at home, still it is true to say that they kept the faith loyally,

and that, too, in the presence of temptations to the contrary which were more calculated to wean them from the profession of it than even the menace of the rack, the sword, or the gibbet.

The superior education the people now received from those who had themselves been more highly cultivated, enabled them the more readily to give an evidence of the faith that was in them. Henceforth, it was no longer the "blind obedience" to the priests which their enemies reproached them with, but a "rationabile obsequium" to the truths of the faith, as expounded to their intelligence by a learned priesthood.

The spirit that animated the men who went forth from the Island of Saints to reconvert Europe still lived in the priests of Maynooth. Hence we find many of them becoming voluntary exiles, in order that they might still watch over their people and bring to them the comforts of religion in a land in which—in the earlier years, at least—they would have looked for them in vain. We find that Maynooth has given to the United States two archbishops—still alive—one in St. Louis and one in Chicago; and one bishop in Erie, Pa., and two others deceased. Numbers of its priests, zealous, active, energetic men, are carrying on the good work in almost all the dioceses of the country. Here in New York to-day they number seven or eight. And going a little farther back, even the present generation will readily recall such names as Vicars-General Power and Starrs, Archdeacon McCarren, and Fathers Clowry, Breen, Kinsella, Felix Farrelly, Larkin, Mark Murphy, and John Murphy, the distinguished Jesuit. These have gone to their reward. Monsignor McMahon, the benefactor of the Catholic University at Washington, served in the Diocese of New York for over forty years.

Fortunately, the church in America is no longer dependent for her priests on the services of those who come from beyond the Atlantic. Her ranks are, year after year, being filled with a native priesthood, men of ability and zeal, of whom any portion of the church might be justly proud. And yet the great majority of these—except in sections where the German population predominates—are of Irish descent. And who may tell what influence the prayers and supplications of the good Catholic mother may have had in determining the vocation of her son for the priesthood?

As I write this the news comes of the consecration of Dr. Henry as Bishop of Down and Connor. He may well be

called the "Centenary Bishop," inasmuch as in this centennial year of his Alma Mater he rounds out the one hundredth prelate whom Maynooth has given to the church, one for every year of her existence.

As she has done, so may she go on continuing to do through the centuries yet to come!

Her alumni have wandered beyond Atlantic and Pacific. "In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum, et in fines orbis terræ verba eorum." But "her children shall come to her from afar." The union that was projected for bringing them together, however far they may be separated, by the forming of an Alumni Association, was the happy outcome of the centenary celebration. Hereafter an opportunity will be given all her children —both at home and abroad—of union in an association which will bind them to each other, and to her, in the bonds of maternal love and brotherhood.

We trust that all who have gone forth from her shall hearken to the fond mother's call, and prove their devotion to her, and their gratitude for what she has done for them, by joining hand-in-hand in praying for her continued success, and in praying for and sustaining each other, so that they may prove themselves worthy children of such a fair mother.

For myself, looking back at the grand celebration, and recalling the meeting with old and cherished friends after years of separation, the fraternal recognition and hearty welcome made me fully realize the truth of the well-known lines of the "National Bard":

"And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wandering away?
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?

"What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng."

Holy Cross, New York.

PAQUITA'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY HELEN M. SWEENEY.

PAQUITA'S father had quarrelled with his *padrone*. That was how the trouble began. The "banker" had received his ten per cent. on Domenico's passage-money, and had acted as middle-man between him and the contractor who handled the "assisted" immigrant after his arrival in this land of promise; but, not content with the handsome commission from both employer and laborer, had now for the third time caused his dismissal from the dock where he was working on the city dumps, in order to obtain another commission. Domenico, though as tractable as most of his class, resented his interrupted good fortune. He was making the princely sum of one dollar and a half a day. He had trusted Fabroni implicitly, with an instinct of utter helplessness, and when he discovered that his dismissal was a trick of his to obtain a fresh commission from his new employer and himself, all the hot blood of the choleric Neapolitan was roused, and he swore silently, by all he held sacred, to "fix" his traitorous friend.

For three weeks he had returned empty-handed to the miserable tenement that, with scores of others of his countrymen, he called home, if the sweet word could be applied to Mulberry Bend equally with the sunny hillside overlooking the Bay of Naples where he was born. He had been induced to mortgage his little garden there and his few belongings to pay for his ticket to this El Dorado, where work was plenty and wages princely. He had worked well and faithfully for the first year, and when he could manage to scrape together the few dollars necessary had sent for his wife and child. For a time how happy they had been! for now Domenico had a roof over his head; whereas before Carmellita and the little one had arrived he had burrowed at night in the dump where he worked by day. The exorbitant rent of nine dollars a month for the two little back rooms left them little margin for enjoyment, but, with their racial characteristics, they were as gay and light-hearted as children when Sundays gave them a chance.

Then had come this heavy blow. It was just too much for Domenico's patience and forbearance, and he bided his time to "fix" Fabroni.

The Italian, like the Chinaman, is a born gambler. His soul is in the game from the moment the cards are upon the table, and often his stiletto is in it too.

On Sundays Domenico was sure of meeting Fabroni in the "Battle Axe," round the corner. The following Sunday he went there, and was not disappointed. Fabroni was there and betting heavily. The game of cards, like the game of life, went against Domenico, and watching stealthily he saw what he suspected, and in a blind fury, amid a torrent of abusive Italian, he lunged at Fabroni, striking him full in the throat. Fabroni was "fixed."

An affair of this kind is not unusual since "the Bend" has become a suburb of Naples; but generally the offender gets off scot-free unless he is caught red-handed, as was Domenico. That was seven months ago, and he was still in jail awaiting his trial, while Carmellita was trying to make both ends meet for herself and little Paquita. She had secured work at sorting rags, and was earning just enough to keep body and soul together when a new trial was laid upon her.

When walking through the Italian quarter of New York one feels translated to a foreign shore. A picturesque if untidy element has been added to our population. Here dark eyes are flashing, white teeth gleaming, and soft speech falls pleasantly on the ear. The vivid and nondescript costumes of the women lend a tinge of color to the dark slums they inhabit. Dark-haired mothers, some of them scarcely out of their teens, stand with their babies at the breast gossiping at the street-corners; or, while tending the innumerable stands, nod and smile at the few Americanos who pass that way.

But to-day, while every one was happily busy over the approaching Christmas festivities, there was one who did not smile, one whose soft black eyes were almost blind from weeping, whose toil-worn hands were forcedly idle while she sought, sorrowing, the little maid who was the core of her heart.

A little crowd stood around her while she talked to the officer, the more accomplished among them translating roughly her fluent speech while she told for the hundredth time of the loss of Paquita. The little one had been taken away up to Sixth Avenue by some of the older children to see the sights, the shops laden with Christmas goods, the brilliantly lighted stores and streets. Some one, a visiting King's Daughter perhaps, had opened to her fervid imagination the pleasing fiction of Santa Claus. Young fir-trees supported by four uprights of rough pine were inseparably connected with the vision of

"Sanata Clausa." That every tree bore as its natural product, amid its stiff green branches, every conceivable cake, toy, clothing, fruit, and pleasure ever devised by infantile desire, was an article of faith as firmly planted in that little heart as

THE VISION OF "SANATA CLAUSA."

was belief in the Virgin Mother whose highly colored lithograph made gay the dark wall of an "inside bed-room."

For days after her little pilgrimage she had talked of nothing else but her Christmas-tree. That she was debarred from that luxury never entered the gay little head. Little eight-year-old had as yet no knowledge of the grinding neces-

sity that compelled the poor mother to pick, pick, pick from morning to midnight that she might add the sum of thirty-four cents a day to the little hoard that kept the wolf from the door, and fed the hungry little stomach when her own was often empty.

But now the busy fingers were idle, while the poor mother was running about distracted seeking up and down for Paquita, Paquita!

All she knew was, that the child had not been locked in as usual when she had gone to her work. She had begged so hard for permission to go down to Pasquel's to examine the chimney through which "Sanata Clausa" would be sure to come if he found his way at all to "the Bend"; she had spent an hour there, then had disappeared.

The officer listened as sympathetically as was to be expected; then suggested that Carmellita come with him to the Elizabeth Street station and make inquiries. But no child had been brought in answering to Paquita's description, and the mother was going out again, weeping broken-heartedly, when some one suggested the Gerry Society. A young policeman off duty, whose heart was touched into remembrance of his own little one at home, offered to go up with her to the Society's rooms at Twenty-third Street.

Carmellita had her first ride on the elevated, and her first glimpse of a life beyond the squalor of the "Bend"; but the novelties did not impress her—all feelings were swallowed up in eagerness to reach the end of her journey and find a clue to her child's whereabouts.

When they entered the large, handsome building devoted to the interests of one of the city's greatest charities they found trace of the little runaway. A member of the Society had seen her standing to look in at a restaurant window, gazing wistfully at the tempting dainties displayed within. For some little time he had been watching her, and when questioned she had turned big, frightened eyes to his, but had remained dumb to the harsh, strange tongue. As the soft brown eyes were lifted to his he saw another pair of eyes that had once looked with love into his own, but were now hidden under a low mound fast whitening under December snows. He offered the little waif his hand, which she took willingly enough, and carried her off to the Society's rooms. There, by the help of an interpreter, she told of her long journey to Sixth Avenue in search of a Christmas-tree, but could not tell the name of the street where she lived.

All the way home to his place in Tremont Mr. Brownlee was haunted by Paquita's glorious eyes. He wondered what his wife would say to the half-formed plan he had in his mind of adopting the little one so strangely thrown in his path, as if to take the place of his own. He remembered Anita's ardent temperament and wondered if it allowed for transference of affection. He felt he knew nothing of her prejudices, for though he had married an Italian he lacked the sympathy that could divine the outcome of her violent grief at the death of her child. Whether it would close the door to new affection, or widen her heart to the acceptance of an adopted child, he knew not.

But whether she was agreeable or not, the natural mother had the first claim. Oh, to have seen her as she stood tearful and frightened at Manager Duncume's desk! To all her pleadings he had but one answer. Paquita would be retained there until inquiries could be made as to whether her parents were able to maintain her or not; if they were not, then she would be placed where she would be brought up in an atmosphere different from Mulberry Bend. But mother-love flourishes as hardily in Mulberry Bend as in the more sanitary portions of the great city, and the mother-heart was aching as she trudged back again to her wretched home, made doubly wretched now that the light of the world had gone out for her. Why had God permitted such a thing to happen? Paquita was her all. Would he permit her to be childless as well as worse than widowed? No! no! no!

She turned over and over in her mind all sorts of wild projects for the restoration of her child. She knew absolutely nothing of the machinery of the law. She had no one to appeal to—but stay, there was the *padre*. She hurried to his house only to find that he was out. She turned away and thought of the police captain, who had listened to her before with kindness even though he had but half understood her. She found her way to him again, and with a small newsboy's help told her pitiful little story. With the instinct of her race she read his sympathy in his face, and, throwing herself on her knees, she begged and besought his influence in a flood of Italian in which was mingled wounded mother-love, prayer, and bereavement, with tears and sobs that moved even that stoic, accustomed as he was to the daily tragedies of "the Bend." She, poor mother, saw in him the *podesta* of her own little town at home, and when he explained to her that they must await the investigation made by the Society, her grief turned

to anger; but when he learned that she was the wife of Domenico Cambrio, he felt that the restoration of Paquita was impossible. Then her despair was uncontrollable, and she left him plotting vengeance on the terrible miscreants who had stolen her child.

To walk again the two and a half miles that lay between her and the Society's rooms was as nothing to the intrepid heart of the mother; and there she took up her station until she would catch a glimpse of the dear little dark head. She knew nothing, therefore, of the officer, accompanied by Mr. Brownlee, who was going about among her voluble neighbors gathering the details of the piteous story of her husband's sad crime, her own unavailing efforts to support herself and the child, and at every step collecting proof of what they were looking for—that Carmellita, with all her passion of affection, was incapable of taking care of her child.

But she thought better; and to uphold her argument held under her skirt an ugly-looking bull-dog pistol she had purchased that morning, and had every intention of using it. It was well for the officer, who was doing only what his duty called for, that the poor crazed creature did not run against him that day.

When it grew dark and everything was closed up for the night, she found her way back again to the miserable place she could call her own, and found the *padre* there waiting for her. He talked to her, reasoned with her, soothed but did not comfort her. What was the use of his telling her that it looked as if God had a hand in it, that Paquita with her beauty would be adopted by some rich man perhaps, and educated far beyond what her mother could do for her at the best of times? What did he know of the savage fear gnawing at the mother's heart? What did he, on the plane above all human passion, reck of the exquisite pain that was making of this poor woman's life a hell? With sad eyes, full of tears, he could only bow his head before the storm, and raise his heart silently to the God above who once gave to his own Mother's heart just such a pang. By the great common law of maternal instinct, poor Carmellita was experiencing the depth of anguish that stabbed that other Mother's heart as she too "sought her Child sorrowing."

As the great city was waking to life at six the next morning Carmellita was at her station at the door of the Society's rooms. Again a gamin came to her aid with that ready tact and sympathy the poor always have to bestow on each other.

"She crouched, like some animal at bay, till she heard the sound of wheels."

He soon found out the true inwardness of the case, and came to Carmellita with the intelligence that constant rubbing against his neighbors had engendered, and explained to her that the man that was going to take Paquita was the one who found her, that he lived in Tremont, and that she could go there first and catch him alone on the lonely road, use the bull-dog that his sharp eyes had discovered, and thus secure Paquita against all claims on her. That he could not go with her and witness the grand climax was a great grief; but as he gave her all his small earnings to pay her fare, there were none left for himself, and he was forced, much against his will, to remain behind.

How she waited that long, cold winter's day; how she suffered from cold, hunger, and fatigue, only God knew. But at length she found herself getting off the train at Tremont, watching the kidnapper wait for a covered wagon to draw up to the platform, place a large bundle into it that she felt to be her Paquita, step back into the depot for something there, and then she fled, ran like a deer down the straight, narrow road, sheltered by trees on either hand, and then sank exhausted by the roadside.

There she crouched, waiting like some animal at bay, till she heard the sound of wheels; then dragged herself to her full height, the bull-dog clutched tightly in her right hand. Nearer, nearer came the wheels; closer and closer came the moment when she meant to send a fellow-being to an unprepared grave. No thought was in her disordered mind but vengeance, no plan but to rid the world of the monster cruel enough to steal her child from her.

As the carriage lamp flashed full in her face she heard a sound that froze the blood in her veins, a sound that chilled to the very centre the poor tortured heart that had suffered so much.

Paquita laughed.

Laughing! and her mother not with her. Was it true, then, what the *padre* said, that Paquita would soon forget her? Was it the best thing that Paquita was taken from her?

"O Dio! Dio!" she moaned, and the murderous weapon slipped from her nerveless fingers.

Paquita's laugh had saved her mother's soul, and the life of her benefactor.

The wagon had gone three times its length before Carmellita recovered herself. She looked after the fast disappearing vehicle, and then ran rapidly after it. As it toiled slowly up the hill she gained on it every moment, and when it turned into

the great wide roadway, guarded by the heavy stone gate-posts, she could easily distinguish it among the shadows of the trees, and followed more closely. What her object was she scarcely knew now that her heart had been defeated of its terrible intent; she wanted to look but once more on the little face that was once all hers before she yielded to the fearful sense of drowsiness that was creeping over her.

She crept forward to the square of light that was thrown across the asphalt walk, and looked into the room. It was all aglow with firelight and the soft radiance cast from a large shaded lamp with its crimson shade. Its beauty repelled and attracted her as she felt dimly that in the scale with that scene of comfort her pallet and crust, irradiated as they were with divine mother-love, would have no showing with her tiny daughter.

Still she gazed, fascinated by the alluring interior, when she saw a woman enter. She was tall and dark—Carmellita recognizing her readily as one of her own race—and moved with a languid grace that accorded well with the whole air of refinement that clung about her. She held a handkerchief in her tightly clinched hand and her eyes were heavy with tears. With a convulsive sob she threw herself before an easel on which rested a pastel portrait of a little girl of Paquita's age. No interpreter was needed to tell the watching mother outside the storm of feeling that was tearing at the other's heart. As in a mirror she saw her own feelings portrayed, only in this case the angel of death was the one whose hand was heavy on a human heart. The bereaved mother outside watched the desolate mother within, in a passion of pity; a wave of conflicting emotions swept across her soul, and she turned, staggered down the steps, and almost fell into the arms of the coachman who had come around to shut the gates. He held her from him while he sharply scrutinized her tear-stained face, but could make nothing of her broken speech. His big Irish heart took in the fact that she was a woman, alone and in trouble, and he led her around to the servants' entrance, where he saw that she was warmed and fed. With returning strength came renewed courage, and she rose to go; but good Michael knew that his master would not turn a dog into the streets on that cold night, and he left her in the hall a moment while he went to acquaint Mr. Brownlee of the situation.

Through the open door the mother saw and heard Paquita again. Mrs. Brownlee had her upon her lap, and was trying to soothe and comfort her. In her own sweet mother-tongue, made

sweeter by the refined accent of a cultured woman, little Paquita was being coaxed and petted into accepting the good fortune that she had fallen into. She held in her arms a large French doll, that it hurt to the heart for Mrs. Brownlee to see,

"MADRE MIA! MADRE MIA!"

but she had pressed the *bambola* into its new owner's arms with none the less friendly insistence. Paquita had examined gravely the first handsome doll she had ever seen, but while holding it close had murmured: "I want my mother! I want my mother!" in her pretty patois. She was carried to the

table and given food and drink such as she had never dreamed of; but still she murmured: "*Madre mia! Madre mia!*" She was told of toys more gorgeous than the wonderful beauty in her arms, and assured that they would all be hers if she would be good and stay quietly with her new friends; but still came that little heart-cry: "*Madre mia! Madre mia!*" that was answered in silent longing by the lonely figure in the hallway. With infinite patience the lonely mother inside went over and over again the attractions to be found in her new home; but always the little pitiful cry answered her: "*Madre mia! Madre mia!*" At last Mr. Brownlee thought of a Christmas-tree, and hurrying out through the long window and across the porch, he had Michael cut ruthlessly the young fir growing so tall and straight near the path.

"Them Dagoes are persistent creatures," said Michael, slashing away, "but the kid ain't a circumstance in queer lingo to the poor woman in the kitchen"; and he told of the outcast he had befriended, receiving permission readily enough to stow her away somewhere for the night.

Once more the same roof sheltered Paquita and her mother. Poor Carmellita had almost made up her mind to steal away and leave the child in her new surroundings to heal the wound in the heart of the woman who, while smarting under the blow of the loss of her own, could be kind to another's child. But all night long there sounded in the ears of both mothers: "*Madre mia! Madre mia!*" while the little one slept the sound, dreamless sleep of childhood.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. The breakfast-table, with its snowy damask, its silver and china and glass, was temptingly laden and wreathed in holly and fir. In a corner of the room stood the fir-tree bearing a generous load of its newly-acquired fruit, and Paquita's large eyes grew larger when she saw the realization of her ambition. She laughed and chattered like a little magpie this morning, but nothing they could say or do would induce her to put off the old shabby frock she had on when she was picked up by Mr. Brownlee. What her object was they could not divine, but refrained from questioning her, only too glad to have her apparently reconciled and happy in her new position.

Breakfast was progressing in the kitchen as enjoyably as in the dining-room, and Carmellita's heart failed her this morning as she heard the prattling in the next room. She stole off when she could to her station in the hall and looked in again.

Paquita was standing on the hearth-stone, her arms laden

with toys, her little old shawl over her head, and a most rebellious look on her firm young mouth. She was announcing her intention to go to her mother. Mrs. Brownlee was lying back in her chair half crying, half laughing at the pathetic stubbornness of the little waif in whose loyal little heart no bribe, no creature comfort, no promises could efface the passionate longing to share all her good fortune with the "madre."

"But you cannot find your mother; she is not here," said Mr. Brownlee. But she only looked at him with wide-open, imploring eyes whose look went to his heart, so like they were to those other eyes.

"Speak to her, Anita," he said; "say anything if she will stay," in a tone that betrayed to his wife the hope he had been indulging in.

"See, little one," she said, leading her to the door, "your mother is not here."

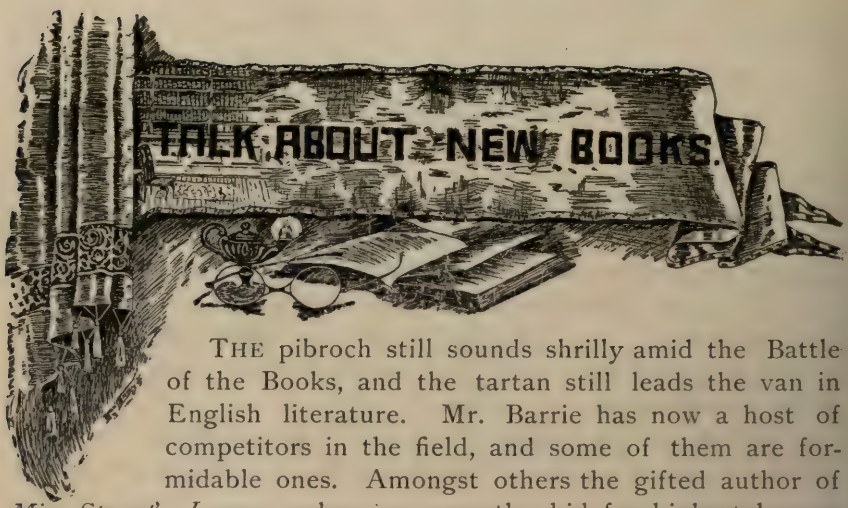
But she was!

Before either Mr. Brownlee or his wife could realize what had happened Paquita was in her mother's arms, and the hungry heart was taking its fill of long-denied, passionate kisses.

Carmellita, kneeling, held in her arms the shabby but very happy little daughter, who in turn never let go of the Parisian beauty she called her own, and in a seemingly never-ending stream of fervid patois poured forth the history of her adventures.

So, after all, Paquita had her Christmas-tree; and Carmellita found that the seeming cross was a blessing in disguise; for never again did those two have to breathe the foul air of Mulberry Bend. A place was made for the mother in the Brownlee household, and Paquita became in fact the daughter of the house and was sent to school. More than that; poor Domenico, more sinned against than sinning, was given an immediate trial, in place of being left in the Tombs to languish for years as he might have done. But his life never again crossed Carmellita's. "Manslaughter in the second degree" was the verdict, and he went to spend the remainder of his days in prison, where he shortly died a victim to the "assisted" immigrant trade that, thanks to God and the well-organized charities of the city, is fast losing its worst features.

Across the silence of the years Carmellita often looks back to those dark early days, and in murmuring a prayer for the repose of Domenico's soul, mingles with it one of thanksgiving for the blessed chance that led Paquita on a quest for a Christmas-tree.



THE pibroch still sounds shrilly amid the Battle of the Books, and the tartan still leads the van in English literature. Mr. Barrie has now a host of competitors in the field, and some of them are formidable ones. Amongst others the gifted author of *Miss Stuart's Legacy* makes no unworthy bid for highest honors in the front rank of Caledonian contestants. Mrs. F. A. Steel's new novel, *Red Rowans*,* must certainly add to the fame she has already acquired as a writer of keen insight and subtle wit.

The "argument," or story of *Red Rowans*, is simplicity itself. There is the usual Scotch laird with his short purse and his "lang pedigree," and there is the equally inevitable soap-boiler with plethoric money-bags and no ancestry, who has an ambitious wife and a good-looking daughter anxious to shine in society wherein saponaceous odors are killed by *eau de cologne* and the wafted perfumes of a royal court. There is the beautiful peasant maiden with whom the laird falls in love, and the sundry other obstacles to the consummation of the soap-boiler's ambition and the laird's enrichment, and the other accessory characters in the every-day drama. Incidentally to these rough outlines come some variations in this well-worn story, quite naturally contrived so as to work out the author's purpose. But in a novel of this character one is not concerned a whit with the material movement of the drama; it is the psychological side of the argument and the play which brings out the contrasting characteristics of the actors which chain our interest. If the book were to be taken as a test of the writer's powers to fashion a tale in accordance with what is termed dramatic unity, or to fill in a great tragedy with appropriate characters, the result must be unfavorable to her claims. But the author's power is in other directions. As a student of human nature, and as an adept in presenting its infinite foibles and peculiarities in a delightfully bright and amusing way without any apparent malice, she need not shrink from the verdict of the

* *Red Rowans.* By Mrs. F. A. Steel. New York: Macmillan & Co.

jury. *Red Rowans* is, for the most part, a very delightful book; but its strength lies in its technique, not in the lessons it teaches. What these lessons are, if any, may only be vaguely guessed at. They are chiefly concerned with the affairs of the human heart, and throughout the book there is an avoidance of the deeper currents of human thought and the noblest well-springs of human action which argues either a blank on that subject in the author's own mind or an unwillingness to admit that there is any higher tribunal for the settlement of disputes between the head and the heart than an unconscious ethical force and an immanent perception of truth and fitness in all things. The close of the story confirms the impression of a hopelessness about all beyond the earth—a Nirvana, so to speak—for the spiritual life of man, derived from a casual hint here and there throughout the book as it speeds on to its tragic consummation. With the blotting out of the life we have loved all is blotted out, and love and friendship and everything that has been are but a name. This lame and impotent conclusion is helped on the stage by the fate which overtakes Margaret Carmichael, the heroine of the tale. She is drowned on the eve of her wedding, in the heroic endeavor to save a little friend of hers, and the man to whom she was to have been married, after having been stricken with brain fever by grief, incontinently marries the scheming widow, one of a quartette of women with whom he has been in love more or less in the course of his tartan-checkered career.

This laird, Paul Macleod, is the weakest bit of portraiture in the book. He is not a Scot, but a weak vacillating creature of no land whatever, such as Shakspere makes his Hamlet, and if Marjory Carmichael, the heroine, were really the true woman the writer endeavors to make her, she would hardly be so devoid of spirit as to allow him to confess his love for her while on his very way, as she knows, to propose to one whom he intended to marry for her money. The paradox is rendered all the more puzzling by Marjory's admission to herself that the laird, Paul Macleod, was not her ideal of what a man ought to be, so that the idea of the author appears to be that the sentiment of love in the human heart is a thing bound by no rational laws, but in its comings and its goings is sure and irresistible as the flowing and ebbing of the ocean tides—a thing of fate or destiny.

Many types of Scottish character are presented in this novel, and their fidelity will be acknowledged by those who know the

country and the people. What humor gleams occasionally through the book may be judged from this excerpt from the description of a Highland edifice which served the dual purpose of school-house and post-office. The children are going through a quaint semi-barbarous Litany of the Prophets:

As the tune rose and fell, there came every now and again a pause, so sudden, so absolute that a passer-by on the dusty road might well have asked himself if some direful catastrophe had not occurred. Nothing of the sort. A glance within would have shown him everything at its usual; the scholars in rows, from the kilted urchin of four—guiltless of English—to whom school is the art of sitting still, to the girl of fourteen, blissfully conscious of a new silk handkerchief and the admiration it excites in the bashful herd-boy on the opposite bench. In the corner, at a table with a slanting desk, the master was busy sorting the letters which Donald Post, as he is called, has just brought in; the latter meanwhile mopping his hot face and disburdening his bag of minor matters in the shape of tea, sugar, and bread, and himself of the budget of news he has accumulated during his fourteen-mile walk; in an undertone, however, for the hymn goes on.

"*Whair is noo' the pro-phet Dan'l?*" droned the master, followed by a wavering choir of childish trebles and gruff hobbledehoy voices, "*Whair is noo' the pro-phet Dan'l?*"

The exigencies of the tune necessitated a repetition of the momentous question again and yet again, the tune dying away into a pause, during which the master's attention wandered to a novel superscription on a letter. The children held their breath, the hum of the bees outside became audible, all nature seemed in suspense awaiting the answer.

"I'm thinking it will be from Ameriky," hazarded the master thoughtfully to Donald Post, and, the solution seeming satisfactory, he returned with increased energy to the triumphant refrain

"*Safe intil the Pro-mised Land.*"

The children caught it up *con amore* with a vague feeling of relief. A terrible thing indeed, to Presbyterians or Episcopalians alike, if the Prophet Daniel had been left hanging between heaven and another place! So great a relief, that the gay progress of the tune and the saint was barely marred by the master's renewed interest in a post-card; which distraction led him into making an unwarrantable statement that—

"*He went up in a fiery char-yot.*"

True, the elder pupils tittered a little over the assertion, but the young ones piped away contentedly, vociferously. The Promised Land once attained, the means were necessarily quite a secondary consideration; and mayhap to their simple imaginings a fiery chariot was preferable to the den of lions.

"*Where is noo' the twal A-postles?*" led off the master again, after a whispered remark to Donald Post, which pro-

voked so interesting a reply that the fate of the twelve remained trembling in the balance long enough for the old refrain to startle the scholars from growing inattention.

"*Safe intil the Pro-mised Land.*"

The sound echoed up into the rafters. Truly a blessed relief to reach the haven after delays and difficulties.

"*They went through*"—began the master. But whether in orthodox fashion it would have been "*great tri-bu-la-tion,*" or whether, on the principle of compensation, the den of lions would have been allowed *twelve* saints, will never be known. The mote-speckled beam of sunshine through the door was darkened by a slight girlish figure, the children hustled to their feet with much clatter of the unaccustomed boots and shoes, and the schoolmaster, drowning his last nasal note under a guilty cough, busied himself over a registered letter. For Miss Marjory Carmichael objected on principle to the Litany of the Prophets.

The rather imperious frown, struggling with an equally obstinate smile which showed on the new-comer's face, vanished at the sight of Donald Post.

"Any for me?" she asked eagerly. It was a charming voice, full of interest and totally devoid of anxiety. An acute ear would have told at once that life had as yet brought nothing to the speaker which would make post-time a delight or a dread. She had, for instance, no right to expect a love-letter or a dun; and her eagerness was but the desire of youth for something new, her expectancy only the girlish belief in something which must surely come with the coming years. For the rest, a winsome young lady with a pair of honest hazel eyes and honest walking-boots.

"'Deed no, Miss Marjory," replied the schoolmaster, selecting a thin envelope and holding it up shamelessly to the light —a bold stroke to divert attention from the greater offence of the hymn, "Forbye ain wi' the Glasky post-mark that will just be ain o' they weary circulars, for as ye may see for yoursel', Miss Marjory, the inside o't's leethographed."

"Thank you, Mr. McColl," said the girl, severely, as she took the letter, "but if you have no objection I should prefer finding out its contents in a more straightforward fashion."

"Surely! Surely!" Mr. McColl, having got a little more than he expected, gave another exculpatory cough, and looked round to Donald Post for moral support. Perhaps from a sense that he often needed a like kindness, this was an appeal which the latter never refused, and if he could not draw upon real reminiscence for a remark or anecdote bearing on the point, he never had any hesitation in giving an I. O. U. on fancy and so confounding his creditors. On the present occasion, however, he was taken at a disadvantage, being engaged in trying to conceal from Marjory's uncompromising eyes a bottle of whiskey which formed a contraband item in his bag; consequently he had only got as far as a preliminary murmur

that "there wass a good mony wass liking to be reading their ain letters, but that it was James Macniven"—when the schoolmaster plucked up courage for further defence.

"Aye! Aye! 'tis but natur'l to sinfu' man to be liking his ain. Not that they circulars interestin' readin', even if a body is just set on learnin' like Miss Marjory. And I'm thinkin' it will only be from a wine mairchant likely. It's extraordinair' the number of circulars they'll be sending out; but the whiskey is a' the same. Bad, filthy stuff, what will give parral—y—ses to them that drinks it."

This second bid for favor, accompanied as it was by an unfortunate glance for support at Donald—who was struggling unsuccessfully with the neck of the black bottle—proved too much for Marjory's dignity, and the consequent smile encouraged Mr. McColl to go on, oblivious apparently of his last remark.

Thus, if this novel be deficient in a powerful conception, its many excellences as a literary work will excuse that weakness. Literary martinets may discover that once in a way the author uses the nominative pronoun for the objective in answering a question, that the printer makes the Latin atque the no-tongue *alque*, and that the monstrosity "judgmatically" creeps into the work somewhere. In the eyes of some critics such slips are heinous enough to condemn any work, no matter how masterly; but the amenities of the Christmas season may soften their outraged grammatical feelings.

A different picture of Scottish life is that to be found in Mr. S. R. Crockett's new book, which he calls *The Men of the Moss-Hags*.* Mr. Crockett's fame as a delineator of humble life in Scotland rests upon a method of presenting it which differs from that of Mr. Barrie in an important particular. Mr. Barrie has a broader appreciation of the grotesque side of it, and makes us laugh as heartily at its assumption of piety or wisdom or pomposity as he himself perhaps often did. But Mr. Crockett presents us with people who said and did grotesque things in all seriousness, and shows us that almost incomprehensible combination of the hard, practical, and worldly-wise with the sentimental and superstitious in the Scottish character, especially in the Highland regions, which forms so curious a knot in metaphysical study. This mixture of emotionalism, thrift, and mundane sagacity comes out strongly in the story of *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, and the minuteness with which all the subordinate details and accessories are

* *The Men of the Moss-Hags.* By S. R. Crockett. New York: Macmillan & Co.

handled, together with a certain quaint prosiness and a tendency to repetition and redundancy in the manner of telling, make the writer's peculiarity.

It is not by any means a cheerful story. Dealing with the sanguinary attempts of the Scottish Kirk to put down the men of the "Solemn League and Covenant," it is full of stirring adventure. Moreover, as the author has gone over all the locality covered in his story and consulted all the historical evidence available, it may be accepted, perhaps, as a picture of the times whose only defect is that it is an imaginary one.

To most readers, however, a glossary would be an indispensable adjunct to the work, so thickly is it overlaid with the curious jargon of the southern Scotch. Some of the chapters illustrating the glibness of tongue and the grotesque sanctimony of Scottish old maidenhood relieve the sombre character of the story to some extent, but there is no striking originality in these pictures, such as made the charm of *The Sticket Minister*. The book contains the drawback of monotony in Scottish patois, and so becomes at length painfully toilsome to get through.

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, whose poetical work is so much appreciated by Catholic readers, is no less at home in the field of graceful prose. A volume of short stories from her pen, bearing the title *Petronilla, and other Tales*,* just issued, is specially suited for the coming festive season. It is a very charming collection. Several of the tales prove that the writer possesses not only taste and grace in choice of subject and style of narrative, but great strength and dramatic verve where the theme demands powerful treatment. The book is put forward in a very elegant dress by the publishers.

A new edition of that favorite gift-book, *Golden Sands*,† has been ordered out, and will, we are sure, meet a cordial welcome. It is a collection of terse reflections and counsels for young people, selected from French authors and nicely rendered into English by Ella McMahon, and appropriately illustrated.

Clara Mulholland is a laborer in less ambitious fields than those chosen by her better known sister, Rosa, now Mrs. John T. Gilbert. Her *métier* is, we think, fairy-tales or children's

* *Petronilla, and other Tales.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York: Benziger Bros.
† *Golden Sands.* By Ella McMahon. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

lore, for her style is better adapted to that guileless realm of art than to the more sombre literature of real life with all its struggles and intrigues, its passion and its tragedy. She gives us a gift-book suitable to the season, bearing the title *A Striking Contrast.** It is the old story of a changeling and the woes and trials of the rightful heiress, all told in a very artless way. Power in this style of literature is only the possession of the great masters of literary art and the result of a lengthened apprenticeship to letters. Miss Mulholland comes, however, of good literary stock, and she may yet achieve something higher. Meanwhile we may commend *A Striking Contrast* as a probable tale, with many striking and pathetic *tableaux* carefully depicted—a good and wholesome gift-book.

Amongst the books suitable to the season we may readily commend the handsome volume of tales by Mrs. M. A. Sadlier and her daughter, embraced in the title *Stories of the Promises.*† They are excellent examples of Canadian *genre* literature, for the most part, full of sound Catholic truth, short and pretty, and to the point, every one. The reputation of Mrs. Sadlier is a sufficient guarantee of their good quality from a literary as well as a religious point of view.

"Alethea's Prayer on Christmas Eve"‡ is the leading *morceau* in a very choice collection of seasonable tales reprinted from the *St. Xavier's Monthly.* There is a fervor in the spirit of these stories, united to a grace of language, which tells of a high sense of the purpose for which they were originally written—the elevation as well as the pleasurable entertainment of the youthful mind. Some beautiful plates are interspersed with the different stories.

The children's poet, as Eugene Field loved to be called, has gone over to the majority. Death came to him without any prologue or any apology, and he was taken away almost before any one knew that he had a pang. Widespread, we might almost say world-wide, is the lamentation over the loss. The chain which he had coiled around the hearts of millions of sundered people, young and old, was the magic one of sympathy. It is the privilege of the higher poets to be in touch only

* *A Striking Contrast.* By Clara Mulholland. Dublin: Gill & Son.

† *Stories of the Promises.* By Mrs. M. A. Sadlier and her Daughter. Montreal and Toronto: D. & J. Sadlier.

‡ *Alethea's Prayer, and other Tales.* Detroit: The Graham Co.

with the few who can follow sublimated flights into the spiritual empyrean; this dignity is offset by their life above the snow-line of human feeling. One thing is certain about such poets as America produces; if they do not climb to the starry heights where the great lyrists wander in the Elysian fields in proud isolation, they can reach the hearts of millions where the *illustrissimi* could only win the heads of a few. Two of America's greatest poets possessed this heavenly gift of human assimilation; and Eugene Field, whose place in the temple of fame is now a matter of warm logomachy, was endowed with it in much greater proportion than either Longfellow or Holmes.

It may not be consolatory to the thinkers of fine thoughts to know, but it is undeniable nevertheless, that the poems which live are those which reach the million. In especial the children's poems. We do not know the poets' names, very often. Of all the songs we sung when we were toddling babies, not one gives the slightest clue to the author's identity. Eugene Field's poems bid fair to make a break in this long record of undeserved oblivion. There are songs of his destined to live when "Locksley Hall" will have vanished into the smoke of the past; for they are songs of the hearth and the domestic circle, and which touch the fountains of human affection without having to make any artesian well to get there.

And yet it would not be correct to say that Eugene Field was one of the great and the gifted in the art of poetical expression. He occupied a position somewhat akin to that of Hogarth in English art—telling us truths and interpreting for us feelings by so simple a process that the great masters looked upon it all as mere charlatanism. It is wrong to deny that Eugene Field had the poet's gift beyond the power to rhyme and put a bit of homespun human sentiment together. His inclination mostly led him to the latter form of poetical work; but he could on occasion take higher flights, as any one can easily find by looking through *A Little Book of Western Verse*,* the last published volume of his collections. Some of his adaptations of Horace are especially happy, and would have been fine but for the irrepressible tendency of the poet to make fun where he should only be cheerful and witty. His imitations of old English, too, show some clever work, as for instance the following:

* *A Little Book of Western Verse.* By Eugene Field. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

CHRYSTMASSE OF OLDE.

God rest you, Chrysten gentil men,
Wherever you may be,—
God rest you all in fielde or hall,
Or on ye stormy sea;
For on this morn oure Chryst is born
That saveth you and me.

Last night ye shepherds in ye east
Saw many a wondrous thing;
Ye sky last night flamed passing bright
Whiles that ye stars did sing,
And angels came to bless ye name
Of Jesus Chryst, oure Kyng.

God rest you, Chrysten gentil men,
Faring where'er you may;
In noblesse court do thou no sport,
In tournament no playe,
In paynim lands hold thou thy hands
From bloudy works this daye.

But thinking on ye gentil Lord
That died upon ye tree,
Let troublings cease and deeds of peace
Abound in Chrystantie;
For on this morn ye Chryst is born
That saveth you and me.

Field, in fine, was a peculiarly American institution, fully and gracefully vindicating the claims of the American character to a peculiar and well-defined national humor. We can spare none of our good literary workers, but if one *should* have gone when he was called away, we might well declare "We could have better spared a better man."

Two excellent little books rolled into one may well be commended to all in quest of the road to literature. They are Matthew Arnold's essay on *The Function of Criticism* and Walter Pater's short treatise on *Style*.* These are issued in handy shape for the pocket, in stiff paper covers, and at a very popular price. Matthew Arnold's famous essay was written at the time when Dr. Colenso's excursion into the realms of what has since been called "the higher criticism" made men believe he had sapped the foundations of revealed religion, and when the French atheists were plunged into a hysteria of delight over M. Renan's *Vie de Jésus*. Of the one Matthew Arnold wrote,

* *The Function of Criticism.* By Matthew Arnold. *An Essay on Style.* By Walter Pater. New York: Macmillan & Co.

"Bishop Colenso's book reposes on a total misconception of the essential elements of the religious problem, as that problem is now presented for solution"; and of M. Renan's work, "It attempts, in my opinion, a synthesis, perhaps premature, perhaps impossible, certainly not successful."

We might commend, *par parenthese*, what Matthew Arnold, who was not a Catholic, has to say about the English divorce court (and the same applies to our own divorce system much more pertinently), and the Roman Catholic teaching and practice on the sacrament of marriage, to all who desire light on the fundamental principle of human society.

Of Matthew Arnold's essay, taken as a whole, it may be said that it seems to exceed its own scope. Beginning with the intention to defend the function of the critic from the taunt of being inferior to the artist who exercises his creative faculty in the service of mankind, it ends by a seeming confusion of the critical and the constructive functions, by making the exercise of either faculty, in the development of their subject, common to both. The best critics, he points out, have been the best in literary and other artistic creations; and *vice versâ*.

Mr. Pater's essay on style lays down some general principles, some of which can never be accepted as permanent, since literary style is a matter of incessant change and parallelism with the onward processes of science and thought. He takes the great French realist, Gustave Flaubert, as the nearest approach to his own ideal in literary style, because Flaubert believed that in art, which meant everything worth living for to him, there was an unerring principle of truth by which one particular thing or thought was expressed correctly by one word, and one word only—a theory with which some good authorities take leave to disagree. If Flaubert's style is the best, it does not follow that it is by any means the most delightful; and if the function of literature be to charm, that which succeeds best in doing so is, in our humble judgment, the model to be imitated, whatever the claims of exact science in the matter.

I.—A WOMAN AND THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.*

A Memoir of Mother Francis Raphael (Augusta Theodosia Drane) is the modest style of a book that contributes so eminently to religious literature one may well regret it does not

* *A Memoir of Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D.* Edited by Rev. Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

more directly bid for general circulation. It was occasioned by the death, in April, 1894, of the some time Prioress Provincial of the Congregation of Dominican Sisters of St. Catherine of Siena, at Stone, in England. Claiming to be little more than a memorial, the book is in reality a singularly happy employment of piety, good taste, and workmanlike skill in a department of writing where such a combination is hardly more grateful than exemplary. The volume, of 488 pages, has been handsomely published. The difficulty alone remains to indicate briefly its goodly abundance and worth. The contents are divided into three parts. The first 148 pages are devoted to the Memoir, much of which, through circumstances entirely unforeseen by the subject, has the rare merit of being naïve autobiography. Part second contains thirty-one short essays on Gospel texts, and twenty-five "Notes of Private Meditations." Thirty-six letters, either private or semi-official, form the third part. At the end is a bibliography, "The Works of Augusta Theodosia Drane," twenty-seven in number, beginning with "*The Morality of Tractarianism*, a letter from one of the people [Anglican] to one of the clergy, London, 1850," and ending with "*The Imagination, its Nature, Uses, and Abuses.* Written for the Literary Department of the World's Congress Auxiliary, Chicago, 1893." To scan the intervening book-titles, recognizing many that have wide renown, and to which are appended, more than three or four times, notices of German, French, and even one Italian translation; to see how varied and yet how special has been this literary activity, supplies a becoming prelude to the consideration of Miss Drane's life as recounted in her Memoir. For this nun, who was buried only yesterday in the garb of a mediæval order, was also distinctively a modern woman of the strongest, most human type, at once a noble example and a mighty encouragement to the leaven of new womanhood that is stirring mankind.

Here are set forth with exquisite sympathy the intimate charms of her pure, sweet girlhood, passed at the first in an old English garden, but later among the heather of the moors and along the beach of an unfrequented sea. Religious influences were almost wanting and worldly distractions were religiously excluded, thanks to the care of her good Protestant family; but this somewhat lonely soul was a ready pupil of nature, who instilled not only the poetic gift, but also laid deep foundations for a wholesome piety that was finally to attain little short of the mystic's reward. Miss Drane's modern turn

of character developed in the firm grasp she took of the religious question, when the broadening horizon of woman's estate forced it upon her attention. She entered bravely into discussions that carried her even to publication (as is to be seen above) and drew upon her veiled identity the respectful scrutiny of Tractarians, pro and con. After many sad combats against Catholicism, her heart yielded to the ardor of the Holy Spirit, and thence her way to the convent was a truly enviable course of divine favors.

The life that followed—the real life—in the full, strong tide of generous inspiration, supporting solid achievements, and rhythmic with the blithe canticle of inward peace; the life of holy obedience and toil, of literary triumphs modestly received, of official honors and responsibilities borne with surpassing patience, humility, and tenderness; finally, the crown of life, an heroic death ministered unto by long weeks of severest pain—these endear to us our modern woman of religion, and exalt her in our eyes and excite in us a full aspiration of thanksgiving to God. With such patron souls in heaven as Mother Francis Raphael—and we know she is far from being alone—we cannot but think calmly of England's religious future. Nay, through this faithful convert the world, especially the English-speaking world, has received an ampler lease upon the heavenly grace.

And this is to be accomplished in untold hearts through the medium of the book before us, together with the many others that came from her tireless pen. Of their character the essays and letters here printed are a satisfying earnest. Here learning, common-sense, healthful sentiment, and unwavering love are blended to illuminate some of the sublimest passages of our Lord's life, some of the darkest crannies of our own. Would that every serious girl in America, Protestant and Catholic, might read this book!

2.—THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE CATECHIST.*

This work is dedicated to St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who taught the catechism with so much zeal and success in the early days of Christianity. By means of the catechetical instruction the teaching of the church can be more effectually brought home to the minds of children than by the formal sermon. To give

* *The Catechist, or Headings and Suggestions for the Explanation of Christian Doctrine;* with numerous quotations from Scripture and an appendix of anecdotes and illustrations. By the Rev. George E. Howe. Two volumes. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Mawson, Swan & Morgan; New York: Benziger Brothers.

such instruction in plain language, and in a way to hold the attention of active young minds, requires careful preparation and forethought on the part of the catechist.

The author of the work mentioned above has supplied headings and suggestions which are of great practical value in showing how to develop the condensed language of the catechism. He is to be congratulated on his success in explaining the word-meanings of the Christian vocabulary, and his accurate perception of the child's point of view. Besides the helpful anecdotes given in the appendix, he has gathered over a thousand well-chosen texts from Holy Scripture, believing that the chief events and personages of Bible history should be taught together with the catechism.

In the admirable book *The Ministry of Catechising*, by Bishop Dupanloup—published in English by Benziger Brothers—may be found many excellent maxims for young priests placed in charge of children. The most emphatic directions are given to prepare properly so as to avoid being vague, wordy, and wearisome in imparting instruction. Indifferent speakers are acceptable, provided they can talk to the point and stop at the right time. No instruction for children should exceed fifteen minutes. Lamps are extinguished by too much oil; plants are suffocated by too much water; long instructions overburden the memory. The decree of the Council of Trent which binds the pastor to instruct his people recommends brevity and simplicity of language. Would that all could be induced to follow this wise direction, especially in talking to young minds, which are weak in reasoning power but strong in imagination.

3.—DOGMATIC THEOLOGY FOR THE LAITY.*

This is the first volume of a work in English in which Father Hunter, of the Society of Jesus, proposes to present the general features of such a course of dogmatic theology as that which is read by ecclesiastical students. It is divided into six treatises: the first on Christian Revelation; the second on Tradition; the third on Holy Scripture; the fourth on The Church; the fifth on the Roman Pontiff; and the last on Faith. There is an appendix in which he sketches for his readers the mode employed in Catholic seminaries to test the work in the classes of philosophy and theology. This mode priests and

* *Outlines of Dogmatic Theology.* By Sylvester J. Hunter, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ecclesiastical students will remember in their old acquaintance the "thesis."

The volume must be welcomed as work admirably done, whether we regard the amount of information conveyed within the compass of a manual, its accuracy, or the difficulty of compressing clear and accurate information on so vast a subject in so small a space. It must be useful to the layman who desires to have a safe criterion by which to test the historical and scientific studies to which the age is devoted.

NEW BOOKS.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:
Suffering Souls: A Purgatorian Manual. By the Right Rev. Monsignor Preston, D.D., LL.D.

ABBEY STUDENT PRINT, St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas:
Elements of Expression, Vocal and Physical. By Rev. Philip Williams, O.S.B., and Venerable Father Celestine Sullivan, O.S.B.

DESCLÉE, LEFEBVRE & CO., Tournai, Belgium:
Parvum Missale.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:
The Singing Shepherd, and other Poems. By Annie Fields. *Anima Poetæ.* From the unpublished Note-books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Reflections and Comments (from *The Nation*, 1865–95). By Edwin Lawrence Godkin.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
Venite Adoremus, or Manual of the Forty Hours' Adoration. Compiled by Simon J. Orf, D.D.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
Skeleton Leaves. By Hedley Peek. *Silas Marner.* By George Eliot. *Woodstock.* By Sir Walter Scott. *The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a "Golliwogg."* By Florence K. and Bertha Upton.

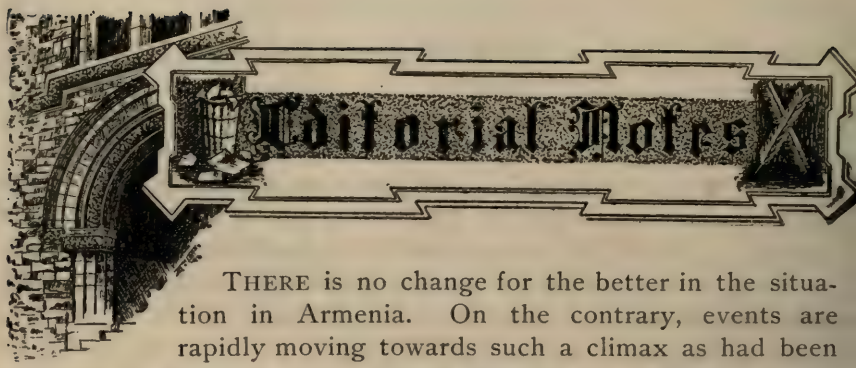
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Chicago:
American Catholics and the A. P. A. By Patrick Henry Winston.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Poets' Dogs. By Elizabeth Richardson.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:
Charity the Origin of Every Blessing; or The Heavenly Secret. Popular Instructions on Marriage. By Very Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. *Little Manual for the Use of the Sodality of the Child Jesus.*

PILOT PUBLISHING CO., Boston:
Making Friends and Keeping Them. By Katherine E. Conway.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:
Thoughts and Counsels for Women of the World. By Monsignor Le Courtier, Bishop of Montpellier.



THERE is no change for the better in the situation in Armenia. On the contrary, events are rapidly moving towards such a climax as had been reached in Bulgaria when Russia stepped on the stage as the champion of the down-trodden Christians. It would appear that Armenia is in a state of partial insurrection, and it were little wonder if the reports which come daily from that country be only one-tenth part true. Massacre, outrage, and burnings are general and continuous. The Armenians in many places have begun to strike back, and they would be more or less than men if they did not make some stand in defence of their lives and domestic honor. There can hardly be a doubt that the greater part of the country is now in a state of anarchy, nor that the Porte is unable to extinguish the flame which its own supineness or connivance fanned into fury. The great European powers have taken some sort of action at last. They have sent a collective note to the Sultan demanding the immediate institution of the reforms previously recommended to his government in behalf of Armenia. The Sultan seems powerless to act, so bewildered is he by palace intrigues and unreliable counsellors. Yet he goes on decorating the officials who have been proven guilty of the Sassoun and other massacres, as if in defiance of the combined opinion of Europe. He does not appear to think that he is walking on a volcano.

Many calls have been made for the co-operation of the United States government in the demonstration of force in Turkish waters, but it seems to have been determined on by the Cabinet that abstention from European coalitions and combinations is a necessary consequence of insistence on the Monroe doctrine in the affairs of the American continent. The government was for long deaf to the most pressing calls for intervention on behalf of the many American missionaries in Asiatic Turkey, but at last another vessel has been sent to the East to reinforce the two already there.

A wonderful change has come over the spirit of the time in the religious world, and nothing could more vividly illustrate it than the reception accorded, and being still accorded, the affectionate appeal for reunion recently sped forth by the Holy Father. One of the most remarkable responses to that invitation was made by the English members of the Church Reunion Conference which was held recently at Grindelwald. There were present at this gathering representatives of the leading forms of English Dissent. The high Tory Episcopal Church was there in the person of Canon Farrar, the Queen's Chaplain and Dean of Canterbury, the Deans of Ripon and Bristol, and others; the Presbyterians had as chief spokesman the English ex-moderator, J. Monro Gibson, and the Scottish professor of history in Glasgow College, Thomas M. Lindsay. The Methodist, Congregationalist, and Baptist denominations were also authoritatively represented. These representatives drew up a joint address to the Holy Father, in reply to his recent Encyclical, warmly confessing the spirit of brotherly love which breathed throughout that epoch-marking document, but indicating the view of the signers that spiritual union is to be found in the present state of things, wherein Christ is the centre of unity, but that visible unity was possible only by the conserving of all the elements of Christian truth which the various sects have cherished since the separation of Christendom. This address was carried to Rome by the president of the conference, Rev. Dr. Lunn. He was received by the Cardinal Secretary of State, and entertained at dinner at the Irish College. His Holiness could not receive the address, however, owing to the errors in matters of faith embraced in it, but was much pleased at the facts attending the adoption of the memorial and the mission of Dr. Lunn. It was his Holiness's intention to have received the reverend gentleman in private audience, but for some reason not as yet explained the arrangement was not carried out. It is hopeful in the highest degree to find such a result as this arising from the fatherly overtures of the venerable Pontiff. The man who would venture to predict such a *rapprochement*, so lately as ten years ago, would have been ridiculed as a fond dreamer. Marvellous indeed is the spirit of charity and brotherly sympathy—for it is to this agency we have to attribute the calming of the seas of passion and intolerance which up to this had been beating on the shores of Christendom.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

LITERATURE is the principal subject, and the most attractive, in the programme of nearly all the Catholic Reading Circles. Hence our readers will be interested in the researches of a specialist on this topic. In the *Catholic University Bulletin* Professor Maurice Francis Egan defends the opinion that the teaching of the English language and literature is at present largely experimental. The language is so composite, the literature so varied, that for the purpose of serious study there is a wide diversity of opinion. He writes: "It is only of late—and mostly here in the United States—that the literature, apart from the language, has come to be looked on as worthy of earnest consideration." . . . "There are two sides from which learners approach the study of English—from the philological side and from the philosophical side—we may almost say, with Matthew Arnold, from the ethical side."

Professor Egan finds much to condemn in the learned man, sympathetic only for words, who scorns the spiritual value of literature. He makes a strong plea for the scientific study of the great authors, insisting that there must be reasons for the greatness of Dante and Shakspere. From the primary school, literature should be correlated with other studies; the college student needs to be prepared to accept the high claims of a language which, a lute in Chaucer's hands, became an organ in Milton's, to which many later writers have each added a new note.

* * *

The Public Library at Los Angeles, Cal., provides for its readers two hundred periodicals. The sixth annual report of the librarian, Miss Tessa L. Kelso, contains a record of the circulation of these periodicals, which is secured by stamping date on a sheet pasted to the inside of back covers, and requiring each reader to sign a blank. Among twenty-two monthlies which were in demand more than five hundred times during the year, we are pleased to notice that THE CATHOLIC WORLD had almost a thousand readers. The American *Review of Reviews*, edited by Dr. Albert Shaw, was also a general favorite.

Librarians will find in this report the observations of a keen mind in sympathy with the reading public. Miss Kelso has observed that in most cases an author's best book in fiction does not appear to be the popular choice. The title greatly influences the demand, Thomas Hardy's books *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *A Pair of Blue Eyes* are called for oftener than others with a less sentimental title.

* * *

A new book by Miss Katherine E. Conway, entitled *A Lady and Her Letters* (the Pilot Publishing Co., Boston), should be known in every Catholic Reading Circle. It is a most desirable Christmas present for any lady, and contains hints and maxims that will save the young writer many an awkward blunder. The advice is given in a kindly spirit. She recommends the literary aspirant never to send an illegible MS. dashed off in a moment of enthusiasm; and never to ask an editor to accept it because her friends are among his subscribers, or because a large number of acquaintances are clamoring for its publication. An editor looks for intrinsic merit, and selects contributions that are available.

M. C. M.

Legislative Library
Ontario

THE PRESENTATION.

(From "The Teaching of St. John the Apostle," by permission of the Catholic Book Exchange.)

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXII. JANUARY, 1896. NO. 370.

A CENTURY OF CATHOLICITY.

BY B. MORGAN.

HE end of a century affords a favorable opportunity for making up the great accounts of the world. Science in all its ramifications has made great advances, literature and art have been popularized if not perfected, the education and amelioration of the people have thriven apace, and there will be few bold enough to deny that on the whole the dying century has been a century of progress. Meanwhile how have the spiritual interests of mankind fared, and how has the old Church stood the test of new conditions? The question is an important one in many respects. The stock argument against the Catholic Church has been that she is reactionary—the foe to the liberty and enlightenment of mankind, she is doomed to wane with the growth of knowledge and freedom. We accept the criterion of the nineteenth century and from bald theories appeal to bold facts.

The religious history of the last hundred years has been mainly normal. The growth or decrease of the different sections of Christianity has been in large measure the result of their own inherent character and activity rather than of any external stimulus or opposition. There have been, of course, some exceptions to this rule; but the rule stands, and as a consequence the epoch that is coming to a close affords a better illustration of the vitality of the Catholic Church than any other period of her existence.

Protestantism and Catholicity have emphasized the charac-

Copyright. VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT. 1896.

teristics which differentiate them—each in its own manner. The reformers sowed broadcast the doctrine of private judgment; their descendants are now reaping an abundant harvest of divisions and contradictions. Luther himself would be aghast were he alive to-day to witness the logical issue of his principles. His church embraces every shade of belief, from that of the advanced Unitarian who cannot tell you wherein he differs from the Buddhist to the High-churchman who hardly looks askance on the dogma of Papal Infallibility.

The Catholic Church, on the other hand, by this same dogma, which may be regarded as its landmark in the nineteenth century, has drawn closer its bonds of unity and more than ever deserves its claim to oneness. The character of holiness has been maintained by the saints she has bred and canonized during the century, and by the more than 100,000 martyrs she has given to God.

We propose to make a short investigation into her claims to Catholicity and Apostolicity.

Little of importance has been changed in the religious aspect of Catholic countries. There have been a few spasmodic but wholly abortive attempts at schism and heresy within her dominions. In Italy an apostate priest named Gavazzi put himself at the head of what he called the "National Church," in 1870. For a few years he kept together a small congregation, but the movement finally collapsed some six years ago, when the unhappy founder dropped dead in the street in front of the Pantheon. A more insidious system is, however, at work in different parts of the country. The present writer was astonished some three years ago to come upon a Protestant orphanage for Catholic children in the wilds of the Apennines. The hapless little ones were handed over body and soul to the tender mercies of Protestant teachers. When their "education" is finished, they are let loose to do what harm they may among their Catholic neighbors.

Within recent years we have witnessed the misguided zeal of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin in trying to establish Protestantism in Spain. But this movement, too, is utterly devoid of significance. France, which at the beginning of the century was more or less tainted with Gallicanism and Jansenism, has become more Catholic than ever. Even the undoubted eloquence and ability of the apostate Père Hyacinthe has not sufficed to keep open the doors of his solitary church in Paris. The Old Catholic movement in Germany, which began

its career with such a flourish of trumpets after the Vatican Council, is dying slowly of inanition. Austria has given no encouragement to the sects, Portugal has not swerved, Belgium is sturdily Catholic. Ireland deserves a word of special mention. Her people are as intensely loyal to the old faith as they have always been in the long course of their troubled history, but in Ireland alone of European countries the population has diminished during the last hundred years. Towards the middle of the present century its inhabitants numbered over eight millions, of whom seven-eighths were Catholics. At the last census the total population was less than five, and the Catholic part less than four millions.

In only one part of Europe has Catholicity met with a check. The Muscovite dominion has menaced the peace of the church as well as the peace of Europe. In 1804 the Ruthenian branch of the Catholic Church counted 650,000—to-day it has no official existence, and its followers, scattered through the Russian Empire, scarcely number 100,000. This unhappy result has been mainly brought about by the overt and covert persecution of the government, and unfortunately, too, by the defection of some of the priests. In Poland, especially since 1860, Catholicity and patriotism have suffered together. Now, however, that diplomatic relations have been permanently established between Russia and the Holy See, there is good reason to hope that the trials of the church will be mitigated if not ended.

Everywhere in Protestant countries the church has surely, if slowly, gained ground. At the beginning of the century the Catholics of Switzerland and North Germany were steeped in apathy, but since then God's great remedy, persecution, has brought about a sweeping change. Instead of the 6,000,000 of ninety years ago, North Germany has to-day a population of 13,000,000 of the most zealous and loyal Catholics in Christendom. In Switzerland the animosity against Catholics has been very bitter, and especially since 1870 the radicals have displayed an implacable hostility against the church, but the tide of Catholicity has risen day by day. In 1880 the Catholic population was barely one-third of the total—it is now at least two-fifths.

Catholic emancipation in Denmark dates from 1847. In that year there were but three missionaries and 300 Catholics, without school or chapel, in the country. In 1892 Denmark became a vicariate-apostolic, with thirty-nine priests and a population of 4,000. Sweden and Norway, in 1860 and 1869 respectively, granted freedom to the church. The work in these countries

has been especially difficult and the progress has been slow, but the Catholics have increased from 440 to 2,100.

Holland, however, may justly claim the honor of showing a greater proportionate increase of Catholicity than any Protestant country. In 1840 William of Nassau tried in vain to induce his Calvinist subjects to consent to the establishment of the hierarchy. Thirteen years later it was restored by Pius IX., and since then the church has shown a steady increase. The 350,000 Catholics in Holland at the beginning of the century have been increased by over a million, the present population being 1,488,352. Further still, the apostolic spirit has thriven apace, many Dutch priests being now laboring in England.

The growth and prosperity of the church in Great Britain presents many remarkable features. In the year 1800 England and Scotland together had but 120,000 Catholics, with 65 priests and 6 vicars-apostolic. They were absolutely destitute of public chapels, schools, and institutions. To-day the country wears a very different aspect with its cardinal-archbishop, its two archbishops, 18 bishops, and 3,000 priests to look after the spiritual welfare of more than 2,000,000 Catholics. The material advances in churches, colleges, schools, and institutions of different kinds have more than kept pace with the numerical increase. The church has received converts from all classes of society, though the cultured portion of the community has furnished more than its proportionate quota. Some ten years ago it began to be realized that while the church was receiving large numbers of converts annually the actual increase of the Catholic population was not as great as might have been expected. Cardinal Vaughan, the Bishop of Salford, instituted a searching investigation as to the causes of the "leakage" in his own diocese. It was then found that the losses were traceable to three sources: 1st, the wholesale proselytizing of Catholic children by Protestant societies; 2d, the neglect of careless and dissolute parents of their children; and 3d, the prevalence of mixed marriages. The first evil was promptly met by the establishment of the "Catholic Protection and Rescue Society of Salford," which in this one diocese has spent over $50,000 annually in rescuing destitute children from the dangers which threaten their faith and morals in the large towns. The recent letter of the Pope urging the people of England to pray for their union with the church has been very favorably received among a large section of Anglicans, and there are many signs to justify the hope that England is on the eve of a great Catholic revival.

In Turkey in Europe Rome has made considerable advances. Had it not been for the indifference of France and the active opposition of Russia in 1856, 6,000,000 Bulgarians might have been added to the Catholic Church. Corporate reunion will doubtless come about some day, but in the meantime the twelve reorganized dioceses of the Balkans show an increase from 250,750 to 639,785 Catholics—and this in face of the ill-concealed hostility of the Russian agents.

In Asia Minor the different churches of the Uniate rite have shown signs of new life. In Palestine the Catholics have increased tenfold. The Melchite Greeks have abandoned schism and entered the bosom of the Mother Church, since when they have increased from 20,000 to 114,000. The total increase in the Catholic Uniates has been from 401,000 to 657,698.

The progress of the church in the New World during the last century has been very brilliant, both in point of numbers and organization. In 1800 the combined missions of the United States and Canada hardly numbered 400,000 Catholics. To-day in Canada alone there are 2,100,000 faithful, with 2,400 priests and 25 bishops, and a proportionate growth of churches, schools, and institutions. Hitherto no exhaustive census has been made of the Catholics in the United States, but a moderate and mnemonic estimate may be found in the figures 90 prelates, 9,000 priests, and 9,000,000* people. The estimate of the population is undoubtedly low, some authorities allowing as many as 13,000,000 Catholics to the States. Sufficient has been written in late years on the expansion of Catholicity amongst us, and the present writer will not dilate further on the subject.

The position of the church in South America is fairly satisfactory in point of numbers. Some quarter of a million of Indians have been received into the church. In the Protestant Antilles and in the two Guianas the Catholics have trebled in the last eighty years.

But the noblest successes of the Apostolic Church during the present century have been made in Asia, Africa, and Oceania. The missionaries who went to India in 1830 found little more than the ruins of Catholicity. The total number of the faithful was about 475,000, under the charge of some 400 native and 20 European priests. At the close of the century the Catholic Church in India claims 26 resident bishops, 1,400 native and 645 missionary priests, about 3,000 members of religious orders, and a population of 1,700,000 souls. Every day the

* *Sadlier's Directory*, 1895, gives Catholic population at 10,964,403; priests, 9,754.

church, from the Himalayas to Ceylon, is adding to the material elements of her apostolic mission, and the existence of over 2,200 schools, in which 100,000 scholars are daily grounded in the great truths of religion, gives bright hope for the future of the church among the Hindoos.

If the church has made but little progress in Siam, the same cannot be said of Birmania and Malasia, where the number of the faithful has sextupled and quadrupled, respectively, in the last fifty years.

In modern times Annam has taken the place of Japan as the nursery of martyrs. The persecution, which had been suspended up to 1820, broke out again at the death of Gia Long. The Cochin China expedition in 1858 and the war which followed served to intensify its horrors. It is estimated that during the nineteen years, alone, between 1843 and 1862 it cost the lives of 3 vicars-apostolic, 119 priests, over 100 religious, the greater part of the catechists, and at least 45,000 Christians. When the storm had passed the 500,000 faithful were scattered, and all their churches, schools, and religious houses in ruins. After a few years of comparative tranquillity another outburst of persecution began in 1885 in the two vicariates of Cochin China, in which 50 priests, hundreds of religious, and 50,000 Christians perished. All this in the second half of the nineteenth century! It will be some time before the young Annamite Church can recover from such disasters, but, in spite of the deluge of Christian blood and the ferocity of heathen persecution, the Annamite missions, which in 1800 counted 310,000 Catholics divided into 3 vicariates, have to-day 9 vicariates, 573 priests, and a population of 628,300 Catholics.

At the end of the last century there were in China five Catholic missionaries, with a population of 200,000. To-day the church counts 38 bishops, 1,000 priests (of whom about a third are natives), and a following of 576,440. As recently as 1860 Japan presented an appalling spectacle of desolation. The church that had given God 200,000 martyrs was absolutely blotted out. Catholicity was represented by one prefect and one vicar-apostolic, without churches, clergy, or people. The hierarchy was established by Leo XIII. in 1890, and there were then in the country 4 bishops, 97 priests (of whom 15 were Japanese), and 44,505 Catholic souls. The opening of the century saw but 6,000 Catholics in Corea, under the care of one Chinese priest. Persecution has raged fiercely here, as in Annam, and 3 bishops, 9 missionaries, and thousands of the faith-

ful have given testimony to the faith by their blood. The church claims 19,000 children in Corea to-day, and the late crisis in politics is likely to prove of immense service to the growth of Catholicity.

Africa, too, has given a rich harvest to the church during the present century. The church which was so powerful in the early ages of Christianity was represented 100 years ago by about 7,000 persecuted Uniates in Egypt, and some 8,000 convicts in the prisons of Algiers, Tunis, and Morocco. Now Algiers is divided into three dioceses, with 500 priests, 260 churches, and 400,000 souls. The archdiocese of Carthage has a population of 27,000. The church of Alexandria, stifled in the fifth century by the schism of Dioscurus, has begun to awaken from its apathy, and the Catholics have increased from 7,000 to 80,000, under the care of 140 missionaries. On the West Coast mission after mission is springing up. There are now 14, with a population of 39,000.

In the South the Boers kept the country closed against Catholic missionaries until 1868. Since then missions have flourished at the Cape, Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. In these states there are now 100 missionaries, with 25,000 Catholics, and there is good reason to hope that the whole tribe of Basutos, numbering 180,000 souls, will shortly enter the church in a body. In the East schismatic Ethiopia has shown signs of a desire for reunion with the Mother of Churches, and there are at present 19,000 Catholics in the province. In the centre of the Dark Continent the efforts of devoted missionaries have succeeded in establishing six missions, with about 5,000 converts. The vicariate of the Soudan cost many a life to the Austrian missionaries and the Franciscans who succeeded them. The Mahdi annihilated it when he took Khartoum. The zeal of the White Fathers has made the Great Lake district a flower-garden of the church. Uganda will be known to posterity for the Christian heroism of the 100 young pages of King Mwanga who gave their lives for the faith.

The great island of Madagascar, after thirty-five years of Jesuit zeal, has now a population of 100,000 Catholics, who are likely to be much increased when the missionaries penetrate among the docile tribes of the South.

A few words will suffice to show the flourishing condition of the church in Australasia. In the two provinces of Sydney and Melbourne there were in 1885 2 archbishops (one of them a cardinal), 20 bishops, and a population of over 600,000.

Fifty years before the infant church began with two priests and a few hundred convicts. In the Australasian Islands there is now a population of 100,000 Catholics, with 8 bishops and 163 priests.

Such is a general summary of the work done by the church in the nineteenth century to establish her claims to Catholicity and Apostolicity. It justifies the statement made at the beginning of this article, that the vitality of the church has been in some respects more strikingly evinced in this epoch of her existence than in any previous one. She has held all her old territory, she has made striking advances in Protestant countries and in America, while in heathen lands her children have given their blood for her as freely as they did long ago in the days of Decius.

God's hand is visible in this late triumph of his church, but he has used human instruments and they deserve their meed of honor. Poor bleeding Ireland, the "Island of Saints and Doctors" of old, has done glorious work in the Apostolate of England and the Western world. Catholic France deserves the glory of the Eastern Apostolate. The spread of Catholicity among the heathens "sitting in darkness" has become almost a passion with the French people. In seventy years they have contributed $35,000,000, or two-thirds of the total amount raised for the propagation of the faith; two-thirds of the missionaries and four-fifths of the religious in Eastern countries are French.

Is it necessary to say, in conclusion, that the foregoing array of facts and figures shows that the old church has nothing to lose and everything to gain from the continued progress of the world in enlightenment?

THE RETREAT OF ST. ETHELDREDA.

BY J. ARTHUR FLOYD.

THE great Fenland, that takes up so much of the east coast of England, stretches over and occupies that northern half of the county of Cambridge known as the Isle of Ely, on which the present city of Ely (originally Elig) is built. It is necessary for the understanding of our subject to add that the term "isle" is a misnomer as now applied to this district; it was not so, however, in Anglo-Saxon times. What is now a region of fruitful gardens, orchards, and farms was then a delta-like district of marshes, meres, and sluggish streams, with dense fringes, we might almost say small forests of reeds, rushes, and willows, that luxuriated and throve in the shallow waters and on the half-submerged lands, and so effectually shut off from the outer world the retreat chosen by St. Etheldreda for the carrying out of her vows that only the hardy fenman could thread the maze or lead the pilgrim to the spot. Scarcely did the first settlements of the Veneti, in their flight from the Huns, on the small islands at the head of the Hadriac, differ more from that "proud Queen of the Sea" that sprang therefrom—the subtle Venice of latter days—than does modern Ely from the lone isle on which it was founded. There still stands the grand Cathedral of St. Etheldreda and St. Peter—a beautiful memorial of a still more beautiful life, and through the oft-encircling mist its great western tower pierces the Fenland vapor and leads the traveller to a spot hallowed by the holy associations of near on a thousand years.

That division of the Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy which included in its boundaries the district of which we have been speaking, known as East Anglia, comprises the North-folk—Norfolk; the South-folk—Suffolk; and the people of Cambridgeshire, who have sometimes been called the West-folk. From 642 to 654 this principality was ruled over by King St. Anna, who has not only himself been deemed worthy of elevation to the altar, but his wife, St. Hereswida, has also merited the same high honor. The good pair became the parents of a family of saints, their

third daughter being St. Etheldreda, who was born within sight of the cathedral that bears her name at Exning, two miles from Newmarket. Their other children were St. Ethelberga; St. Sexberga, who succeeded St. Etheldreda as abbess of Ely; St. Withberga, the foundress and abbess of Dereham in Norfolk; and Aldulph, King of East Anglia from 663 to 713. The bodies of three of the above holy women remained incorrupt after death. We have the testimony of William of Malmesbury to this effect so far as two of them are concerned; he, writing in the twelfth century, says: "There are no fewer truly than five saints of my knowledge, . . . to wit, Sts. Etheldreda and Withberga, virgins; King Edmund; Archbishop Elphege, and Cuthbert the ancient father; these, with skin and flesh unwasted and their joints flexible, appear to have a certain vital warmth about them and to be merely sleeping." Malmesbury, as he speaks only of those saints whose bodies remained incorrupt *in England* in his time, does not include in his list the oldest daughter of St. Anna—St. Ethelberga; it appears, however, from Venerable Bede, that she had retired to a monastery at Faremoutier in France, of which she became abbess and there died. Some years after her decease her tomb was opened, and, as Bede further relates, "they found the body as free from decay as it had been from the corruption of carnal concupiscence." Of those five saints whose bodies remained incorrupt in England in Malmesbury's time, three came of the East Anglian royal family—Sts. Etheldreda and Withberga, and King Edmund. It is also worthy of note that the relics of St. Edmund escaped destruction at the time of that change of religion in England known as the Reformation, having been translated into France three centuries prior to that catastrophe, and that they are preserved for the veneration of the faithful to this day in the church of St. Sernin at Toulouse. But, as if to protest against their expatriation from St. Edmund's Abbey, nature has been allowed to resume her sway and now only the saint's bones remain.

In compliance with the wishes of her parents, St. Etheldreda was married in 652 to Tonbert, prince of a tribe of Fenmen. It was by this, her first marriage, that she became possessed of the Isle of Ely, her husband having settled it upon her as a dowry. Tonbert died in about three years, and St. Etheldreda, who had been permitted to lead a continent life in his home, now retired to her island domain with the object of carrying out

her religious vocation. The pure and holy life she then led soon became noised abroad, and attracted the attention of Egfrid, son of Oswy, King of Northumbria, and drew from that prince an eagerly pressed offer of marriage. So desirable a family alliance brought into play all the persuasive power of her uncle Ethelwold, who had succeeded to the East Anglian throne. Reluctantly she gave way; the marriage was celebrated; and, on the accession of her husband to his father's kingdom, she became queen of Northumbria.

The Northumbrian throne and a court, of which she herself was queen, would have satisfied the ambition of most of her sex. St. Etheldreda, however, was not so easily pleased. What attraction could an earthly throne have for this virgin queen, whose chaste soul soared above the world in its eager desire

GENERAL VIEW OF ELY CATHEDRAL.

for the court of the "Queen of Virgins"? For her neither the adulation of courtiers, nor, if it were possible, a royal position that should realize all the luxury and pleasures of fabulous eastern monarchies, could extract even a passing thought from her one great desire to withdraw herself from the world that she might dedicate herself to that Queen of Virgins' Divine Son. And so, after twelve years, having, as Bede tells us, "preserved the glory of perfect virginity," with Egfrid's reluctant consent she laid aside her royal crown and received the veil from St. Wilfrid, at Coldingham in Berwickshire, which was

then governed by an aunt of Egfrid's—the Abbess Ebba. In 672 she returned to Ely, and there founded a double monastery, which she endowed with the whole of her island estates, and herself became its first abbess. Seven years after her installation as abbess "she was taken to our Lord," and by her express command was buried in an ordinary wooden coffin in the common burying-ground of the sisterhood.

St. Sexberga succeeded to the charge of the monastery, and, some sixteen years after her sister's death, she determined to raise her body from its humble surroundings and translate it to a more worthy position in the adjacent conventual church. When disinterred it was found, in the words of Bede, "as free from corruption as if she had died and been buried on that very day." Bede's testimony is no mere statement based on unauthenticated rumor, he is not retailing a legend handed down from earlier generations, but is telling us of an incident contemporaneous with a part of his own life, and of circumstances that he had ample means to investigate at the fountain head, and in the truth of which he, the most eminent of the Anglo-Saxon historians, had the fullest confidence.

Time rolls on. Four centuries and more have passed since the day when Bede recorded that St. Etheldreda's body was raised sixteen years after burial and found to be unaffected by its long repose in the soil. Within the walls of the venerable retreat whence he took his name, another monastic writer, William of Malmesbury, is compiling a chronicle of the past and of his own times; he declares, as to his own times, that he has recorded nothing that he had not either personally witnessed or learned from the most credible authority. Emphatically he confirms Bede's testimony, and assures us that in his time (the eleventh century) St. Etheldreda appeared to be "merely sleeping" and "with skin and flesh unwasted."

Still other ages pass away, the nineteenth century draws to its close, and to-day it is not beneath the roof of Ely Cathedral that we must seek for what remains of the virginal relics treasured for so many generations. No! With humiliation and the deep flush of shame on our faces, those of us Englishmen who are by God's grace Catholics by conversion bewail the indignities offered to God's saints by our impious ancestors of the Reformation era. Having driven our Lord from his altar throne in St. Etheldreda's cathedral, they at the same time cast out her relics in whose honor that venerable building was dedicated

to God. The work of sacrilege was, however, not quite completed, as St. Etheldreda's hand was saved and is still preserved in St. Dominic's Convent, at Stone, in Staffordshire. It remains incorrupt to this very day.

We are told that our earth's history is written in its stony crust, and, we may add, that St. Etheldreda's too has been delineated by our forefathers in the same all but imperishable material. Midway up the elegant clustered columns that support the central octagonal tower of Ely Cathedral may be seen a number of niches filled in with sculptured representations of some of the principal events from the saint's life. There are eight of them in all, and taking them as they are arranged—in chronological order—we have

1st. Her marriage.

2d. Having resigned her crown, which is laid on the altar, she receives the veil from St. Wilfrid.

3d. Resting on a journey she sleeps, and her pilgrim's staff forthwith branches out and produces leaves to shelter her.

4th. A flood of water miraculously appears and surrounds a rock on which the saint had taken refuge from those in pursuit of her.

5th. Her installation by St. Wilfrid as abbess of Ely.

6th. Her death and burial.

7th. By her intercession a soul is released from Purgatory.

8th. The translation of her body into the church.

The double monastery founded by St. Etheldreda in 673 was destroyed in the Danish invasion of 870. Secular clergy appear to have had charge of Ely till 963, when, according to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, begged of King Edgar "that he would give him all the minsters which heathen men had formerly broken down, because he would restore them; and the king cheerfully granted it. And then the bishop came first to Ely, where St. Etheldreda lies, and caused the minster to be made." It is said that the conventual church erected by Ethelwold included the ruins of St. Etheldreda's own church, and that remains of both still exist. The truth of this opinion has, however, never been satisfactorily established.

It was in the Isle of Ely that the last stand of the Saxons against William the Conqueror was made. From 1066 to 1071 the isle was defended by Hereward; it was a "camp of refuge" to all who would not recognize William's sovereignty,

and with its fall the Norman conquest was practically complete.

The oldest part of the present cathedral—the south-eastern transept—was commenced in early Norman times, twenty-six years prior to the founding of the diocese of Ely in 1109. The other transepts, the nave, tower, and choir, were begun in the twelfth century, and for four centuries more the work was continued,

WESTERN TOWER OF ELY CATHEDRAL.

till the Reformation came and put a final stop to the building and drove out the faith that had been taught therein.

The last Catholic prelate, that brave confessor Bishop Thirlby—the only predecessor of Cardinals Wiseman, Manning, and Vaughan in the See of Westminster—was translated to Ely in 1554. His fidelity to the Catholic faith assured his fall under

Elizabeth, and led to his imprisonment for the last eleven years of his life. He was succeeded by a man of very different calibre, a gloomy Puritan—Cox by name—to whom on one occasion Elizabeth addressed the following oft-quoted epistle: "You know well what you were afore *I made you* what you now are. If you do not immediately comply with my request I will unfrock you, by God. Elizabeth R." There was nothing of a St. Thomas of Canterbury, a St. Anselm, or a Thirlby about Protestant Bishop Cox, as he showed by quickly submitting to the imperious supreme governess of the "new church." Oliver Cromwell came and stabled his horses in the venerable cathedral, and then the massive nave and glorious choir—that erstwhile had for centuries looked down on countless thousands kneeling in adoration before God incarnate on the altar, that had echoed with a "credo" marred by no dissentient voice, and re-echoed with the "gloria" and the "sanctus" of the church militant, that passed upwards to blend in harmony with the pæans of the church triumphant and the seraphic music of the angelic choir lowly bending in the Beatific Presence—were desecrated by the long-winded harangues of sanctimonious Puritan divines, or the coarse ribaldry and hypocritical cant of Cromwell's troopers.

It is encouraging to see that some of the effects of the "storms which devastated Catholicity throughout Europe in the sixteenth century" are passing away, and to note the "wonderful drawing of hearts and minds towards Catholic faith and practice" which is showing itself in a revival of reverence for the buildings and other memorials of the Church of Old England. The semblance of an altar occupies the site of the high altar of bygone days in Ely Cathedral, and before it earnest Anglicans kneel with some of that reverence that animated their pre-Reformation ancestors, and whilst we lament that in grasping at the substance they have secured only its shadow, "we do not doubt," as our Holy Father Leo XIII. has said in his recent letter to the English people, "that the united and humble supplications of so many to God are hastening the time of further manifestations of his merciful designs towards the English people."

Once again paintings of the joyful, sorrowful, and glorious mysteries of our Lord's life look down from the gorgeous windows, the walls, and the roof of Ely Cathedral. Once again the emptied niches are being filled with the statues of canonized

confessors, virgins, and martyrs, and tell of an approximation that has taken place in the direction of Catholic faith as to that article of the Creed, "I believe . . . in the communion of saints," and of a spirit vastly differing from that iconoclastic fury that hurled the older statues from their pedestals. May we not hope that this good work of reparation will continue and increase, and that the day is approaching when suppliant England shall kneel at the feet of Christ's Vicar, and when "he to whom were entrusted the keys of the kingdom of Heaven" shall have once again exercised his prerogative and brought the stray sheep back into the fold, and when within the walls of St. Etheldreda's cathedral a people reconciled to our Holy Mother the Church shall place in honor and reverence a statue of that cathedral's other tutelar saint, St. Peter, upon whom our Lord founded his church "for the origin and purpose of unity"?

Then, and not till then, will the faith taught within St. Etheldreda's cathedral be once again identical with that which she held, and for which she sacrificed the Northumbrian crown.

A STUDY IN SHAKESPEAREAN CHRONOLOGY.

BY APPLETON MORGAN.

IF the papers contributed by me to THE CATHOLIC WORLD during the last eight years have been of no further service, they have at least served to prove that the conventional statements, that "we know nothing or next to nothing about Shakespeare"; that "we actually know less about Shakespeare than we know about Homer"; that "of Shakespeare we can ascertain nothing except that he was born, was married, bought a house in Stratford-on-Avon, and died"; and the like, have survived their usefulness and their cogency. Up to about ten years ago, I doubt if sentences like the above, or to like effect, would not be found in seventy-five per centum of the books on these Shakespearean matters. They were in all the school-books when I was a lad, and they have done duty as fundamental for the Baconian and other theorists until they can be exploited no longer.

But those who have followed these papers are aware that we know a great deal about Shakespeare—much more about him than about any other private subject of Elizabeth or of James, as to his business career, and immeasurably more about his domestic affairs, family and household concerns, than we do of those of his titled contemporaries; his queen, her courtiers and her noble ladies. It has required diligence rather than credulity, and the exercise of common sense rather than of what is mostly called "insight," to garner and extract it all. But here it is! We have had to compare old records and assume normal conditions—to side-track libraries of sentimental rubbish, and to credit the man with the ordinary as well as certain extraordinary attributes of humanity. But the result has been that we have found him! We once heard considerable about a "cipher" (for instance) in the First Folio, which proved that no Shakespeare, but a Bacon, wrote those great Plays. There is a "cipher" in that wonderful book, but it proves nothing of the kind! What it does yield to the careful examiner, is not subtleties of his own invention, or confirmations of his own cut-and-dried theories, but, if he will only accept it, a wealth

of detail, of curious lore, of circumstantial history. We cannot open this First Folio anywhere without a revelation. The very names of the actors who performed in these plays, the circumstances under which they were mounted, can be extracted. But we must extract them by honest industry; by construing and consorting and marshalling items as a lawyer construes and consorts and marshals evidence for his jury, and not by æsthetic or subjective or personal processes. At our point we have found the happy, for us, blunder of a printer which has given us the names, not of the characters of the play at that page, but of men who were living at the date the play was produced, and we know from this that these men were the actors who took the parts so indicated, and that the play was printed without Shakespeare's consent or knowledge—from the parts which those actors secretly disposed of, or from the prompter's copy. At another point we find certain vowels transposed, and a certain constancy of an *idem sonans*, which advises us that the compositors "set up" not from "copy" placed before them but by ear, as the copy was read off to them by one man whose pronunciation had that peculiarity. By running across puns on local and timely matters ("localisms," as the stage to-day calls them) in the First Folio text which did not occur in the First Quarto we may ascertain, if we will take the trouble, the date at which the play was performed. By studying the "head-pieces" and "tail-pieces," we are informed at what printing-houses certain of the sheets were set up. By noting the tendency of the compositors to overuse capital letters or italics, we are made aware of the nationality of these compositors. The employment of inverted punctuation points tells us of the poverty of resource in the printing establishments; by studying the construction of the "fonts" then used we see the tendency of certain types to accidentally fall in the process of "distributing" into certain wrong boxes—and by assuming such accidents in the case of certain "cruces"—or disputed readings—we are aided in, and perhaps succeed in, settling them finally. Nay, even the "signatures" and the gaps in the pagination of this First Folio tell us of circumstances and events in the course of its passage through the presses of the three or four establishments which were able to jointly issue it. And when we come to the Stationers' Registers; and to the entries and re-entries, minutes of decrees, decisions of courts, and so on in and about the titles of and the proprietorships of these Plays; the colophon of the First Folio and of some of the Quartos;

all these—the man who will say that we know nothing about Shakespeare must be fearfully and wonderfully made; fearfully hide-bound by his own predilections, and wonderfully impervious to what is going on about him. Of only one thing are we able to say that Shakespeare tells us nothing and the plays tender no testimony. Of Shakespeare's own private opinions not a word is said, not a hint is vouchsafed. As to these he is as silent as the tomb. And yet there are commentators in plenty who know all about what Shakespeare thought and taught, and do not hesitate to tell us. Nay, who even inform us of the dates on which he wrote certain of his plays and at which he could not have written others, from the very sentiments of certain personages in the Plays themselves! (As, for example, the gentleman who assured us that, so poignant was Constance's grief for her departed son, that the play of "King John" could only have been written shortly after the death of poor little Hamlet Shakespeare; which led me to remark in these pages, I think, that the play in which Shakespeare says that a dying beetle suffers a pang as great as a dying giant could only have been written shortly after Shakespeare had been a beetle!)

One of the most remarkable, and certainly the most curious aspect of modern Shakespearean criticism and controversy (much the same thing, apparently), is this almost universal insistence upon a "Chronology"—"Order in which the plays were written." I confess that I, for one, have never been able to see what difference it made, either to an appreciation of the plays or their interpretation, whether they were composed in sequence, or irregularly, or at one sitting!

We have Lord Tennyson's "Idyls of the King"—a perfect gallery as he left them—and we all remember that the first four or five of these Idyls appeared quite a quarter of a century before the two or three that came afterwards and completed the gallery. We give poets their own time to finish a work, and in their temples, not made with hands, it is entirely immaterial if they build the dome before the basement, or the lantern before the plinth, so that the temple is at last finished and furnished forth. Why, then, should there be this *furore* and this fuss about the chronological order of Shakespeare's plays? this "period" and "group" division, and these analyses of possible motives, and this discussion of the personal and domestic affairs of the dramatist, in order to maintain that he wrote his "Macbeth" before his "Tempest," or his "Winter's Tale" before his "As You Like It"? What earthly difference does

it make to anybody? And yet, of the Shakespearean criticism of the last fifty years—from the year which followed the downfall of the first Shakespearean Society, through Mr. Collier's unhappy fabrications, down to our own *fin de siècle* days—the greater bulk has been of the kind which in a former number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD * I ventured to call "Æsthetic" criticism (and which would justify even a stronger and less complimentary adjective without going beyond its face), and its most prominent feature has been the forcing of the plays into as many orders and "Chronologies" of their production as were drawn from the moods and phases which the personal taste of each student for himself has been pleased to discover in the text before him, by these Æsthetic processes; that is to say, as many chronologies as there were students!

But for all this, there *was* a certain order in which the plays of Shakespeare (?) were written—if we could only find it out. And this order, once we discover it, would be found to be governed, not by the whims of his nineteenth-century students but by the theatrical needs of Shakespeare's day: that is, the appetites of audiences, first; and secondly, by Shakespeare's own advance in stage experience (which led him, for example, to discard rhymed lines for comedy, and to use the blank verse which Marlowe had invented for tragedy, or prose, since he could not fail to observe how much more easily and effectively his actors could pronounce it). And in ascertaining it we are aided by three pieces of circumstantial evidence, viz., the title-pages of the twenty, or twenty-one, plays printed in quarto during Shakespeare's life-time; the entries in the Stationers' Registers and their private diaries; and the contemporary mention in books or letters. Of these, the last two—the mention in books or diaries—are pretty conclusive of the dates at which the plays were acted. But as to when the plays were written, that is a different matter. Shakespeare, like every other author, was a failure until he scored his first success. And as long as he was a failure nobody would publish him; while after he was a success publishers struggled with each other to print whatever he wrote—good, bad, or indifferent (which accounts perfectly for plays good, bad, and indifferent from the same pen appearing in the same year; as, for example, the crude and shocking "Titus Andronicus," and the choice and perfect "Merchant of Venice," being printed in 1600; the one almost im-

* "William Shakespeare and his Æsthetic Critics," THE CATHOLIC WORLD, November, 1884.

possible of stage setting, and the other "setting itself," as the saying is, even to-day in our most extravagant theatres). The dates of the quartos and the Stationers' Registers, therefore, are only evidence of the order in which these plays were entered or printed (that is, they are only evidence of themselves). What I propose in this paper, however, is—for the first time, as I believe—to attempt to go somewhat further than these entries, and by consulting the theatrical records of the date, with due assessment of the probabilities as to the public appetite drawn from the appearances and "runs" of other plays not Shakespeare's, to satisfy this apparent craving for a "Chronology" from external and circumstantial evidence purely, and without any recourse whatever to the labors of the æsthetic critics.

This external evidence, in the course of the papers heretofore printed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, has been more or less presented. It remains to group it by the light of these theatrical records.

The year 1592 is one memorable in many ways in English chronicle. The sailing of Raleigh on his voyage to capture Panama, in revolt since the days when it was captured and governed by Sir Henry Morgan, which expedition returned with the principal object unaccomplished, but with large booty, and, among other things, with the three Indians which Shakespeare was to utilize; the licensing by the Bishop of London of a translation from the French of the "Amadis de Gaul," which Shakespeare read and Cervantes burlesqued; and, to rapidly group a number of still more noted names, Montague dies; the poet Quarles is born; and this year is also the birth year of Villiers, the great Duke of Buckingham; of the Earl of Essex, whom Bacon was to betray. In this year, too, John Still, an English bishop, who wrote the first English comedy, died in the debtor's prison of the Marshalsea, and Sir Edward Coke, the life-long rival and enemy of Bacon, was elevated to the attorney-generalship. But, important as these events were from their after effects, there was one other item of apparently less importance which dwarfed them all. That item, as it happened, was only the insertion, in a dull and otherwise unimportant pamphlet, of a few lines of personal pique and spite against a young man newly arrived in London whose work had been preferred to that of an elder and predecessor already upon the ground. It happened in this year that Robert Greene, a playwriter, died in a tavern from the effects of a debauch, and on his death-bed wrote a farewell letter to his fellow actors and

playwrights, which he called, absurdly enough, "A Groat's Worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance." Trivial and unattractive as this letter or pamphlet is, however—for nobody would think for a moment of reading it—it may be well pronounced one of the most valuable pamphlets in our literature. For, from the few lines in question, we are able to resume the record of the life of William Shakespeare, who, upon his marriage in Stratford-upon-Avon, ten years before, had absolutely dropped out of our ken. Up to that record Shakespeare and his skylarking days had left their vestiges in Stratford town, but with a wife on his hands, and arriving little ones, he had been obliged to go to work. And what he found to do, and that he went to London to obtain it, we first are assured by this malicious allusion of poor Greene.

Greene is writing, in the tiresome euphuistic style of the day, to his fellow-actors much in the tone of Ben Jonson's "Farewell to the Stage" of so many years later—which is about the tone of every disappointed actor or dramatic critic to-day—who bewails the degradation of the stage instead of doing his little to make it better. And he says (the time-worn sentence ought to be let rest, but it is necessary to quote it once more): "Nay, trust them not"—especially that "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes himself the only Shake-scene in a county, and as able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you." This sentence is, we say, one of the most valuable, as well as the most curious, pieces of circumstantial evidence on record. From it we draw: first, that the Shakespeare we lost sight of at Stratford-on-Avon years before had come to London; second, that he had found employment at the theatre; third, that he had not only done menial or mechanical work (as it is fair to suspect that the country lad must have begun at the bottom somewhere) but that he had something to do with the writing of plays; fourth, that these plays were tragedies (since they were done in blank verse, and not comedies, for which prose or rhyme was employed); and fifth, that he wrote that portion of the play of "Henry the Sixth," part third, in which the line "O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide," occurs, addressed by Richard to Queen Margaret. Nor does the circumstantial evidence give out even here. It happens that the third part of "Henry the Sixth" is a revision—practically a rewriting and rearrangement of a play called "The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York," etc., which was a popular one long

before. So it becomes to the dramatic critic of these days almost a fact demonstrated that one of the things young Shakespeare did was to rewrite this old play (a task, of course, entrusted to a stage-manager, as we would say to-day, or a stage reader, or prompter, or adapter); whence we conclude that young Shakespeare had already risen to this position—not an unimportant one, or one given to mediocre men—in the theatre.

And again, from this malignant allusion alone we are able to fix not only upon his employment, but upon the theatre at which Shakespeare was employed as stage-manager and play-mounter. This theatre was "The Rose," a small house on "the Bankside" occupied at that time by the company known as "Lord Strange's Players." For, while there were sixteen licensed companies,* happily we are able to fix upon this particular play-house and this particular company of players in this wise.

In 1586 the particular company of players known as "Lord Leicester's Servants" had varied their monotony of competition with the other companies of actors by travelling to the Low Countries with Lord Leicester and Sir Philip Sydney, whence they had passed over into Germany, playing with much success before the courts of the countries they visited, and returning January, 1587, to England had, instead of at once re-establishing themselves in London, continued travelling in the provinces generally, in the autumn of that year; playing, as it happened, in Stratford-upon-Avon. Here the probabilities that a young man of theatrical tastes who held matinees and made speeches over his calf-stickings—but who had been driven to look for remunerative employment by the sudden pressure of matrimonial and domestic expenses—would have been led to seek as a favor employment of this same company, and been allowed to accompany them in some menial capacity, come to our aid, and the not violent hypothesis carries us on until we resume the record. Soon after this company returned to London, in 1588, their patron Leicester dying, they were induced by Edward Alleyn, himself a famous actor, to pass under the license of Lord Strange. Master Alleyn went further, and Lord Worcester, having also died that year and his company of players disbanding, he bought up this company's properties and such plays as they had owned, and carried this company and these properties over to this play-house, "The Rose," which he leased of

* Known (besides the Queen's) as, Lord Leicester's Servants; Lord Nottingham's; Lord Sussex's; Lord Essex's; Lord Derby's; Lord Hertford's; Lord Pembroke's; Lord Worcester's; Lord Strange's; Lord Howard's; Lord Clinton's; The Lord Chamberlain's; The Lord Admiral's, and Sir Robert Law's.

Philip Henslowe, a sort of theatrical broker, and reputedly rich man (whose step-daughter Alleyn finally married). He also, by one means and another, induced Richard Burbage, Henry Condell, Henry Cordy, and Will Sly, the principal actors of another company (the Queen's Majesty's Servants), to join their new venture, and he also purchased outright from them such plays as they were able to bring with them, and from among these so purchased play-books, the first one selected by this company was this very True Tragedy, now called the third part of "Henry the Sixth," with the interpolated words which Greene said were written by a "Shake-scene"—that is, by the clever young Shakespeare who had supplanted Greene. This play was originally the work of this very man Greene, of Marlowe and of Lodge, who had for many years written plays exclusively for the Queen's Company. "This True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York," therefore, rewritten in parts and with the line about the "tiger's heart and woman's hide," with Greene's statement that Shakespeare had added this line to his old play; the source of it by purchase as aforesaid, and the performance by a company which had but lately visited Stratford-upon-Avon, form a chain of circumstantial evidence so flawless and complete that we are able to assert that in 1598 Shakespeare was the stage-mounter of plays for Lord Strange's company of players, playing at The Rose play-house on the Bankside, nearly upon the site of which Shakespeare himself twelve years later erected his own play-house, of world-wide reputation, the famous and never-to-be-forgotten "Globe." It was in rewriting this old play, therefore, that Shakespeare earned his first laurels. And the jealousy of poor Greene, who had lost his employment through dissipation and debauchery, and was starving to death in a garret, and who saw his own play, revised by his junior and a former theatre "super" and factotum, restored to great popularity and drawing in money, while he was suffering for bread, actually led not only to his Shakespeares in his own day, but to the accurate recording of his biography in ours!

The disaffection of such famous actors as Burbage, Sly, Condell, and Cordy to Lord Strange's company—coupled, perhaps, with some especial favors shown to this new and strong company, such as being selected to present a play before the queen on St. John's Day, and the crowning misfortune of losing Greene, their best play-writer, through dissipation—utterly broke up the company known as the "Queen's Majesty's Players," so others of that company, and of other companies, joined

the rising combination, among them William Kempe, a famous clown of the day. This accession was of considerable importance. For the possession of a first-rate low comedian was not a thing to be despised, and as plays (as the saying is) "to bring out the entire strength of the company" were what was wanted, it became necessary to produce a comedy, and so Shakespeare's attention was turned to a field in which he was to excel as he already excelled in the field of tragedy—the field of comedy. Prior to this, instead of writing comedies, the practice had been to write comedy characters into tragedies (a practice satirized in "The Return from Parnassus" produced at Cambridge University in this very year, by making one of the characters draw "Will" Kempe upon the stage with a rope, with the explanation that they had a "clowne," and if the audience demanded a "clowne," whether the play demanded one or not, why he must come in somehow—with a rope, if impossible to get him there otherwise; a piece of satire which, though written three hundred years or so earlier, was and is quite as pungent as Mr. Dickens's order from Vincent Crummles to Nicholas Nickleby to write a play for the real pump and wash-tub he had purchased at a bargain).

Our possession of the Greene-Marlowe play just mentioned, both in its original form and as rewritten by Shakespeare with Greene's designation of the so rewritten parts, at once puts us *en rapport* with Shakespeare's methods and ideas of play-writing. It would be impossible, therefore, to suppose that his own taste and inclination led him to compose what appears to be his next play, the "Titus Andronicus." But although the "Henry VI." play was well, even enthusiastically, received, it was as yet not largely efficient in the takings at the door. Audiences were, as yet, few and far between which appreciated such fine points as the changes made in the rewriting to increase the historic accuracy or the perspective; such as the alteration of Suffolk's speech,

> "Hast thou not waited at my trencher
> When I have feasted with Queen Margaret,"

into

> "How often hast thou waited at my cup,
> Fed at my trencher,
> When, etc.,"

(which expresses a step in table etiquette, and that it was the servant, not the nobleman, who ate from a trencher). The management's exchequer called for a play that should really

be popular, like Marlowe's bloody "Tamburlaine," with murders, hewings, hackings, and slaughters, with a text to match, full of bombasts that even in the mouth of roaring Typhon should seem hyperboles. An actor named Brown, who came into the company from the Lord Worcester's players, possessed a play called "Titus and Vespasian," which, as has been lately ascertained,* he or some other had performed with success in Germany, and on the general story of this play, but without in any sense rewriting it, Shakespeare now produced his "Titus Andronicus," with a murder or a rapine or a mayhem in every scene of the five acts, and ending in a general carnival of slaughter. But, while all this was to catch the groundlings, after the style of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," it is remarkable that the dialogue was entirely lacking in sound and fury. Murders though there might be, the dialogue was singularly calm and conservative and bloodless. In spite of his theme Shakespeare, while as yet crude and unartificial, was still—according to his dawning bent—philosophical, pathetic, sententious. Indeed, he never wrote a play in which his own literary sympathies and tastes were disguised, and no one can read this first dramatic composition of a Shakespeare, without being impressed by the impossibility of an author's efforts to conceal himself, however young or formative his effort. The pathos and the philosophy intruded themselves at the most incongruous moments, and it is interesting to notice how, when the two stalwart brothers Chiron and Demetrius are to be murdered at the end to satisfy dramatic justice, they stand up calmly and allow themselves to be butchered in cold blood by a one-armed old man, who is uttering, in the sweetest accents, the most Socratic sentiments the while he does the "business."

But, although written *invita Minerva*, "Titus Andronicus" succeeded in filling the theatre's exchequer. Whereas the "Henry VI." plays were only presented about thirteen times, beginning February 19, 1592, "Titus Andronicus" held the boards for weeks, carrying the Rose Company up to about July 1, when, the plague beginning to spread over Southwark, the authorities shut up that play-house and ordered the company to the house at Newington Butts. This house, so memorable in Shakespeare annals, was a house used for Sunday and holiday delectation only, and rarely resorted to on week-days. Here, however, Lord Strange's Company now opened three days in a week, with "Titus Andronicus" and "A Knack to know a Knave" (written

* Introduction to the Bankside Shakespeare, vol. vii.

by more than one author in order to accommodate the clown aforementioned, Will Kempe). The shutting up of the theatre was a great blow to the watermen, who lived by the transportation of the audiences to and from the Surrey Shore and London Town, and they petitioned that the Rose Company again be permitted to open at their own house. Their petition prevailed, but not until December 1, the mortality by that time having subsided to not over forty deaths a week, and thereafter until February, 1593, when the plague again became virulent, the company continued at The Rose, with daily afternoon performances. It is said that during the interregnum at The Rose Shakespeare wrote the "Venus and Adonis"; writing the "Lucrece" and the Sonnets in the second period of closure at the Globe; by these poems gaining for the company and the playhouse Lord Southampton's constant patronage. But, as we are not now discussing the poems, or their Shakespearean authorship, or Southampton connection, we may pass over the question altogether. A little theory of my own may perhaps be intruded just here. I think that the mounting of his earliest entire play, the "Titus Andronicus," first drew Shakespeare's attention prominently to the stage inadequacies of his date, and suggested, if not improvements in the stage itself (movable properties, "practicable" scenery, etc.), at least that he make, in his text, less draft upon the theatrical facilities, and, while calling for less paraphernalia, make his descriptive text richer and more picturesque, supplying with words the scenic poverty which he could not supply. Up to the mounting of that play the stage could get along very well, for there were arms and accoutrements of war—swords, pikes, helmets, breast-plates, etc. When actors wore these and carried the weapons, it represented a battle-field; when they wore these, but were otherwise unarmed, it might be a court scene or a council of state. For other scenes, a table and a few tankards made an inn; a four-post bedstead, a bedroom, etc. But in "Titus Andronicus" there were forests, pitfalls, caves, market-places, bonfires, and scenes of peculiar and unusual torture and slaughter, which it would be very hard to adequately express in scenes to-day without verging upon the ridiculous, and which must have been very hard indeed to manage then. At any rate, there is this much toward the verification of my theory—that Shakespeare never again wrote a play calling for so much unusual scenic preparation; and in every other play supplied description—as in the case of Lear's cliff—which brought the scene home in words.

Sir William D'Avenant told Dryden that Shakespeare's first play was his "Pericles." I have stated that his first was his "Titus Andronicus," not on the internal evidence, but because, as above, it was played at The Rose in the spring of 1592. It is not impossible, therefore, that the "Pericles," which is of about the same literary merit as the "Titus Andronicus," and which shows the same dealing with the startling events of the old story (the ever-popular story of Apollonius of Tyre) in the philosophical, deliberate, and stately language from which Shakespeare was so rarely able to depart, came first in actual point of time. "Pericles" was, however, not played until 1594, when its popularity was so great that a publisher named Pavier bribed some actor from The Rose to sell him the play-book of it, which, under the iniquitous monopoly (one of the worst granted by Elizabeth, that greatest granter of monopolies who ever lived) of the Stationers' Company, Pavier was able to enter and retain as his own copyright. Indeed he held on to the play—he and his assigns and successors—so practically, that John Henninges and Henry Condell (Shakespeare's fellow-actors at the date of which we are now writing, and his friends and beneficiaries always) were unable to print it in the collected First Folio of 1623.

In December, 1592, a play called "The Jealous Comedy" was acted at The Rose, out of which crude and imperfect affair Shakespeare took the cue—but very little if anything else—of his first comedy, "The Merry Wives of Windsor." This play and the entirely absurd story of its having been written by direct order of Queen Elizabeth have already been discussed in these pages.* This play is notable from the fact that, when it came to be printed in the First Folio, it was found to be packed with localisms to such an enormous extent † that it was necessary to leave them there, it being impossible to tell what was Shakespeare's and what was "Will" Kempe's, if indeed, as it is probable, he was the interpolator of all the allusions to local tradesmen, to current happenings, and to old jokes and popular airs, with which the play is stuffed. The custom of players "speaking more than is set down for them" was one which Shakespeare deprecated, in the "advice to the players" which he puts into Hamlet's mouth about this time. But it had a hold upon the actor's profession already too firm to be shaken by any remon-

* "Queen Elizabeth's share in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.'"—The Catholic World, September, 1886.

† Introduction to Bankside Shakespeare, vol. i.

strance, and it is a popular custom to-day, and doubtless will continue to be, as it has been since those days, coeval with the stage.

No sooner was "The Merry Wives of Windsor" put upon the stage, in place of "The Jealous Comedy," than it was stolen by the publishers for the benefit of the outside public who did not or could not go to the theatres, or perhaps for a sale to those who wished to read at their leisure what had delighted them on the stage. It is probable that on this occasion the play was stolen by shorthand, rather than (as in the case of "Pericles") by bribing the actors for their "lines." Our reason for supposing this is, that many passages written by Shakespeare are given by an *idem sonans*, while many of the localisms above mentioned are reported exactly, a stenographer being, of course, unable to discriminate between them, and bound merely to take down whatever reached his ear.

The year 1593 was a memorable one in the history of the stock company at The Rose. In February of that year Lord Strange died, and by the rule that companies of actors must have some noble patron under whose name to exist, the company solicited to become known as "Lord Derby's Servants." In April of the same year, however, Lord Derby also died, and the company again procured their style to be changed to that of "The Lord Chamberlaine's Servants." This was the first step of the company, whose material prosperity was unbounded, to aggrandize itself with the court. The lord chamberlain was then Sir Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, and, through this connection, the royal, as well as the popular, favor was secured. Another notable event, which is of considerable importance in following the history of Shakespeare's play-writing, was the bankruptcy and dissolution of the company of actors known as Lord Pembroke's Servants. This company had barely survived the plague, and bad business and dissensions in its ranks had reduced it to the point of dissolution.

Its members were forced to pawn their properties and fixtures, and even their apparel, and offered for sale their repertoire of plays. Our company at The Rose, which was in constantly increasing prosperity, doubtless by Shakespeare's advice, now purchased certain plays, among which there are supposed to have been Marlowe's "Edward II.," "Edward III.," "Richard III.," a play called "Hamlet," written by Kyd, and a play called "The Taming of a Shrew," which might have been written by anybody, as it contains nothing upon which to hang

conjecture or to found comparative examination in a search for particular or single authorship. And finally, to distinguish this year in English dramatic history, in May Marlowe himself was killed in a drunken brawl in a tavern at Deptford by a fellow-player named Archer. This latter occurrence had a great bearing on Shakespeare's future career. For so rapidly had he risen to eminence and popularity that Marlowe was his only rival to the title of leading dramatist of England, and the removal of the rival turned all eyes to the survivor.

Nothing whatever is known or can be ascertained of their personal relations, but from the entire absence of any evidence that Marlowe, like Greene, was jealous of the rising star it has been confidently asserted that the two were friends. I cannot exactly concur in this logic myself. If Greene was unable to bear the sight of Shakespeare rewriting his and Marlowe's joint work, and scoring a success thereby, which they themselves had never achieved out of that same piece as first written, I cannot see why it should be assumed that Marlowe acquiesced with joy at Shakespeare's crowding them out of their own field, by assimilating their own piece.

However, both Marlowe and Greene were dead, and Shakespeare was the leader among their successors. All their plays are of the greatest importance in our further chronicle. However, as we are writing not the history of the English drama, but of Shakespeare's play-writing, it only concerns us to see what Shakespeare did with the five above-named plays, purchased from the Pembroke men.

A close comparison of Marlowe's "Edward II.," in which the horrible death of that monarch (and it is hard to imagine a horror which it lacked, according to Marlowe) with Shakespeare's "Richard II.," leads us to assert that Shakespeare, with the reverence for his predecessor which he showed on many another occasion, modelled the latter on the former. (Indeed there seems to me no clearer case of a modelling of one play upon another in literature, and no more emphatic example of Shakespeare's tendency to calm and philosophical speech, and inability to indulge in ranting and hyperbolical mouthings, than in the contrast, united with the correspondence between these two great dramatic pieces, the "Edward II." and the "Richard II.") Kyd's "Hamlet" was probably a dramatized version of the Belleforest story, although contemporary allusions to it, which are often supposed to refer to Shakespeare's "Hamlet," prove that it was of quite another kidney. We know something of it;

as, for example, that the Ghost went around ("like an Oister wife," as Dekkar says in Histriomastix) crying "Revenge, Revenge!" which we know Shakespeare's ghost does not. But that it suggested to Shakespeare his noblest play, it is equally certain. As to the "Edward II.," there are many scholars who insist that it is Shakespeare's, and not Marlowe's work; but as their reasons for so thinking, when given, are always based upon the same single scene therein—the one which contains the King's dialogue with the Countess of Salisbury—(and as the rest of the play does not suggest Shakespeare to anybody) I am inclined to think that Shakespeare wrote in that scene for The Rose players when they mounted the play in the spring of 1594. As to the play "The Taming of a Shrew," Mr. Albert R. Frey* has been able, by an exact parallelization of it with Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," to show that there are but five, or at the most six, lines which can be called identical in the two plays (although, in spite of his own demonstration, my friend Mr. Frey does not agree with me in so believing). I therefore believe that, as in so many cases, the quick insight of Shakespeare saw the merits of the theme, and the inadequacies of its treatment in the old play, and himself wrote the new one. Except that there is in each an "Induction"—drawn from the familiar story of Haroun al Raschid and the beggar—few of us can find any resemblance between the treatment of the story in the two plays.

We have thus been able to designate four plays prepared and composed by Shakespeare at the threshold of his great career, without any recourse to inductive (which is æsthetic) criticism whatever!

We have ascertained them simply by considering Shakespeare as a man with the same interests and sympathies and objects as if he had lived among us and been working, not in sixteenth-century London but in nineteenth-century New York. We have discovered him writing plays because his audiences wanted them, fancied them, insisted upon them. (And where would our Shakespeare have been to-day, and how much of him would we have possessed, if he had written plays that his audiences did not want, would not come to hear, would not tolerate at any price?)

In other words, Shakespeare wrote his plays, not according to his own "moods" and "periods" but according to the "moods" and "periods" of his audiences!

* The Bankside Shakespeare, vol. ii.

A NEGLECTED CALL.

BY SARAH C. BURNETT.

"But at last came also the other Virgins, saying: Lord, Lord, open to us. But He answering, said: Amen I say to you, I know you not."

BLANCHE SEYMOUR closed the book and rested her hands on its cover. "I don't like that," she sighed; it "seems so sad."

It did not seem strange that melancholy thoughts should be unwelcome on this beautiful August day. It was the feast of St. Clara, and everything in nature seemed to be doing glad homage to the virgin patroness of the most lovely valley in beautiful California.

Blanche was sitting in the lawn-tennis ground of the Notre Dame Convent at San José. She had brought her prayer-book with her, intending to make a meditation on the gospel of the day, but the story of the Foolish Virgins seemed to displease her. "But it shall not be my case," she exclaimed confidently; "my vocation is decided. I have thought long and seriously about it, and now it is only a question of time."

"Well, Blanche," exclaimed a cheerful voice beside her; "so you are going to leave us? We thought you would stay to graduate."

"I could if I wished, but I think that I had better make a home for my father at once. He has been boarding in various places ever since mother died, and he seems to be so very tired of it that I really feel that I ought to give up my last year at school and go to housekeeping. He does not say that I must, but I think it is the least I might do for him."

"And what about Emily?"

"Emily is to have her choice. She may remain at this convent until she has finished the course, or she may go to San Francisco with me and attend the Notre Dame College."

"What does Father Andrews think of your determination?"

"I have not consulted him about it. He could only advise me to do what my conscience dictates, and I think I owe it to my father to devote a few years of my life to him before I—" She blushed and broke off suddenly.

Sister Lucy smiled. "Of course we know what you will do when those few years are over," she said.

"There is no doubt of it," said Blanche emphatically; "my mind is made up to that. I shall not be like the poor Foolish Virgins of whom we read in to-day's gospel."

About a week after, Blanche and her sister Emily left the convent and took possession of their new home in San Francisco. Blanche's first care was to place Emily in the day-school at Notre Dame Convent, in the mission. Then she devoted herself to the comfort and entertainment of her father, and, when occasion required, to social duties.

Like many other girls who have had no experience in the

"Blanche was sitting in the Lawn Tennis Ground."

matter, Blanche had much overrated the dangers of society life. Her religious books had spoken frequently of the perils of worldliness, and she, exaggerating and misapplying these warnings, had grown to regard the company of her fellow-creatures, apart from religious or business associations, as a very pitfall of Satan. To her unutterable surprise she found, on entering timidly into the ranks of "the upper ten," that much good seed might be found growing amid the cockle of this wide field. Many a "queen of the ball-room" had reigned all day over a motherless home or a darkened sick-room, and many an apparently frivolous belle, appearing to rejoice only in the

number of her conquests, was, in effect, using her powers of fascination only to accomplish silent but solid good in the hearts of her admirers.

Personal vanity might be said to be the last failing of which the pious Blanche Seymour would ever be accused. And, truth to tell, she never knew herself whether she were good-looking or not until after she left school. Dress, that not-to-be-despised element in a woman's attractiveness, was given but little attention in a convent boarding-school. The girls, absorbed in books and thoughts of premiums and honors, did not spend much time in admiring each other, and so Blanche's rare beauty, attracting no notice from her school-mates, never became for her a subject for self-congratulation. It was not until she heard herself spoken of as the most beautiful girl in her circle, till admiration and congratulation followed her every step—until she realized, in short, that she had become a "social success," that the evil leaven began to work.

But in a short time the mischief was done. Recollections of compliments and pleasant speeches would thrust themselves upon her during the time set apart for prayer and meditation. The admiring looks that had pleased her the night before would somehow follow her around in the performance of her daily duties. Devotion to her toilet gradually became more important than devotion to her father. Poor little Blanche's head, in short, was completely turned in a very short time.

One sunny afternoon, just before Lent, Emily came running in from school in a great state of excitement. "O Blanche!" she exclaimed, "Mrs. Highup is going to give a musicale some night this week and you're going to be invited."

Blanche had tried her best to correct Emily's bad habit of giving nicknames, but had not succeeded. She knew that the names by which Emily generally chose to call her acquaintances were not those by which they were indicated in the directory; and, consequently, that "Mrs. Highup" in all probability was known to her by some other appellation. She mildly intimated as much to her sister.

"Why!" exclaimed the latter, "she's Mrs. Travis, Helen Travis's mother, and she's the very *crême-de-la*-skim-milk of society."

"It seems to me," said Blanche, knowing that it would be worse than useless to reprove her sister's levity, "that a Mrs. Travis did call on me a little while ago, but I was out when she came. What is she like?"

"Didn't you see her when you returned her visit?"

"No, I have not been to see her yet. She has only one reception day in the month, and that has not come around since she called. Tell me something about her."

"The Travis family," said Emily, "are in every sense delightful people. Their pedigree is as long as from here to New York, and their pride is something monstrous!"

"Emily, don't exaggerate so! Are they wealthy?"

"No; delightful people never are; they don't have anything to do with money, and money don't have anything to do with them. The other day, when I happened in with Helen on our way from school, Mrs. Highup took occasion to tell me that there wasn't a tradesman in their family all the way back to Adam. By way of keeping up the interest I told them of some of papa's funny experiences in the wholesale grocery business, and 'silence like a poultice came.'"

"I am glad you did not try to sail under false colors, Emily," said Blanche approvingly. "Was that before she called?"

"No, it was only last week. But still Helen said you were to be asked to the musicale."

"That is rather strange," said Blanche, "if she looks down on trades-people so, and knows who we are. Maybe it is out of pure love of the art."

Emily knew better. Though inferior to her sister in intellectual attainments, she possessed far more penetration. It was perfectly plain to her that Mrs. Travis might easily draw a line of distinction between trades-people who had made money and trades-people who had not, and that the fact of Mr. Seymour's belonging to the former class might have something to do with her condescension towards his daughters.

That very afternoon Mrs. Travis called in person to invite both sisters. Blanche soon found that, making every allowance for Emily's exaggerations, the lady deserved the title that had been applied to her.

"I think you will find my young people very companionable," she said when the invitation had been accepted. "Helen is always singing the praises of her dear Emily, and Blanche, I think, will find a kindred spirit in my Theodore, for he is devoted to music."

"Like yourself, Mrs. Travis," said Blanche politely.

"Oh, dear no!" with a deprecating smile; "he inherits his talent from his dear papa. His devotion to music was something extraordinary; I really think it hastened his death. Well," said she as she rose to go, "I shall expect to see you,

then, on Thursday night. What a pity that I cannot entertain you on my plantation in old Virginia! Those were the glorious days of old. Oh, that war, that war!"

She sadly shook her head, bade the two sisters an overwhelming adieu, and took her leave.

"It would require a pretty good microscope to see that Virginia plantation," said Emily, again forgetting her resolutions. "They lived in a little house in the suburbs of Richmond with about enough ground to raise three heads of cabbage. Helen showed me a picture of it."

"Is Theodore a musician by profession?" asked Blanche.

"No, he is in the county clerk's office just now; but there must be some musical talent in the family, as their father was a piano-tuner. But they never lost a nickel by the war. They were living in Oregon when that occurred."

Mr. Seymour was not very well pleased when he heard of his daughters' new acquaintance. In his line of business the name of Susanna Travis was not considered as a guarantee of prompt payment; and no landlord was ever eager to secure her as a tenant. But the invitation had been accepted, and he, knowing that Mrs. Travis was not likely to remain very long in one neighborhood, concluded to let things take their course, for the present at least.

That evening Blanche wrote a letter to Sister Lucy. She said very little about her own feelings or her manner of spending her time. She was rather ashamed to let the sister know how worldly she was growing. So she wrote a lengthy description of a church dedication which she had attended, spoke of Emily's wonderful progress at school, said a few affectionate words about old times, and managed, on the whole, to write a very satisfactory epistle without betraying her altered frame of mind.

Sister Lucy received the letter at recreation time. She was walking up and down the long corridor leading to the chapel. At one end hung the clock which had marked the happiest hours of Blanche's youth, at the other an open door showed the study-hall, with its beautiful statue of the Immaculate Virgin.

"The dear child!" she said, as she carefully put the letter in her pocket. "No doubt we shall soon have her amongst us to stay."

"There is another one we will have sooner or later," said Sister Philomena, "and that is Emily."

"Emily!" exclaimed Sister Lucy, perfectly aghast. "She would make life a burden to the novice-mistress."

Sister Philomena had been Emily's teacher during her last year at the school, and her record-book bore distressing evidences of that young lady's wilfulness. For all that, Sister Philomena seemed to know what she was talking about. "Yes, I know she is mischievous," she said, "but she has a stability of character which, moulded by Divine grace, would make her an excellent religious. Blanche is very mild and tractable, and I doubt not has a true call to the cloister; but of the two Emily, I think, will make the better nun."

"I do pity the novice-mistress," sighed little Sister Aloysius.

"Everything in Nature seemed to be doing homage to the Virgin Patroness."

She was the teacher of plain sewing, and had been driven nearly distracted by left sleeves sewn into right arm-holes, and button-holes made like eyes with magnified lashes. "I pity her from the bottom of my heart."

While the sisters were thus discussing her character and prospects Emily was busily preparing her school-tasks so as to be free to spend the evening at Mrs. Travis's. At eight o'clock the girls set out, and a walk of a few blocks brought them to that lady's residence.

Emily and Blanche found Mrs. Travis a very good hostess. Her stately, condescending ways were not altogether out of place in her own house, and she certainly took great pains to

give pleasure to her guests, who were of the usual ball-room types.

Helen Travis was resplendent in light kid gloves which sorely needed the ministrations of the cleaner. The musical Theodore was about twenty-five, tall and decidedly handsome. He was by no means an intellectual prodigy, neither was he the simpering idiot known as the "society man." His manners were such as might be expected from his antecedents and training.

He was considerably occupied during the first part of the evening in superintending the amateur musical programme; but after the artistic tastes of the guests had been satisfied, he devoted himself mainly to the entertainment of the Misses Seymour. Emily, while she treated him politely, took very little pains to make herself agreeable to him. Blanche, being the older, felt the necessity of corresponding with the efforts of the hostess, and so entered into a conversation with much apparent interest. Before the evening was over she could not help seeing that her beauty and grace had made a deep impression on the young man. Though his conversation could hardly in itself have been very entertaining to a girl of her mental superiority, the fact that he admired her made his company rather agreeable than otherwise.

Time sped on unperceived, until the approach of midnight warned the assembly to disperse, and she bade him good-night, after cordially inviting him to call on her next reception night.

Accordingly, on the following Wednesday evening, Mr. Theodore Travis was ushered into Mr. Seymour's parlor. The gentleman of the house was not at home, being shut up with eleven other unfortunates in a jury-room. If he had been there the young man might have received such a chilling reception that he would hardly have felt encouraged to call again. But poor foolish Blanche was her own guardian for the time being, and in her fondness for admiration fluttered nearer and nearer to the fatal flame.

After talking very agreeably for an hour or so, she called Emily into the room, that they might engage in a game of three-handed euchre. Unconscious of how thoroughly that young lady disliked him, he tried to make himself very agreeable to her. If there was one thing that Emily hated more than another, it was to be reminded of the fact of her being a mere school-girl; and of course Mr. Travis had to ask her what school she was attending.

"The convent at the Mission Dolores," she answered, de-

voutly wishing that he would either treat her like a grown person or not speak to her at all.

"My sister goes there too," he said. "You are one of their graduates, are you not, Miss Seymour?"

"No," said Blanche, "I never graduated anywhere, but I was raised, you might almost say, at the College of Notre Dame at San José. And you are a Santa Clara student, Mr. Travis?"

"I was there only for a year," he replied, "but I didn't like it. Those Jesuits, I think, would play mean tricks on a fellow if they could."

"You did well to be on your guard," said Emily with impenetrable gravity. "I hope you were careful to count the change whenever you paid your bills."

Mr. Travis suddenly dropped the subject. It was a fact, as Emily shrewdly suspected, that he had not worried very much about the payment of his school-bills. Another piece of history (which he failed to mention) was that the fathers, weary of his idleness and impertinence, had mildly suggested, at the close of the year, that he complete his studies at some other institution.

Theodore Travis had a sharp eye to his own interests. His first attraction towards the lovely girl had been simply an act of homage to her beauty. Then he began to think. He had held his position during two official terms, and the next revolution of the political wheel would infallibly turn him out of employment. He had no ability for business, and, though he had no vicious habits, his tastes were of that extravagant kind which renders a large income very desirable. Here was a beautiful young lady whose father's name stood for half a million on the assessment roll, and who had shown herself pleased with his attentions. This was a possible solution of his difficulties. He might at least try to win the fair prize. If she refused him—well, that was an experience that every man had once or twice in a lifetime. If she married him, while her father might advance the American theory that every man should himself take care of his wife, in practice it would be another thing. Sheer decency, if not affection for his daughter, would compel Mr. Seymour to provide his son-in-law with the means of making a comfortable living. And in time, when Blanche came to her inheritance—

So accordingly he proceeded to make himself more and more agreeable to Blanche.

Blanche's infatuation seemed now to spread through every detail of her life. Her household duties were left to take care

of themselves as best they might. She would sit all day long idly dreaming, making no effort to be agreeable to any member of her family. Her religious exercises dwindled down to a half-hearted compliance with the precepts of the Church. She ceased corresponding with her old friends in San José, and did not even take the trouble to go out to the Mission Convent to see how her sister was progressing.

Unfortunately, her father had not the remotest idea of this state of affairs. He was repeatedly called away on business; and Theodore, for reasons of his own, made it a point not to call when he happened to be at home.

But if Mr. Seymour was unconscious of the turn affairs were taking, poor Emily was in a very unhappy state of mind. It took her a long time to realize that her sensible sister could be guilty of such a piece of folly. Once satisfied, however, that the fact existed, she resolved to remonstrate.

"Blanche," she said timidly, one evening as they sat alone in the parlor, "don't you think Mr. Travis comes here rather often?"

Blanche blushed to the roots of her hair, but said nothing. It was rather hard for Emily, whose nature it was to say everything right out, and expect others to do the same, to reopen the subject which her sister seemed trying to avoid. But she was in earnest, and her earnestness carried her through.

"I think," she began after a pause, "that he has carried his attentions to the point where you ought to decide what you are going to do."

Another silence. A lump rose in Emily's throat.

"You haven't asked my advice, Blanche, and you may not take it; but I will advise you for all that. I know you think a great deal of him, but it would be the worst thing you could do to marry him."

Blanche still deigned no reply. Emily went on:

"You know he isn't much of a man; and you know that, with the exception of a little taste for music, there is nothing in common between you. You couldn't live together for two weeks without quarrelling bitterly. And you know how flippant he is with regard to religion."

"He has a great respect for sacred things!" cried Blanche suddenly.

"Why, no, Blanche! Have you forgotten how disrespectfully he spoke of the Jesuits the very second time we met him?"

"I don't see why you should have taken him up so sharply,"

said Blanche, anxious to leave the original subject. "You have no personal friends amongst the Jesuits."

"I know that; but I respect them too much to sit still and hear them abused. Why, if they were so many Protestant ministers," losing some of her enforced calmness, "I would have nothing but contempt for a man who would talk so impertinently of his old teachers."

Blanche relapsed into silence. The door-bell rang, and Emily rose to go.

"Once for all," she said, thoroughly saddened and discouraged, "I have warned you. I believe him perfectly capable of jilting you if it happened to suit him. If he marries you, you will have a very unhappy life. The time has come when you must decide whether to encourage him or not. For God's sake, dear Blanche, do think well before you go on."

Emily left the room just in time to avoid meeting the fascinating Theodore. He brought Blanche a beautiful bouquet, which she placed in a vase on the mantel-piece. Then, happy in his company, the clouds passed from her brow, and Emily's warnings were totally forgotten.

But several months passed, and Theodore showed no signs of approaching the point. On the contrary, his visits began to diminish in frequency. But then her father was at home much more than formerly, and the dear creature may have hesitated to disturb the privacy of a family party. So Blanche never once mistrusted the sincerity of his intentions until the overwhelming truth was rudely thrust upon her.

One afternoon, early in December, Emily was alone at home, when she received a call from Kate Golden, the daughter of an old and intimate friend of her mother's.

"We want you and Blanche to spend next Thursday evening with us. We are going to have a little company to meet a friend from Santa Clara," said she.

"We would like very much to go," replied Emily, "but I am afraid that we will have no escort. Papa is on another of those everlasting juries, and I hardly think that the trial will be over."

"Oh! never mind about that. You can come very early in the evening, and then you can stay all night."

"But isn't your friend visiting at the house?"

"Mary Gibbons? No. She is staying at the Occidental Hotel with her mother. In fact," impressively, "she is going to be married, and she has come to the city to have her trousseau made."

"Going to be married?" said Emily, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes. And the worst of it is, she is throwing herself away. She is going to marry an insignificant dude by the name of Theodore Travis."

"Theodore Travis! Are you sure?" cried Emily, horrified.

"Why, yes, there's no doubt of it; and if you know him I am not surprised that you look dismayed. She's a beautiful, sweet girl, but I think he's marrying her for her money. She has only known him for six months."

"She is very wealthy, then," said Emily, whose head was beginning to whirl.

"Oh, yes! Her father is three times a millionaire. Mr. Travis hasn't a cent, nor the ability to make one. My brother says that when he goes to San José for his license he'll have to ride on the brake-beam."

"Why does he get it in San José?" asked Emily.

"Because, I presume, they will be married in Santa Clara, and the license has to be issued at the county seat."

"I see," said Emily, almost incapable of thinking of anything. "And of course if he don't get a license, the person who performs the ceremony will be fined five hundred dollars," she added vacantly.

"License or no license," said Kate, "he ought to be fined five million dollars for marrying such a nice girl to that lazy fortune-hunter!" With this suggested improvement in the marriage laws of the State of California Miss Golden took her leave.

Emily was almost beside herself. Delighted as she would have been that the affair between Theodore and Blanche should be broken off, everything within her revolted at the idea of her sister's being thus remorselessly jilted, and by such a man! She must break the news to Blanche before she should go to that party, to meet his *fiancée*, and himself maybe, face to face. But when she at last summoned up courage to speak of the subject she found, to her dismay, that Blanche positively would not believe her. Emily was always jealous, she said; she always disliked Theodore; her prejudices would lead her to believe anything. Kate Golden was mistaken, it was another man of the same name.

They were hardly a quarter of an hour in Mrs. Golden's parlor before Blanche began to realize that Emily was right. On all sides Miss Gibbons was saluted by kind friends, and overwhelmed with those congratulations which society has ever

decreed for a bride-elect, even when her acquaintances are devoutly thankful that they are not in her place. Mr. Travis's name was mentioned many times—in accents of praise to his *fiancée*, in somewhat different tone when she was out of hearing.

Pride, that great support of woman's wounded feelings, carried Blanche through the sufferings of that evening, and she retired to rest without having shown the slightest sign of what she had undergone.

The next morning was the 8th of December. The recurrence of the holy-days had been a matter of very small moment to Blanche during the past two years; still she had never gone to the extent of actually missing Mass. She wanted to slip away; but it was no easy matter to do so, as Kate Golden was fussing about, in a violent hurry about keeping an appointment. With all Kate's hurry she managed to find time to talk. How did Blanche like little Mary Gibbons? What a goose she was to marry that insignificant nobody! What notions people will take when they're in love! and so forth, until Blanche was almost ready to scream.

"The quiet Hours might pass happily in the Convent Garden."

But she did not gain much peace by Kate's departure, for hardly had her footsteps died away in the hall when the breakfast-bell rang. Hurriedly dressing, she went to the dining-room, to find the six juvenile members of the family in a great state of hilarity. Their brother George, a youth of seventeen summers, was indulging in high flights of wit and humor at the

expense of somebody. Blanche had not caught the name as she entered the room; but the boy was an excellent mimic, and she soon saw that he was imitating the various mannerisms of Theodore Travis. His way of walking up and down, a slight squint which occasionally marred his handsome face, the very looks of love which he had presumedly cast upon Miss Gibbons, but which Blanche herself had seen too often for her own good—all these were portrayed with a fidelity which even their grotesqueness did not efface, and every motion of the actor went to Blanche's heart like a poisoned arrow. The young people, while their conduct was not consistent with the most scrupulous interpretations of the law of charity, entertained not the slightest malice towards even the object of their ridicule; but then George was so very funny! The whole programme had to be gone over for Blanche's especial benefit, and was about to conclude with a grand tableau of "Mr. Travis proposing to the heiress," when Kate and Emily came in from nine o'clock Mass.

At the sight of her sister poor Blanche's heart failed altogether. Emily had been always inclined to ridicule Theodore, and now, after her advice had been so rashly set aside, would she not almost take pleasure in showing Blanche how very foolish she had been? But Emily did not seem to think Mr. George so very amusing. She sat at the table without looking at him, and without seeming to notice the increasing paleness of her sister's face.

"Oh, Miss Emily!" cried every one, "do tell us what you think of the match."

"Do wait until I get my breakfast," she pleaded fervently. "I can't speak of important things while I am hungry."

Here George, whose gallantry was equal to his sense of humor, rushed frantically out to the kitchen to get her some fresh coffee, and she managed with feminine tact to keep him occupied in waiting on her until it was time for Blanche to get ready for church.

It being altogether too late for Blanche to attend Mass at her own parish of St. Bridget, she went to St. Francis' Church, a new building erected for the parishioners of the old Mission Dolores. It happened that none of Mrs. Golden's family accompanied her, and, for the first time since she had learned of Theodore's perfidy, she found herself alone. She could hardly realize the weight of the blow which had fallen upon her. In the course of a few hours she had learned the utter worthlessness of the love which she had prized so highly. She had

learned, by the unanimous voice of public opinion, how contemptible, even absurd, was the man on whom she had bestowed her whole heart, and—oh! gall and wormwood to a woman's vanity—what public opinion would have been of her had her foolishness ever been suspected. Pride, mortification, wounded affection, swelled her heart almost to bursting, and in the midst of the tumult the unerring voice of common sense whispered to her that she might have foreseen it all.

She entered the church and walked to Mrs. Golden's pew. The priest came out upon the altar, and Blanche almost mechanically followed the different ceremonies of the Mass. No prayer for help arose from her parched heart, no word of hope or contrition. She had come to Mass because she was obliged to, and she fulfilled the obligation. But with her unhappy state of mind religion could have nothing to do. She had acted foolishly from a worldly stand-point, and she must take the logical consequences. Divine Providence had not led her into this difficulty, and Divine Providence would not help her to bear it. It cannot be said that Blanche deliberately followed out this miserable argument, but such was the philosophy of her sullen determination to bear her burden without seeking help or comfort.

The Mass over, Blanche found that it was too late to go home for luncheon, and yet a little too early for that meal at Mrs. Golden's. She could not bear to go back to her friend's house a moment before it was necessary, so she spent the intervening time in the little graveyard adjoining the old Mission Church. She walked around amongst the tombstones, reading the inscriptions, but not giving her mind to that occupation. At last, tired out, she seated herself upon a slab and gazed vacantly at the cross surmounting the convent on the other side of the street. The bright sunshine, such as beams from a San Francisco sky even in the month of December, streamed around her, and somehow reminded her of the rays that used to play hide-and-seek in a well-beloved nook in the convent garden, where she had spent many, many happy hours.

But how different were the feelings with which she now gazed upon the cross before her! The dead might rest in peace under the shadow of the church, the quiet hours might pass happily in the convent-garden; but for her there was no peace here, and how would it be with her hereafter? After a few moments' gloomy reflection the sound of the Angelus warned her to return to Mrs. Golden's. As soon as luncheon was over, and in spite of the pleadings of the family, she insisted upon returning home. Emily had left Mrs. Golden's some hours be-

fore, and no doubt would be very lonesome without her. With this plausible pretext she hastened to her own home, to be told by the servant that Miss Emily had only stayed to take luncheon, and had gone out for the afternoon. Blanche was not displeased at the prospect of being alone for a while longer. Giving a few directions to the servant on some domestic matter, she proceeded towards her own room. In passing the hat-rack she found an old book lying there, evidently one of Emily's school-books.

As she opened it her eye fell on the quotation :

> "O Cromwell! Cromwell!
> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my king—"

She felt a consolation she could hardly account for in thinking over this passage. In a few hours all traces of wounded pride and obstinacy had vanished from her heart, and in their stead had risen a firm resolution that her future life should be devoted to the service of God.

The marriage of Theodore Travis and Mary Gibbons was arranged to take place just before Lent. Had the affair been one of international importance there could hardly have been more diplomacy exercised than was expended on its management. In the first place, the bride's mother wished for a fashionable wedding at the cathedral in San Francisco. But Mrs. Travis made up her mind that no such notable event was to take place. Her dress-maker would give her no further credit, and she knew that she and her daughter would not make a very *distinguée* appearance before the fashionable throng who would be invited on such an occasion. So she went to Mrs. Gibbons, and movingly represented to her the extreme timidity of Theodore's disposition, and the pain it would give him to appear as a prominent figure on such a public occasion. She spoke in poetic and decidedly exaggerated terms of his affection for the dear little church at Santa Clara, the fervent prayers he had poured forth between those loved walls, his deep reverence for the kind fathers, and so on. Mrs. Gibbons was much moved, and agreed that the marriage should take place in the bride's parish church, the archbishop officiating.

Whether or not Mrs. Travis knew of the love-affair between her son and Blanche Seymour, she certainly acted as if she did not. She called at the house as frequently as ever, spoke of Theodore if occasion required, but made no special point of

either seeking or shunning the mention of his name. However, the time came when she had to come forward.

"Emily," said Mrs. Travis one afternoon, "your sister promised some time ago to go with me to Oakland to call on Mrs. Desmond. I should like to go some day this week if it would suit her, as I wish to finish my calls before beginning to prepare for Theodore's wedding."

Emily had no time to answer before Blanche herself came into the room, thinking that nobody was there.

"Yes, Mrs. Travis," she said when the lady had repeated her request; "I will go with you Thursday afternoon on the two o'clock boat."

After Mrs. Travis left the two sisters remained alone together, neither speaking of the subject uppermost in her thoughts. Blanche had never confided one word of her sorrow to any one, and the younger sister, though knowing full well the extent of her trouble, thought it better to offer such silent sympathy as she could than to intrude upon her confidence. And so they remained silent, Blanche devoutly praying for strength to bear Thursday's ordeal, and Emily hoping against hope that something would occur to save her that painful trial.

On Thursday afternoon Blanche started upon her journey, intending to meet Mrs. Travis at the ferry. She had just stepped out upon the porch when she was met by the latter's Chinese servant, bearing a letter addressed in Theodore's well-known writing. Blanche's hand trembled, but she called her newly-made resolutions to her aid and courageously opened the envelope. It was a short but polite note to the effect that Mrs. Travis was suffering from a very bad headache, and would be unable to accompany Miss Seymour on her projected visit. She would not think of Miss Seymour's postponing the call any longer on her account. Would Miss Seymour kindly express her regrets to Mrs. Desmond?

In a few minutes she found herself sailing out on the bay of San Francisco. As the ferry-boat approached the eastern shore of the bay there was a sudden rumble, a noise like thunder, and the timbers of the vessel were scattered far and wide over the water. It was the same old story, too common, alas! in the history of American transportation. A spirit of emulation between the captains of rival steamboats, a little vainglory on the part of engineers, and human life ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of vanity.

Blanche was picked up, unconscious, by a passing tug-boat. The envelope which she had thrust into her pocket informed her rescuers of the location of her home, and for many a long day she lay hovering between life and death. But her strong constitution rallied back to life, but not to perfect health; and, after many months, Blanche came forth from the sick-room, her sight and hearing almost fatally impaired, and her nervous system shattered beyond hope of recovery, but yet with sufficient strength to live on for many years.

Almost from her first return to consciousness she realized that her days of active usefulness were over. Her physician

"The Angelus warned her to return."

spoke kindly and encouragingly, Father Martin whispered hopefully of the good work which she could do for God on her recovery, her father and Emily made many loving plans for her future, but Blanche knew too well that her life was to be one of passive suffering.

Among the most memorable events in the religious history of California the golden jubilee of Sister M. Cornelia Neujean holds a prominent place. This venerable lady, the foundress and first superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame in California, has since passed away to a better land, but her memory is still green in the hearts of many of the daughters of the Golden

West. On the fiftieth anniversary of her religious profession the doors of the College of Notre Dame at San José were thrown open, and, under the auspices of the former pupils, a reunion was held which will never be forgotten by those who were present.

Blanche and Emily, being old pupils, received a cordial invitation.

Two more years passed, and Blanche, supported by a compassionate friend, stood by the open grave of her sister. A few days' illness had sufficed to extinguish that bright young life, leaving poor Blanche alone in the world. Whether Sister Philomena's prediction would ever have been fulfilled will never be known. George Golden had wooed Emily with all the passionate devotion of a young and innocent heart, but she had constantly refused to listen to his pleadings. It may have been her generous devotion to her sister that led her to sacrifice those hopes and yearnings which make life so bright to the young, untried spirit. It may have been that she had given her love to another, more tender Spouse, and, though she might not dwell with him in the wilderness, she would allow no created being to share his throne in her heart. This was Emily's secret, and she bore it with her to the grave; silent as the white roses that lay on the lid of her coffin, silent as the bosom of the great God to whom alone her thoughts were known.

The rest of poor Blanche's history is soon told. After Emily's death she arranged her business affairs, and made her home with the Sisters of Charity. The sisters soon regarded her almost as one of themselves, she was so patient, so kind, and, in spite of her crippled faculties, wonderfully helpful. To young girls hesitating between the call of God and the voice of the world Blanche was especially a friend. To these she would sometimes tell her own sad history. Then she would depict the poor Foolish Virgins standing by the closed door of the nuptial chamber, and she would solemnly warn her hearers never to trifle with the grace of Almighty God. To her many a hesitating novice owed her perseverance in the life from which she herself had been so justly excluded; and many a fervent nun would remember with deep gratitude the pale, sad woman who had taught her the important lesson:

> "Earth will forsake; oh! happy to have given
> Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven."

OLD-TIME TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

BY REV. PATRICK F. McSWEENY, D.D.

THOSE who have had experience among the poor of New York must acknowledge that it is very difficult to induce men who frequent saloons to abandon them and embrace Total Abstinence, and they are apt to give it up in disgust and regard the class to which I refer as a sort of "massa damnata," which is beyond the possibility of conversion. You can see those leisurely "gents" standing at the corners at the doors of the saloons, as you ride up the avenues. Their name is Legion.

Why have they such an attachment for Mr. Saloon-keeper that the married ones of them are willing to give up their wives and children and cleave to him? Is it from mere love of drink? It is not. It is mainly because of the saloon-keeper's good-fellowship. He is generally a jolly, good-natured man who by his cheerful and genial ways makes them always feel welcome. There they can escape from the crowded tenement where they are forced to listen to the squalling babies, not only of their own household but of their neighbors' as well. They meet others like themselves and while away the long winter evenings in a very pleasant manner. Are these frequenters of the saloon really bad, as many who do not know them are apt to think? Some are, no doubt; but the great majority of them are good men, with one unfortunate vice of being addicted to intoxicating drink. As Archbishop Ryan remarked in his sermon on the occasion of the Total-Abstinence Convention in New York—and it is, I believe, the experience of all confessors—when those of whom we are speaking get married and abandon drink, they lead very innocent lives indeed; they are often found to have scarcely proper matter for absolution.

When they join a Total-Abstinence Society and keep their pledge they are found to be very excellent members of society, their social class and intellectual culture being, of course, considered.

They may still have certain low tastes, and they may, as is often alleged, give some annoyance to their pastors and neighbors by their loud and intemperate denunciations of moderate drinkers, or by their censorious language about their treasurer, etc., etc.; but, after all, they are on the road of improvement,

and the proper way is to remember what some of them were, not what they ought to be. Their wives and children and they themselves are no longer half-naked or starving; they all go to Mass, and to confession at certain times. They cease to make a public show of themselves, their race, and their religion in the streets, the newspapers, the police-courts, and the jails. If they are not as generous as they might be, they are not begging nor are they seeking to thrust their families on protectories and asylums; but, as God intended, keep them in their own more or less comfortable homes, where the parent gently but surely is held to his duty by love of wife and little ones, and the children are reared in affectionate attachment and obedience. And so even the pastor is the gainer.

Of course it would be more pleasant for him if they were to keep the pledge without such noisy demonstrations, and he would be glad to find them willing to belong to the League of the Sacred Heart, to the Holy Name Society, or to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; but what if they are not ready as yet to crave such perfection? Why then he ought to be glad that they are willing to keep the pledge and say one "Hail Mary" per day, even if they insist upon blowing their horns and beating their drums about it. Till we are ready for better things, it is well to be temperate even if some vanity takes the place of drunkenness.

I once heard of a man whose family on account of his intemperance were in abject misery for years, so that neither wife nor children were to be seen in church at any time. One day he saw the evil of his ways and took the pledge. As he was a good worker when sober, he soon obtained a place and things began at once to improve in his home. Soon the children made their appearance in church and Sunday-school clean and well dressed. About a year afterwards the man and his happy wife were seen on their way up the aisle of the church, and, although it was a hot July day, she wore a seal-skin sacque and he a pair of kid gloves. It seems that through all her troubles this good woman had kept up her ambition to appear in church in a seal-skin sacque, and so great was the satisfaction which this gave her, that she was entirely oblivious of the heat, and so was he with his gloves. They were both away down no doubt in perfection, being full of vanity; but it was better than the stuff with which they were formerly accustomed to be filled.

Their God-given intellect, when permitted to do its work, and the ever-ready criticism of their neighbors, might indeed be trusted to open their eyes still further in course of time; and

it would not have been wise policy for their pastor to discourage their efforts to be decent, by pointing out to them how much more they would have to do before meriting the full approval of the church. They were not as yet competent to understand this, being but children, and so he treated them as children who are proud of their clean bibs.

I once met an African missionary, who told me that in dealing with the blacks he followed the plan of converting them to one thing at a time, being well satisfied if he could succeed in inducing them to observe even the fifth and sixth commandments at first; and he said that when they had reached the point of being willing to keep the peace and do an honest day's work, he and his companions felt that things were going on nicely.

The number of men who are willing, or, we might indeed say, able to be Vincentians or Sodalists, will always be a handful in comparison with these multitudes. If this class of people is to be weaned from drink, they must be permitted to retain their vulgar tastes, and to enjoy themselves in their own way, as long as what they do is not against the decalogue, and even their venialities must be winked at, for a time at least. It seems useless, apart from miraculous intervention, to invite one of them to abandon the saloon with all its fun, and to find his delight in the recitation of the Rosary. Men, especially, do not like long prayers, and we must be satisfied if they say short ones and do or rather *do not do* something, which in the case of these men calls for much self-denial. Neither will it be prudent to lay much stress upon the motives of such converted sinners, and we should be very glad if they are disposed to stop drink even for the selfish consideration that their health and temporal happiness are destroyed by it. Hence, to return to the question, the Total-Abstinence meeting should vie with the saloon in cheerful hilarity. Let them, if they choose, sing merry, innocent songs, make such speeches as suit their taste and calibre, indulge in all the boasting which may supply the place of the stimulant which they have given up, etc., etc.

Cardinal Manning was fit company for the royal family of England, yet he did not disdain to be present at the Total-Abstinence meetings of the London laborers; and, as we were told by one who saw him, he adapted himself to their tastes and ways, so that one would have thought that he was himself one of the humble sons of toil. He sat through their vulgar songs and listened to their speeches, seeming all the time to be greatly interested and amused. Indeed, probably he was really

entertained. A pastor, who was a learned man too, once assured me that he found more pleasure in listening to those frank children of nature than in assisting at the learned disputations of his fellow-priests, and that even their untutored vocal music was not without its attractions. But, whether pleasant or otherwise, the point is that, if we want to lift these people, we must come down to their level.

I was told of a Total-Abstinence Society, in times gone by, which was very successful—there were some three hundred and fifty men in it. Their meetings were opened with one "Our Father" and one "Hail Mary," and closed with a short prayer of thanksgiving by the pastor. The rest of the time was spent in arguing about points of their "By-Laws," some hot suggestions and hotter protests about the disposal of the money in their treasury, etc., etc. Politics were kept out, or they might have called one another out to settle things by physical force. Sometimes it was necessary for the priest to call a halt; but they were always willing to listen to *his* voice. Some "tenderfoots" might have been scandalized, but he was not. He was all the time thinking: "How much better this is than the saloon?" The meetings were always crowded, and both interesting and amusing—perhaps not always to the pastor, but to those whose good he had at heart, which is the thing to be considered. The hall was, in fact, a sort of Total-Abstinence saloon; just what was wanted, as it seemed. One of the members, a man of much natural ability and, as the following illustration will show, not without real humility in spite of his apparent vanity, went under the name of "the Temperance War Horse," he neighed so loudly and worked so hard to draw their customers from the saloon-keepers. He might be seen of evenings arguing with the loafers on the corners.

At a meeting one night he was talking enthusiastically of the advantages of Total Abstinence when a jealous rival in the audience broke out with the following interruption:

"Mr. X. is speaking very hard of drinkers, but I remember that he was himself the worst drunkard in this place."

The "War Horse" was a little nettled at this cruel reference to his former career, but after a short pause he conquered his feelings and replied:

"Yes, gentlemen; and that is why I hate drink so much, now that God has been so good as to convert me. We are all in his hands, and I hope that he will help me to persevere. We can't do anything without him. I hope my friend will pray for me."

This was a complete extinguisher, and brought much deserved

applause, and from no one so much as from the pastor. He then continued: "If the society wishes to hear an account of my life I will give it to them. I was, indeed, a great drunkard, and made my home so wretched that my wife and children were in an awful state of misery and unhappiness. Things finally went so far that my poor wife had to put me in the lock-up, although it was sorely against her grain. One day a friend of hers, Tom So-and-So, was passing our door with an empty coal-cart; he backed it up, and they put me into it by main force. Two of them had to hold me down in the cart, and they rattled away, as quickly as they could, over the cobble-stones. The distance was over a mile to the jail, and, although it is now a long time ago, I think my bones are aching yet from that ride." (Great laughter and then applause.) "Ladies and gentlemen, I think I ought to know something about the evil of drinking, and, if I do, I ought to tell it to others." The pastor here stood up and, going over to the "War Horse," shook him warmly by the hand amid great cheering; so that he came out of the ordeal more respected and influential than before.

The meetings went on in this way, with a *short* prayer before and after. Net results: These men generally kept the pledge, went to confession and Holy Communion four times a year, took care of their families, etc., giving much edification to both Catholics and Protestants.

Some well-meaning ladies in another place tried to rival the saloon by establishing a sort of reading-room and restaurant, providing all the illustrated papers, dominoes, cards, etc.; but it was no go. There was too much propriety about it. The moral atmosphere was too cold, and the saloon-keepers laughed gleefully at their efforts.

So it appears to me that the saloon must be combated not by prayer alone, nor by pious societies alone, but by trying to make things amusing for these men at the temperance meetings—keeping an eye always to religion; but it must be *solid* and not too much of it at a time.

Let them boast and parade with all the bunting and all the toggery they choose, if only they will stop the drink. Everything else will come in due course. Their once-neglected wives and children, seemingly destined with themselves for misery in this world and damnation in the next, will be restored to comfort and the hope of salvation, and, instead of cursing their fathers' memories, will "rise up and call them blessed" (Prov. xxi. 28).

A MUCH-NEEDED BOOK.*

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IN this country it has never been pleasant to be a bishop. And a careful reading of Dr. Thomas O'Gorman's *History of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States* certainly confirms this impression. If bishops and priests take the lead in matters, the responsibility of which would seem better divided among laymen, and if laymen have come to wait almost too patiently for them to move in important things, it is because the brunt of the battle, the fury of the fight, has been borne by the pastors of the sheep in these new pastures ever since the fight began.

The princes of the church in our country have resembled more the exiled duke of Shakspere's "As You Like It" than the splendid ecclesiastics of the old world. But, although they were not spared "winter and rough weather," they had other enemies than the robust forces of nature. These enemies were within and without. They were not always wicked or malicious enemies, but often men wise in their own conceit who identified their personality with the religion they professed, and looked on all opposition to their whims and notions as an insult to the cross itself. And when these men based themselves on the rock of nationalism, the leaders of the flock had a hard time. John Carroll was not a bishop, he was not even vicar-apostolic, when Barbé de Marbois, the French ambassador, had begun an intrigue for making the American clergy subject to a superior residing at Paris—and yet the guardianship of the flock was thrust upon him. Carroll, and even Benjamin Franklin, did not, at this time, seem to have had very clear ideas as to what was soon to be the policy of the Church and State in this country. Franklin probably thought that in so trifling a matter as the supervision of an infant church, his country could afford to be grateful to France, and the Prince Pamphilio Doria, the papal nuncio at Paris, saw no objection to the plan, doubtless imagining

* *A History of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.* By Thomas O'Gorman, Professor of Church History in the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. New York: The Christian Literature Co.

that the scattered Catholics of the new land would be safer under a French rule than if left to their own tendencies. "Franklin," Dr. O'Gorman says (page 261), "for a moment forgot his American spirit, fell in with the scheme, wrote to the prime minister of France, Count de Vergennes, in the sense of the nuncio's note, and then referred the matter to the Continental Congress."

Here was an opportunity for the assertion on the part of the law-makers of that hatred of the Catholic Church which certain bigots, who know little of American traditions, fancy they cherished, and which Benedict Arnold, in a famous letter, reproached them for not having. Barbé de Marbois and his friends, who had represented all American priests as unworthy of high trust, were answered in this way: "That the subject being purely spiritual, it was without the powers and jurisdiction of Congress, who have no authority to permit or refuse it, these powers being reserved to the several States individually."

It was this calmness of spirit which brought down the wrath of Benedict Arnold, whose words, written in 1780, find their echoes among the enemies of religious liberty even to-day. "And should the parent nation," he said, in an appeal to the Continental army, "cease her exertions to deliver you, what security remains to you for the enjoyment of the consolations of that religion for which your fathers braved the ocean, the heathen, and the wilderness? Do you know that the eye that guides this pen lately saw your mean and profligate Congress at Mass for the soul of a Roman Catholic in Purgatory, and participating in the rites of a church against whose anti-Christian corruptions your pious ancestors would have witnessed with their blood?"

The priests of Maryland and Pennsylvania had sent the name of the Reverend Mr. Lewis to the pope, after their meeting in September, 1783, asking that he be made their superior, with power to administer confirmation. The American priests believed that no power should stand between them and Rome. And when Franklin became aware of the danger of the scheme of M. de Marbois, and understood the position in which it would put his acquaintance, Carroll, he refused to help in it. Rome, in the meantime, came to the assistance of the American priests, and gave the church in the United States a status of its own; it ceased, in 1784, to be an appendage of the Vicariate-Apostolic of London.

None of us can read the story of John Carroll's life, and

that of his cousin, Charles Carroll, without being impressed with the sincerity, liberality, and manliness of these two champions of freedom. And yet it comes like a shock to the reader of American history—that kind of reader who has accepted the current interpretation of the word "Jesuitical"—to discover that John Carroll, the friend of Washington, had been a Jesuit! At least, he ceased to be a Jesuit only when the society was suppressed, in 1773, by Clement XIV. Dr. O'Gorman tells us that he studied for six years at St. Omer, that he was a novice for two years in the Jesuit house of Watten, ecclesiastical student again in the Jesuit college at Liège, priest at the age of twenty-eight, professor in Jesuit colleges at Liège and Bruges for fourteen years."

John Carroll was very much of a Jesuit, and, because of this, we find him refusing the ease of Lord Arundel's castle of Wardour; he saw that his own country would need him, and he went home. The future was not bright; war-cries were in the air, and the nation to come had begun to show signs of vitality. The luxury of study, the companionship of cultivated people, the leisure of Lord Arundel's chaplaincy, could not hold him back. He must fulfil his destiny, and his destiny was to disarm bigotry, to give the tone to the best element in the church in America, and to show that the highest Catholicity and the truest loyalty are one. The traditions of such men as John Carroll and Bishop Cheverus ought to put heart into those who fear that the church of 1895 is less American than the church of 1776. And the traditions of these men, and the example of these men, are so vital and permeative, so much a part of the traditions of the framers of the Constitution, that they can hardly fail while Americans are true to God and their country. The appointment of John Carroll as vicar-apostolic "gave," to quote Dr. O'Gorman, "the church in 'the colonies' independence from any other centre but Rome, at the very time we had gained political independence." And Franklin, "the eminent individual who represents the Republic at the court of the Most Christian King," had done his best to bring about this appointment.

It may be said that Carroll and Cheverus, and the rest of the men of sympathy, principle, and tact who represented the church in the days of Jefferson, Gouverneur Morris, Franklin, and Washington, were exceptional, and that their effect on the religious prejudices of the time, due to their personal qualities, was transient. It is true that they knew how to avoid blunders

which might have made the church hated, and apparently have divorced its spirit from the spirit of American nationality; but the regard for the Catholic Church which they created and fostered survived, among American gentlemen, the mistakes of lesser men who saw in this Republic only a wider field for tactics which had brought ruin on the church in Europe.

Neither Jefferson nor Franklin nor Gouverneur Morris was an idealist; the supernatural in the church did not attract them —indeed the severest words that Morris has to say against the church were drawn out by her regard for chastity—but they recognized the virtue of the men trained under her influence, and they were not slow to estimate the value of this conservative yet plastic training. The Bostonians—the best of them—dropped their prejudices and welcomed Cheverus as the man; but they did not, after all, in their minds, separate the man from the prelate. A good man who is a priest so commingles his natural and supernatural qualities, his natural gifts and his supernatural graces, that both seem one. In the human mind, a bad man is not separated from his office; nor is a good man, without a process of logic too tedious for common application. And to the examples of Carroll, of Cheverus, and of many who have succeeded them, we owe the respect with which the sanest Americans—for there are degrees of sanity even in a Republic—regard the Catholic Church. To the fact that God gave us in the earlier days such men as Carroll, England, Kenrick, and Hughes, the position of Catholics in this country is largely due—not to mere numbers or wealth. And the future position of Catholics will largely depend on the manner in which their traditions shall be preserved by priests and laymen. A time is coming when laymen must take their part in the leadership and the responsibility, and bear the heat and endure the blame for the sake of the most essential principles. But, hitherto, the history of the Catholic Church in America was the history of the hierarchy.

Dr. O'Gorman is one of the first historians of the church in America to apply a scientific method to his work; and, which counts for almost as much, to put it into words of good English usage. His book is a compendium, and only the student who has been forced to search through the great mass of material from which he has drawn his facts and inferences can appreciate the difficulty of his work. When the example of the late John Gilmary Shea shall have found imitators, not perhaps forced to make his enormous sacrifices, books like this "History" may

not seem to deserve almost the attention due to classics. To be a classic a book must be first, and this is one of the very first of a very good kind of book. We have had some admirable text-books of history, and the best of them is Bishop Spalding's; but so far we had no book for general use so satisfactory or so well written as Dr. O'Gorman's. One cannot dip into it anywhere without finding something of interest. And the charm of the book, outside of its inductive treatment—in which facts form the principal part and conclusions are secondary things—is that Dr. O'Gorman does not think it necessary to make phrases. The pious cant which makes certain "Catholic" books things of horror to people of taste, is not to be found here. Another charm is the clearness of the narrative. One can never mistake the author's meaning. Among the dangerous elements which the early bishops had to contend against were the impertinence and insolence of certain pretentious laymen known as trustees. "Trusteeism" is a term of tradition even among young Americans who find it hard to remember the history of the riots of '44, so often recounted by those who lived through them, and who are passing away. Dr. O'Gorman shows all its odiousness by letting "trusteeism" speak for itself.

In reviewing this book one forgets one's work in the interest of the things told. In the hints of the friendly relations between Washington and Bishop Carroll, in the development of the attempt to "foreignize" the church in the Irish-Tory interest, in the story of Bishop England's work, and the thrilling but brief recital of Bishop Hughes's Heraklean strangling of the Know-nothing riots, it is easy enough to lose sight of matters quite as important, but more remote, or even more near. And this Bishop Hughes, although a hero to us, was not always a hero to his people. In his conflict with trusteeism he learned how sharp are the thorns that often line the mitre. His course of action on the school question in New York must have caused him to remember this, too. He was in a most delicate position. If the Protestant ministers, instead of sheering at the sight of the "red flag of Popery" which blinded them to their interests, had stood by him, they would later have had less for regret. The old New York school system took into account the value of the denominational schools. "But," as Dr. O'Gorman says, "a private corporation, the Public School Society, which had been growing up for some time past, was allowed to absorb gradually the school fund,

and the Catholic as well as the other denominational schools no longer received their share." "Though the Baptists," Dr. O'Gorman says, "had been the first to advocate religious instruction in the schools as against the secularism of the Public School Society, yet as soon as Catholics advocated it, and asked a return to the New York system, the Protestant denominations arrayed themselves solidly against them on this vital point." Each of the eight Catholic parishes in the city of New York had, in 1840, a free school attached to it, and more than five thousand children attended the Catholic schools. The Common Council rejected the petition of the Catholics for a portion of the school fund to which they contributed, although the state superintendent had called the attention of the Legislature to the injustice of the existing arrangement. That no arrangement was made cannot be laid to the charge of Bishop Hughes. His desire for the education of the lambs of his flock was fervent. He has been spoken of by opponents as a proud prelate who would not move an inch, preferring to see ignorance among his people rather than cease to be obstinate. The late James A. McMaster, who knew him well, thought that he was willing to sacrifice almost too much to have his people equal in book-learning to their fellow-countrymen. Bishop Hughes had all the Irish passion for education, and all the American belief in its potentialities. Before quoting from the bishop's speech for the petitioners before the Board of Aldermen, Dr. O'Gorman says that he cited historical instances to show the tolerant action of the church. In regard to the Bible the bishop said: "They have represented us as intending to bring tne Catholic Bible into the public schools. This is not true. They have represented us as enemies to the Protestant Scriptures. Now, if I had asked this honorable board to exclude the Protestant Scriptures from the schools, then there might have been some coloring for the current calumny. But I have not done so. I say, gentlemen of every denomination, keep the Scriptures you reverence, but do not force on me that which my conscience tells me is wrong." He went as far as he could. "In regard to religious teaching in the parochial schools, he was willing to have it after regular school hours; he even offered to conform the system of secular teaching in the parochial schools to that of the Public School Society, and make the parochial schools subject to State supervision. The compromise was of no avail; it was evident that the question was prejudged."

The Public School Society went out of existence. The pro

visions of the general act in relation to common schools were applied to New York City. "No substantial gain," Dr. O'Gorman writes, "had been acquired by the Catholics in this struggle. Their schools were as far from relief as ever; but instead of a society absolutely hostile to them and controlled by their religious enemies, the State itself, in the election of whose officers they had, at least, a voice, became the controller of the public schools. This, at least, was a change for the better."

Dr. O'Gorman, applying a careful method to an unorganized mass of facts, has succeeded in doing what might well seem impossible. He has grouped all the most essential episodes in the history of the church in America on a philosophical basis. He does not pretend to original research; but he has gone to the annalists, like John Gilmary Shea—sifted, edited, rearranged, and illuminated; of the beginnings of Catholicity with the Norsemen or with the Spaniards, of the matter of Father Hennepin's veracity, of the assertion that Washington died in the Catholic Church, to queries of the present—he has clear and sufficient words to say. And, moreover, he is no special pleader; he does not force facts to go with any theory. Or, if he do, he conceals his art so well that it seems not to be art, but only simplicity and fidelity.

In reading this history one cannot help hoping that Dr. O'Gorman, having done this difficult sketch so well, may take a broader canvas and make an elaborate study of the psychological causes that have helped make the church in the United States what she is. He has the science; he can analyze and synthetize. The point of view is the same; he knows the people, and he has a manner of statement which attracts. It must be confessed that the history of the church in our country has not been put forward so as to allure the very people who ought to know its traditions and feel enthusiastically the reverence due to Serra, to Carroll, to Hughes. Dr. O'Gorman points out—and, having pointed out, emphasizes—the union, from the beginning of our nation, of American liberty and the aims of the church in America. Surely, this is a great work to have done. And Dr. O'Gorman has done it directly, simply, and forcefully. As a volume for reference his book is invaluable. He very frankly prints the list of books, all of more or less worth, from which he draws his main facts. If the reader doubt, he has only to turn to the texts on which the author has based his statements. As a stimulus to the right sort of Americanism among our young people, there can be no better book; it shows

that the Catholic traditions of America are not of yesterday, that they are not the result of recent immigration, but that they are part of the higher life of the nation. To non-Catholics it presents the unbroken chain of our religious and national life for the first time in an entirely logical and clear manner, without over-statement or under-statement. There are men among us who persist, through ignorance, in regarding Catholics in the United States as a mere clique accidentally increased into a mob, moved by foreign ideas through later immigration. Dr. O'Gorman meets this misapprehension at every point. We Catholics are adequately presented in this one of the twelve volumes of the American Church History Series.

The introduction, in which he casts the weight of his authority in favor of Leif Ericsson, is full of the information the intelligent reader wants, and the pages on "The Testimony of Statistics" form an admirable piece of analysis. This book deserves the respect of the student, and it will be the delight of the reader who "wants to know," but who is puzzled by contending authorities and the number of volumes.

One cannot help wishing that Dr. O'Gorman had made more use of Robert Walsh's translation of the *Life of Cardinal Cheverus*, or dropped us a hint of how the church in the United States looked through the blue glasses of M. de Bâcourt; but only an unreasonable critic will object to this wonderfully logical and interesting sketch of the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, because his particular prejudices or affections are not satisfied. Dr. O'Gorman's book may be imitated, but cannot be better done. The best thing about it, after the spirit that permeates it, is the evidence of insight which made the author answer questions occurring constantly to those among us who have limited access to valuable books.

A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY ANNA H. H. KEANE.

A FEW years ago in a city which I shall not name, as every detail in this little story is true, a convention was held by the dignitaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Five of the clergymen then present, whose minds had already been disturbed by doubts as to the validity of their orders, agreed among themselves to read, study, and make inquiry for the next two years into the claims and teachings of the Catholic Church. Four of these five are now Catholics; three of them priests; the fourth—the hero of my story—was a married man, consequently unable to take orders. He became a physician, and is to-day a most prominent and prosperous medical man, in one of our large cities.

The story of the fifth clergyman is almost too sad to relate. It does not concern my tale, and yet I cannot refrain from telling the reader that it is another of those sad lives which recognize the truth—the teacher sent from God—but are too weak to follow the light given, to obey the Divine call, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me."

But to proceed to my story. Dr. —— was the rector of a well-known and fashionable Episcopal church. He was beloved by his congregation; recognized by all as a hard worker, a scholar broad-minded and charitable, ever open to appeals made upon his time or purse by the struggling or suffering members of his flock, and regarding his ministry as a veritable "cure of souls."

He married the daughter of a distinguished resident of the same city, and his wife proved in every respect a true helpmate, bringing to all his plans and good works a judicious co-operation, rare tact, and womanly sympathy. They were of one mind and one soul. Their home life was ideal. Anniversaries, birthdays, were never forgotten or overlooked. Each year as it passed by left some memento in their home of the love they bore each other, and this constant interchange of tender thoughtfulness cemented their affection as time went on.

But one year—the one that was bringing to them, all unsuspected, that "gift of God" beyond all gifts, the true faith—this year, as Christmas approached, it seemed really impossible to find any pleasing surprise for each other.

There were, unfortunately, no children in their home to gladden their hearts, and for whom to make a joyous, merry Christmas, and that was the only shadow on their married life. They felt, however, that God knew best, and were resigned to his holy will.

The weeks flew by, and the day before Christmas arrived without either having chosen a present, although so much planning and thinking had been done. Early in the afternoon Mrs. —— announced her intention of going to town. The snow was falling, and her husband offered to do the errand; but she smiled very wisely, assured him he could not, received the usual good-by kiss, and hurried off undeterred by the threatening storm.

The doctor suspected her mysterious expedition, and no sooner was she out of sight than he also left the house, determined not to return until he had found something which would please the little wife.

He had not gone far, however, when he unexpectedly encountered an old friend, who eagerly stopped him, saying: "Well met, doctor! I was just on the way to your house, hoping to find you at home, to ask your advice and assistance in a pitiful case which has just come to my knowledge. I have just heard that a young Englishman, here in town, of good family and education, and who should be in a good position, is in dire want; he has been unfortunate in his business enterprises, he is disappointed and discouraged, and is ill—indeed, I fear dying of consumption; he is homeless, friendless, is now in a third-rate boarding-house on H—— Street, on the top floor, with no one even to give him a kind word. Will you go to him and see what you can do for him?" The doctor's sympathetic heart was at once touched, and all thoughts of Christmas presents and merry-making fled from his mind. Taking the address from his friend, he hastened to the young man's lodging. By this time the threatening weather had developed into a blinding snow-storm with a cutting wind, and the doctor shivered as he hurried along thinking of the suffering poor on such nights as these. "God help them!" he muttered. He soon reached the house designated; the janitor told him where to find the young Englishman; opening the room door, a truly desolate sight met his eye. A poor, ill-furnished chamber it was, with no fire, nor attempt at comfort. The young man bolstered up at the window sat gazing dreamily and wistfully out at the passers-by, wondering to what happy homes each was hurrying, and thinking sadly of his boyhood's home in "Merry England"; and on this day of the loved ones there gathered, whom he would probably never see again.

Dr. —— bustled cheerfully in, interrupting his reverie by saying: "My good fellow, I have just heard of your sad and lonely condition, and you must let me help you. I am Dr. ——, of St. Regis' Church, and I propose to move you at once out of this barren, cheerless place to my own rectory for a few days, or weeks, as may be necessary for your recovery."

The young man's eyes filled with tears of gratitude and pleasure; but he shook his head sadly and slowly, saying: "O doctor! I never shall be better—I feel quite sure of this; and I cannot receive so much kindness and assistance from a stranger, deeply grateful as I am for your offer."

The doctor, however, was deaf to all his objections, and calling the landlady, had Mr. S—— wrapped in all the warm coverings she could furnish, and a carriage having been hastily summoned, despite the furious storm which was still raging without, he carefully and safely removed the sick man to his own house, and comfortably established him in the guest chamber, treating him in every respect as a dear and honored friend.

When Mrs. —— returned the doctor was all aglow with enthusiasm and pleasure over the prospective surprise he had in store for her; so well did he know her kind and loving heart that he had no fears as to the reception of this unlooked-for and unexpected guest. He gaily called to her on her entrance, saying: "Laura, I have your Christmas gift already for you, and I cannot wait until to-morrow to show it to you. Nor can I bring it you, as I would like to do. Will you not come upstairs and see it at once?"

Upon reaching the chamber-door he took her hand in his: "Dear wife, I have brought home to you a homeless, desolate lad; dying, I fear, with no one to care for, comfort, or assist him; and thinking to-night of the dear Child Jesus, who was also without a shelter or a place to lay his head—in memory of him I have offered a home to this poor boy."

Mrs. —— pressed his hand, saying only "God will reward you," passed into the room, and leaning over the bedside of the young man, whispered tenderly "Welcome home."

For six long weeks Dr. and Mrs. —— nursed Mr. S—— with unceasing care, giving him every comfort and luxury that money could buy or affection suggest; but death came at last. Seeing the end approaching, and having by this time learned the personal history of Mr. S——, and that he was a member of the Anglican Church, Dr. —— asked him if he would not like to take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper before he died. Mr. S—— gladly assented, but said: "Let me ask you

one question, doctor, before I receive it. If I confess to you the sins of my life, are you *sure* you have the power to remit them? Can you *really* and *truly* give me absolution?"

Dr. —— stopped and gazed earnestly into the young man's eyes. He had preached this doctrine scores and scores of times to his people; he had read it as many times from the "Book of Common Prayer," but it was a widely different thing, so said his conscience, preaching to a congregation of living, active people, from looking into the eyes of a dying man, who in a few moments would be in the awful presence of his Maker. He could *not say it*—he *did not* feel it. Withdrawing his eyes he sadly answered: "No, *I am not sure!*" Mr. S—— turned his face from his friend with a groan, and never spoke again.

Dr. and Mrs ——, with streaming eyes, knelt and prayed as they had never prayed before—prayed for mercy on him who was going, for mercy and light on those who were left.

Dr. —— arose from that death-bed resolving never to enter a Protestant pulpit again.

He wrote at once to his bishop tendering his resignation, which was accepted with regret. Then came the harder wrench of parting from his people. The vestry asked that while he occupied the rectory as a home until he could find another he should not attend Mass. To this he replied that while he remained he would spend his Sundays in another city, that he might not conflict with their wishes nor act in opposition to the dictates of his conscience. He then wrote to the Catholic bishop of the diocese asking where he might seek instruction. His wife also having been mercifully accorded the light of faith they both placed themselves under the direction of a religious order until sufficiently prepared to be received into the church.

The trials and struggles incidental to the seeking of a new profession and the establishment of a new home so impaired the doctor's health that he was obliged to seek the benefit of a southern climate for a time. Upon the re-establishment of his health he returned to the North, and to the society of the dear wife from whom necessity had obliged him to separate. God crowned his noble efforts with success, and the prominent minister of a few years ago has become a famous physician of to-day. Two years after that memorable Christmas night a little daughter was born to them, and so clearly did they recognize in her a heaven-sent gift from Him who said, "Whatever you do to the least of these, you do it unto me," that they named their little one Dorothea—"a gift of God."

THE NICARAGUA CANAL PROJECT.

BY PATRICK SARSFIELD CASSIDY.

ONE of the few important questions before the present Congress is that relating to the long-projected canal across Nicaragua to wed the two largest bodies of water on the earth's surface, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The report of the commission appointed to make investigations as to the practicability of the project, the route and the cost, has been quite a surprise to the public in general. This is especially the case in that part of the report which hints rather than alleges that the possibility of the successful carrying out of the enterprise has not been absolutely determined. The idea of constructing a canal across Nicaragua is much older than the closing century, and, although it has been surveyed time and again by competent engineers, this is the first time that the availability of the route for an interoceanic water-way has been questioned. No doubt it will be contended by the more ardent of the supporters of the project that this doubt is raised only for purposes of delay. It will be pointed out that the commission appointed in 1872 by President Grant thoroughly settled that question when it unanimously reported that "after a long, careful, and minute study of the several surveys of the various routes across the continent," the Nicaragua route "possesses, both for the construction and maintenance of a canal, greater advantages and fewer difficulties, from engineering, commercial, and economic points of view, than any of the other routes *known to be practicable by surveys sufficiently in detail to enable a judgment to be formed.*" This commission consisted of General A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Engineers, United States Army; Captain C. C. Patterson, Superintendent of the Coast Survey; Admiral Daniel Ammen, United States Navy, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation; Commander E. A. Lull; and the celebrated engineer, A. G. Menocal. The commission took four years to consider the matter. The commission that now raises the doubt about the practicability of the work spent only six weeks.

But Congress will discuss all this. From a literary point of view the interest is in a brief history of the project, and, if

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

PACIFIC OCEAN. BRITO. WESTERN DIVIDE. LAKE NICARAGUA. RIO FRIO. RIO S. JUAN. RIO S. CARLOS. EASTERN DIVIDE. GREYTOWN. ATLANTIC OCEAN.

carried out, the benefits that would flow from it, not only to the United States but to the world at large.

I have said that the idea of the canal is as old as the closing century. It is, in fact, as old as the days of Columbus. It was advocated as far back as 1550 by Antonio Galvao, the Spanish explorer. Baron Von Humboldt, who spent ten years in exploration and scientific research in the Spanish-American States of Central and South America at the beginning of the century, gives special prominence and preference to the Nica-

DREDGES, NICARAGUA CANAL.

ragua route for an interoceanic waterway. In vol. vi. of his *Personal Narrative of Travels* he mentions "five points that present the practicability of a communication from sea to sea, situated between the fifth and eighteenth degrees of south latitude." He places the Isthmus of Nicaragua second in the list, then the Isthmus of Panama, of Darien, and the old canal of Raspadura. In discussing these routes he uses the Nicaragua one as the standard of his comparisons. This was about the beginning of this century, and soon after the Central American

provinces threw off the yoke of Spain, and became independent states confederated as the Republic of the Centre. One of the earliest acts of the government of the new republic was to empower and instruct Señor Antonio José Cañaz, envoy extraordinary to the United States, to call the attention of the United States government to the project of opening a canal for communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans in the State of Nicaragua. On the 8th of February, 1825, Señor Cañaz addressed a communication to the Department of State, Washington, upon the subject.

John Quincy Adams was President, and Henry Clay Secretary of State. In his reply Mr. Clay, after stating that the project was practicable, and would "form a great epoch in the commercial affairs of the world," gave Señor Cañaz strong assurance of deep interest in the proposed work, and promised an official investigation with a view to obtaining exact knowledge. In pursuance of this promise a survey and estimate of cost were made under the auspices of De Witt Clinton, Stephen Van Rensselaer, and Monroe Robinson, the fathers of the Erie Canal, with whom were associated Edward Forsythe, of Louisiana, C. J. Catlett, of the District of Columbia, and others. The estimated cost was very inadequate, and capital was not plentiful then in the United States. The project fell through; and negotiations were entered into with the King of the Netherlands to open the canal.

In 1835 Congress again took up the subject and ordered an inspection of the different routes, and an agent was appointed, who, however, failed to comply with his instructions. Three years later the celebrated Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, and others memorialized Congress concerning the matter. A committee was appointed, a report made, and, in 1839, John L. Stephens, then on a confidential mission to Central America, made an investigation and submitted a report. But nothing came of all this, either.

In 1844, having lost hope in America building the canal, aid was solicited from the French government in prosecuting the undertaking, but no valuable co-operation was obtained.

And now England appears upon the scene for the first time, and has kept her eye on the project ever since. In 1847 Nicaragua solicited the intervention of the United States against the attempts of Great Britain to secure control of the inter-oceanic canal route. This resulted in the negotiation of the Hise-Selva treaty, which, although never ratified, appears to

have been an important factor in the negotiation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in 1849, under which the United States understood that Great Britain relinquished the attempt so objectionable to

CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT LEON.

Nicaragua. On the ratification of that treaty Nicaragua granted a concession to Cornelius Vanderbilt and his associates for an interoceanic canal. A survey was again made in 1850–51, Colonel O. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, making the first thorough instrumental examination of the whole route. But Mr. Vanderbilt did not build the canal. In 1858 a concession was granted to Félix Belly, of Paris, who had spent many years on the isthmus; but before he could obtain the necessary funds his concession lapsed.

The Civil War coming on, the United States took no interest in outside enterprises. In fact this war had a discouraging effect upon all large enterprises on this continent. In 1872 President Grant appointed another commission, which reported in 1876. The report was not printed until 1879. The subject occupied some attention in the House of Representatives during the sessions of 1879–80 and 1881. General Grant, writing in one of the magazines in 1880, said: "I recommend to my countrymen an American canal under American control."

In December, 1884, there was submitted to Congress a treaty

which had been negotiated with Nicaragua for the construction of the canal by the United States, and its joint ownership by the two governments. The treaty, however, failed of ratification by the Senate and was withdrawn for further consideration. On May 4, 1889, the Maritime Canal Company was incorporated by act of Congress. It succeeded to the concession granted by Nicaragua in 1887 to the Nicaragua Canal Company. That necessary adjunct, a construction company, was organized, and work was finally begun and went on systematically until the summer of 1893, when want of funds, after an expenditure of some $5,000,000, forced a suspension of operations. This is now the condition of the enterprise, and the question is, Will the United States help to complete it, by guaranteeing the bonds of the company, or complete it itself?

San Juan del Norte, or Greytown, on the Atlantic, and Brito, on the Pacific, are the termini of the canal. Its length from port to port will be 169½ miles, of which only 26¾ miles will be of excavated channel and the other 142¾ of lakes, rivers, and basins. The summit line is necessarily that of Lake Nicaragua, which will form the greater part of the navigation. This level is 110 feet above the sea. This summit line begins 12¾ miles from the Atlantic and extends to within 3½ miles of the

RAILROAD STATION AT GRANADA.

Pacific, making the summit reach 153¾ miles. Three locks at each end, from the lake to the respective oceans, will lift and lower the passing vessels. The illustration (p. 500) will show the route of the canal at a glance. The *Hand-book of Nicaragua*,

published by the Bureau of American Republics, thus describes the country along the eastern end of the canal:

"The country through which the course of the canal is laid for the first ten miles from the coast is a flat, alluvial formation, the accumulation of centuries, with occasional lagoons and

ANCIENT CASTLE ON THE RIVER SAN JUAN.

swamps covered with zacate and silico palms, or the primeval forests and a dense, tangled, almost impenetrable mass of underbrush and vines. From thence its course is through wooded and fertile valleys between low hills to the divide cut, and thence to a connection at Ochoa with the San Juan River; above Ochoa it receives the waters of the San Carlos. From the mouth of the San Carlos, the course of the San Juan—then and thereafter the route of the canal—is through what may be termed the highlands of the river, the abutting flanks of the Cordillera. Sixteen miles above the San Carlos occur the Machuca Rapids; five and six miles farther on, Balas; six miles beyond are Castillo Rapids, the most important of all; and nine miles farther the Toro Rapids, beyond which, to the lake, the course of the river is through a broad valley of lowlands, bounded by remote hills. Above the San Carlos and at Machuca the forests which clothe the banks of the river are tropical in luxuriance. The lofty trees are draped with vines which creep and twine among their branches and droop to the water's edge in massive walls of verdure.

"Above Machuca there are occasional clearings—where the lands are cultivated or grazed—through which the distant hills

appear. At other places the hills themselves rise with steep and almost precipitous slopes directly from the river. Squier likens this part of the river to the highlands of the Hudson. At Castillo is an old Spanish fort, garrisoned by the Nicaraguan government. It was considered impregnable by its builders, but was captured by a British force in 1780. Post Captain (afterwards Admiral) Nelson was in command of the naval corps of the expedition."

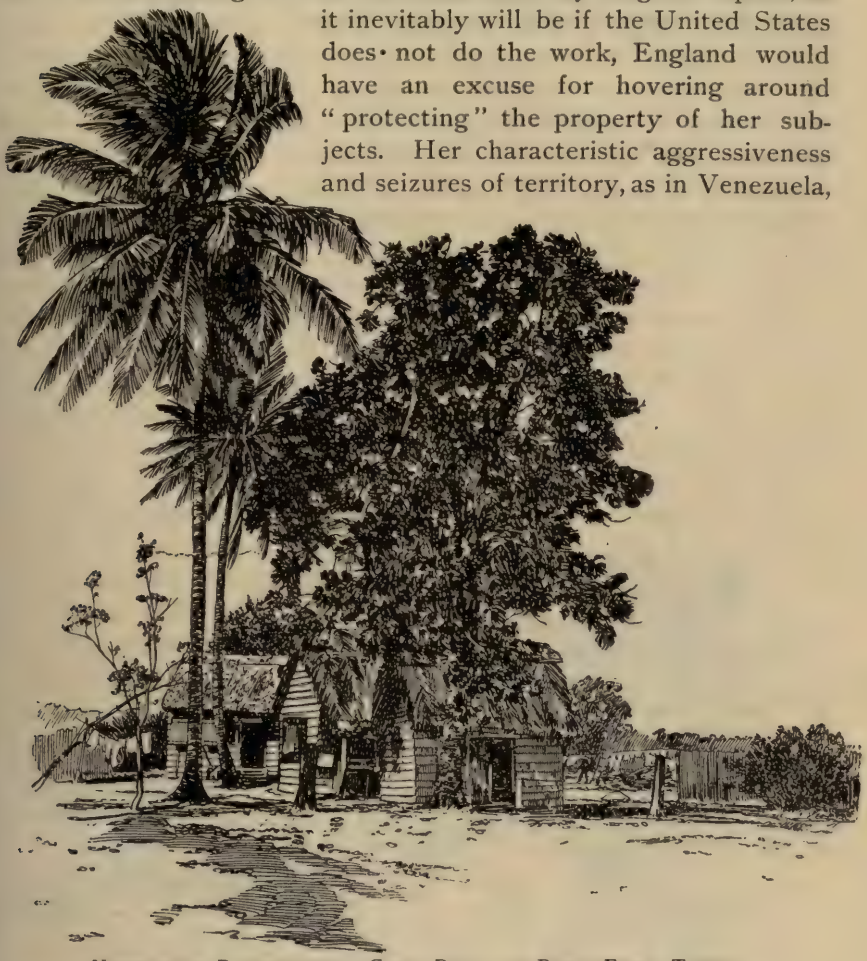
The capacity of the canal will be 20,440,000 tons, which can be doubled by duplicating the locks. It is stated that navigation can open with an assured business of 8,730,000 tons, producing a revenue of $16,250,000 per annum. The cost of maintenance is estimated at $1,500,000 yearly. A net profit of 14 per cent. on $110,000,000, the estimated cost, is claimed. The Suez Canal in 1890, carrying about 9,000,000 tons, produced a revenue of 19 per cent., making its capital stock worth 500 per cent., and it is claimed the Nicaragua Canal could do as well, and even better.

But the importance of the canal to the United States

MARKET SCENE AT GRANADA.

in all respects is such as almost to preclude all question of cost in construction. First let the political importance be considered. The maintenance of the Monroe doctrine by the United States and its acknowledgment by the powers of Europe, is the most

important question of international relations and polity of the day. The principal nations of Europe are all seized with a fever for colonizing. With the canal built by English capital, as it inevitably will be if the United States does not do the work, England would have an excuse for hovering around "protecting" the property of her subjects. Her characteristic aggressiveness and seizures of territory, as in Venezuela,

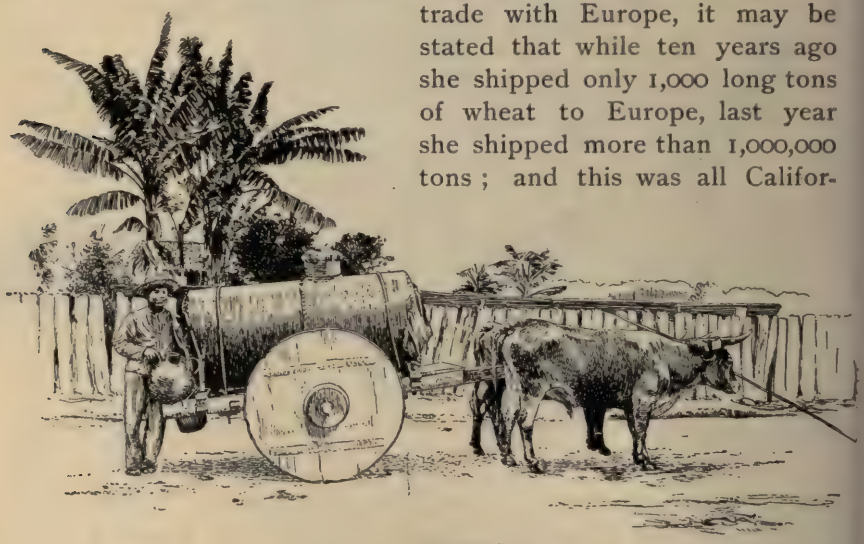


NICARAGUAN RANCH-HOUSE.—COCOA-PALM AND BREAD-FRUIT TREES.

would soon make her mistress of Central America, whose weak republics would either disappear or become her puppets, while South America would become parcelled out by the other colonizing nations of Europe, such as France, Germany, and Italy, just as they have parcelled out Africa among them.

For the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine the unqualified and absolute control of the Nicaragua Canal by the United States is a first necessity, if the United States are to save themselves from constant broils, and even wars, and the maintenance of a large fleet and standing army.

Commercially speaking, the importance is inestimable. It would strike off 10,732 miles of sea-voyage between San Francisco and New York, bringing the time down to twenty days, while New Orleans would be only fourteen days' easy steaming from the Golden Gate. It, and it alone, would be the industrial salvation of California; which, if a transcontinental waterway cannot be obtained, can never hope to compete with Argentina. The soil and climate of both are about the same, and their products are largely the same. Argentina has already robbed California of her wheat trade with Europe, and also of her hide and tallow trade. Now she is entering the fruit-growing field, and is certain to make short work of California in that respect; because, first, she is, by the ocean route, 10,000 miles nearer Europe than is California, and, secondly, Argentina fruit has to pass through the tropics only once, while that of California has to pass twice, and between times to pass through the cold of Cape Horn. These extremes are, of course, injurious to fruit. To show the extraordinary growth of the Argentina trade with Europe, it may be stated that while ten years ago she shipped only 1,000 long tons of wheat to Europe, last year she shipped more than 1,000,000 tons; and this was all Califor-



NICARAGUAN WATER-CART.

nia's loss. In the California State Horticultural Convention, held recently in Sacramento, it was stated that "unless we get a market for our fruit through the Nicaragua Canal, the fruit industry will soon be like our wheat industry—nowhere."

Through the Nicaragua Canal the time to Liverpool from San Francisco would be only twenty-eight days, and to other parts of Europe correspondingly. By means of refrigerator

steamers the glorious fruit of California could be served up, fresh and in all the beauty and lusciousness of its natural state, on the breakfast-tables of Northern Europe, whose markets are now bare of such luxuries.

Since 1856, the time of Walker's filibustering expedition, Nicaragua has enjoyed peace and good government. Life and property are secure. The climate, except in the lowlands of the coast and the forests on the plains, is temperate and agreeable. The thermometer seldom rises above 85° or falls below 70°. Fever is experienced only at two points on the Atlantic coast, and then it is only climatic fever. The canal company's surveying party of forty-five engineers, and one hundred negroes from Jamaica, spent months working through dense forests and jungle, and sleeping in tents, and did not lose a man or have a case of serious illness.

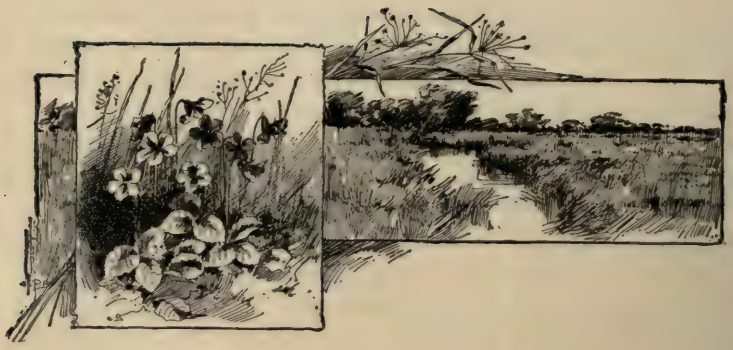
The country is rich in all kinds of tropical fruit. Its chief export productions are cattle, coffee, bananas, dye-woods, indigo, rice, cacao, india-rubber, etc.

The religion of the country is declared by the constitution to be "the Roman Catholic Apostolic; the government protects its practice." But freedom of religious worship is given to all. Eight per cent. of the national revenue is expended on education, and there are also municipal and private schools. Nicaragua has a great free public library, and universities, fully equipped for the teaching of jurisprudence and medicine, are located at Leon and Granada. The right of *habeas corpus* is fully guaranteed, and the humblest peon's cottage is his castle. The laws are well administered, and serious crimes are rare. Old people and children seem especially well taken care of, and tramps and beggars are unknown.

The country is peaceful, prosperous, and progressive. The laws are very liberal in the matter of granting land to immigrants, who can procure a division each on arrival, and full title to the same on becoming citizens at the end of five years. The country is rich in minerals, and has a special code of laws regulating the mining industry.

With the canal open, Nicaragua has a marvellous future before her. The whole world, in fact, would benefit by it to an extent beyond computation by any mathematician living.

Will the boastful nineteenth century be allowed to close without this—now necessary—work being done?



A SONG OF THE SOUL.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

"The Lord looseth them that are fettered."—*Psalm cxlv.*

O God!
To be free—to be free!
From the curse of the clod,
And the duress of Time,
From the thraldom of dust,
And the clamor of crime—
To be rid for ever of phantasy!
To fulfil my Christ-conceived destiny!
To be free—to be free!
Come, swift, bright Death;
Come, shiver my bars;
Haste, wreathe me with stars!
I thirst for the thrust
Of thy sword-like breath—
Thy breath which shatters all mystery;
Come, lead me into Eternity,—
Where act and aim,
The Small, the Vast,
The Far, the Near,
Are One and the Same!
Where Hope and Fear
Are lost in celestial symmetry.
Lo! at last

I shall feast on the measureless Whole!
No more shall I know Art's agony—
The sting and the dole
Of a sin-bruised Power!
I shall feel all Beauty and clasp all Truth,—
No more shall I cower
At the feet of the tyrant Utility.
No more will the Fury Fame
Goad my youth
With dreams of a mock supremacy!
Released from the worship of Name,
Aloof from the quest called Life,
Apart from the termless strife
Of Loss and Gain,
Of Passion and Pain,
I shall stand at the heart of Reality.
O God!
To be free—to be free!
Behold! long have I trod
The great dimness; I pine
For the noontide—I crave
The fruition, divine
And entire, of Love's half-uttered prophecy.
Oh! soon let me lave
In the light and the lull of Infinity!

"A NUN AND A—LITTÉRATEUR?"

BY A. A. McGINLEY.

INTO the land of Acady, the land of the poet's dream, a New England maid had wandered in the hot midsummer days. We shall call her Mathilde.

She had been exercising to her heart's content that most enviable of the privileges of the American girl, travelling alone; and was armed only with her native New England shrewdness and with just enough of that New England diffidence or reserve with which the maids from modern Athens are specially afflicted, so 'tis said.

We have caught up with her on her travels just as she has decided to stop over for a few days' rest at one of those rare little French towns that seem to have been boxed up and carried here from the mother-land as carefully and completely as you would transfer a choice potted plant from one soil to another, bruising not a leaf, breaking not a flower.

Convents are the most hospitable of inns in this part of the country, and it was to one of these that Mathilde now bent her footsteps. The gracious sister-portress smiled and bowed affirmatively to everything said to her in English, as if her French courtesy had banished negatives entirely from her vocabulary for fear the least suspicion of an unwelcome would go with them.

But when Mathilde had time to look around and began to realize the infinite difference between herself, a careless summer tourist, and the unworldly spirits within the same cloistered walls, an indefinable awe began to creep over her, and made her tiptoe through the narrow corridor to the small, almost cell-like room allotted her with a wicked little wish in her heart that the place had had a summer hotel provided for travellers, besides this awesome nunnery.

However, among the other guests who had here sought "housel and fare," an old lady, a veritable fairy godmother in appearance, had for some reason taken up a permanent abode with these holy cloistered nuns. Mathilde did not seek to know the name of this small, quaint old lady with her English

accent and her sprightly American ways, but mentally christened her "Mademoiselle," to distinguish her from the others; and it was not long before she discovered that this fairy godmother seemed to have all the qualities usually attributed to the latter in the way of good nature and kindliness.

So in a short time they were as great friends as if mademoiselle had really presided on Mathilde's natal day in the capacity above named.

The days glided by, and lengthened out nearly to a week. Though Mathilde was bound for a city further on towards the west, she still lingered here, loath to break the spell that had been woven around her in this little place of old-world associations and new-world beauties.

She began to love the gray-stone cloister with its dream-like chapel, where one could truly "feel alone in prayer what heaven seems." How unearthly the very air, and the very light of the place as it drifted in through the crimson-framed windows and turned ruby-red itself before it laid its long, slanting beams, like gleaming swords of seraphim, across the sanctuary floor! And the ruddy flames that leaped and pulsed in seven great golden lamps around the white tabernacle, how like to angel censers fanned by their unseen wings; or human hearts imprisoned there, caught by the love of the greater Heart that shared their bondage with them!

Only the voice of the nuns, as silently they glided into their invisible choir-stalls and broke suddenly into the wail-like chant of the "Divine Office," would rouse Mathilde at such moments; and then she would glide out as silently as they had entered and wander for awhile through the tree-arched lanes, or by the shore of the silvery Yamaska. The fairy godmother must surely have been weaving charms around Mathilde.

One evening these two had lingered at the foot of the staircase to conclude a conversation begun during supper. Mathilde was leaning against the balustrade, and mademoiselle on her crutches—for she was an invalid—forgetful of comfort and all in the interest of their subject. At last mademoiselle grew weary, being no longer young and strong as her companion, and exclaimed in her childish way: "How foolish of us to stand here chatting like two magpies! Come into my room; it is right here, you see. I have to live down on the first floor near the dining-room because I can't climb the stairs very easily with my crutches. There, I'll just stretch out here on the sofa, for I feel more weary than usual this evening. You sit over

there—no, take the low chair, it is more comfortable, and talk to me."

Mathilde had taken her seat abstractedly, and was gazing out through the low, vine-covered window that opened with swinging panes onto the lawn. There had been a storm, one of those welcome thunder-showers at the close of a sultry day, and the vine-leaves dropped great diamonds with all the prodigality of an eastern princess upon the green-carpeted earth.

"And here you live, and paint, and write?"—not looking at the reclining figure on the couch, but still gazing thinkingly beyond into the golden west. "What an existence!" she sighed, half wistfully.

"Oh! I don't do much writing," replied mademoiselle practically; "only a short story or poem now and then, which I send down to your part of the country for publication; as a little tribute," she added unaffectedly, "for the faith which came to me through Catholic reading."

"So you are a convert?" remarked Mathilde.

"Yes, I received the precious gift of faith, not here but home in merry England."

Mathilde was not curious, as has been hinted, but found herself almost longing to know the life-story of this sweet old lady; and to learn how she had kept that childlike face under the snowy hair of many winters.

Their talk had turned from reading to oratory. "And I," mademoiselle was saying, "have among my dearest mementoes a precious relic of one of the most famous orators of my young days. It is a letter written by Lacordaire."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mathilde rapturously, "let me see it, do." Then remembering the crutches, "No, no, don't mind now. You will show it to me some other time before I go.

"I have heard my mother tell how the gay butterflies of a London season would turn devotees for awhile to cross the Channel and hear the eloquent preacher of Notre Dame. In fact, as we would say in these days, it was quite *the* thing to put this down on the list of the season's events.

"Isn't it a wonderful gift," she mused on, talking more to herself or to the golden-edged thunder-clouds that swept across the evening sky, "to be able to sway thousands of hearts like that with a few spoken words? I suppose it is one of the punishments that Mother Eve won for her daughters, never to know the intoxication that fires the orator's brain and makes his heart to flow outwards in liquid speech upon the multitude."

"Well, well," chirped mademoiselle, "we can do lots of other things if we may not do that."

"In the world, yes," agreed Mathilde; "especially in our day woman may find a scope for every talent or inclination she possesses. But suppose," her voice had grown so earnest that mademoiselle turned her head on the sofa pillow to get a look at the averted face—"suppose we want to be out of the world. Do you think that every Catholic woman of to-day who is given a religious vocation can find her place and her work in the orders now existing?"

"Certainly I do. There are the Sisters of Charity—"

"For those who can do their work," interrupted Mathilde impatiently. "I know what you are going to say. You are going to give the whole list of sisterhoods and the work they do in the world to-day. It is a blessed work too," she added penitently, "for those who receive the call to do it. But where shall you put those who do not receive the grace to do the work, and yet the grace of the religious vocation?"

"Surely," urged mademoiselle, "among our great teaching orders one can find her place somewhere."

The last was almost lost upon Mathilde, or rather she seemed to hear it as one hears wearily the burden of an oft-repeated song. She leaned back in her chair and was silent for a long time, till mademoiselle, not liking her quiet, spoke up again cheerily. "For my part I think *you*, for instance, would do beautifuliy in the cloister beyond; they want just such merry little novices as you would make in there." Mathilde only smiled at this, taking it as meant jestingly.

By-and-by she sat erect in her chair and began to speak with an emphasis that roused mademoiselle out of the drowsiness that was creeping over her.

"The qualifications that are necessary, then, in order to a life among a religious community of women, are, 1st, nursing the sick; 2d, caring for the helpless and unfortunate, morally as well as physically; 3d, teaching the young; and 4th, the wholly contemplative life. You might not think the idea of an artist, a musician, and occasionally a—poetess," she said shyly, "incompatible with any of these; but how would you accept the idea of a nun and a—*littérateur?*"

Mathilde paused before the last word, and turned full around to her listener as if expecting the laugh that came as a response to her question. She did not echo the laugh, however, but sat looking at the other with a serious and almost comi-

cally stern expression on her face. "I knew you would laugh," was all she said for a moment.

Then, after drawing in her breath for another attack, went on rapidly: "But think how in these days the whole mass of human thought and action is shaped, ruled, tyrannized over by the press, and how fearful it is looked at from a spiritual side. It is more dangerous, more life-destroying, than that other mighty power of our time which modern inventions have wound almost about our very limbs, the power of electricity; for this is bound by physical laws at least, while the other laughs at all laws, both moral and physical.

"And what have we as *Catholics* really done to check the inroads of this evil. It is not," she said emphatically, "that I consider we have not done enough ourselves to swell the bulk of printed matter that we are engulfed in to-day. I think just the *opposite* of this; but I think that our efforts to disseminate what has already been written appear lame, bungling, and inefficient, when compared to the efforts of those outside the church in disseminating their literature.

"Not that I think we should resort to their methods. That is the very trouble; we have tried to mimic their way too much, instead of using one of our own, and the only one by which we can do the work.

"Of course the secular press has money and power, which we have not; but we who belong to the church of the saints, the church of martyrs and heroes in the cause of truth, should we not have earnestness and zeal enough to combat a merely earthly power?

"Our failure has been in this, that we have not planted deep enough. Like children playing at making a garden, who pluck the flowers already bloomed and thrust them into the loose earth; they look gay and fresh for an hour, but soon fade and die; they cannot stand the scorching sun or the rude winds; the roots are not there to feed them with strength and nourishment.

"What does all this point to but that the institution which has trained and nourished laborers to work in every other part of the Master's vineyard, and which has been the cradle of by far the greater number of the church's sainted sons and daughters, the religious life, has not been used as a means—that is, in a systematic and avowed way—for the promotion of God's kingdom through the power of the printed word.

"Not that earnestness and zeal have been wanting, either.

By far too much of both have been wasted on the small results we have obtained in building up Catholic literature, which many seem to think can be accomplished by the publication of magazines, periodicals, etc., that at best can only keep up a lame gait in the wake of their bolder secular brethren, and others by gathering together in literary societies occasionally to help dissect writers that the whole German school of philosophers and the Browningites with them couldn't solve; and others still by putting up penny libraries, and collecting into them *anything* that the Catholic publisher has for sale, from the latest published sermons to what they still have left of the fossil remains of the century-back Catholic novel.

"And then call this *Catholic* literature! As if *every* true, great, and beautiful thought were not Catholic! There is more true poetry in the germ contained within the heart of a little Catholic child who has learned its first lessons in the faith than in the whole lot of pantheistical and purely rational school of writers put together. It is not the romance of mere earthly lore that forms the loveliest themes for poet, painter, and musician; rather is it the romance of divine love expressed in human ways."

"Don't you think that this work is done greatly by men both in the religious orders and in the priesthood, besides those in the Catholic laity, who give their talents to it?" asked mademoiselle.

"Their talents, yes, and *part* of their lives; but it is not *specially* done by any of those you have named," replied Mathilde. "I think, too, that the work of the priesthood is not for this. To teach, to preach, and to minister to souls—Christ gave them this mission. He specially mentioned those three."

"What, then, is your conclusion to all this?" asked mademoiselle, pushing her at last to an avowal.

"I think there should be a religious order of women for the purpose," Mathilde answered deliberately, though it seemed almost painfully, and then looked at mademoiselle as if challenging another laugh from her.

Mademoiselle did not laugh this time, however, but shook herself together on the sofa with a comfortable little shrug, and remarked lazily: "No, no, my dear, we don't need anything like that; besides it wouldn't be practicable. Take, for instance, the question of dress. You know how hard it would be to do that kind of thing if one were fettered by the conventionalities of dress that religious women wear."

"Indeed, I think it would be impossible," agreed Mathilde.

"Think of sitting for hours and hours trying to mould the unspoken thought into words, and undergoing the throes of unexpressed eloquence," she continued laughing, "with your aching head bound in some of the headgear they have to wear."

"But that would not be the most serious objection on this point. The peculiar circumstances of this kind of a life would call for some strange departures, perhaps, from the old forms in the regulation of dress. 'But the old order changeth, giving place to new, and God fulfils himself in many ways.'

"After all, I do not think that so much importance should be given to the question of female attire. I think our sex as a whole are deserving less the ancient slur about woman's vanity; either because we have more historians of the feminine gender, or because we find less time for adorning our persons than our sisters of generations ago, whose leisure hours were mostly spent this way."

"It is only natural and woman-like that your first objection should be made on the subject of dress."

"But it is by no means my strongest one," argued mademoiselle. "What you propose seems to me so inconsistent with one's idea of a nun."

"Exactly," returned Mathilde. "You cannot get away from what a nun is and has been to you, and imagine for a moment what a nun *may* be. Not, however, with any reflection upon the other idea," she added quickly. "If the essential thing is there, the religious spirit, what do the accessories in the way of clothes, customs, and environments count for? What is the religious soul as it appears before God divested of all these, unclothed, sexless, and alone, but a simple human soul?"

"Those are bold words for a—"

"Worldling," said Mathilde, anticipating the expression. "Call me rather a 'denizen of the world.' I love not the former term, and would not have to suffer it were it not for such wicked thoughts as I have just been uttering," she added somewhat bitterly.

"But," she went on, seeming to shake herself free from some memory, "is not the same word applied to every undertaking that appears too great in the beginning? I once heard some one remark, he thought Father Hecker too bold. Had he been less so what might we not have lost of the good that he accomplished? He said some bold things, it is true; that conversation, for instance, between him and a nun—that would make an ordinary, humble religious tremble. I have never yet met

with a religious who was ambitious enough. Our hearts are all so little, so miserable. There is no one who would think of converting a city; and America—oh! that might come to pass in two or three centuries. Oh! for a heart as large as that of Christ's, that we might embrace all within it and pray for all for whom he died."

"I have often thought," she continued, "that our Purgatory in the other world will come from our narrow-heartedness in this. When God's love really fills our hearts, they will break from the overflowing. The pain will be our punishment, and the narrower the heart the greater will be the pain."

"I do not see, either, why natural talent or inclination should be used in one case in the religious life and not in another. Father Faber says that 'in the kingdom of grace the law which has the fewest exceptions is the one which rules; that supernatural things shall graft themselves on natural stocks'; and he also says that 'it is with spiritual men as it is with poets.

"'Some delight in the beauties of nature; others feel more congenial with her in her darker moods, and get more inspiration from the solitude of her mountains and the silence and loneliness of her deserts.

"'Then there are others whose thoughts commingle only with the tangled lives of men, and the many-sided aspects of human actions; the streets of the city become beautiful in their word-pictures, and the trampling of the multitude makes music in their verse.

"'Then there are others still, who like to live in echoing thunder-storms, among the rifted crags of hollow mountains; who go far out of the sound of suffering humanity, and are dwellers with the eagles. It is to these last that we may compare the souls whose attraction in the spiritual life is to the Divine Perfections.

"'The eagle chooses his dwelling-place with as faultless an instinct as the nightingale deep hidden in its bush, or the robin trilling its winter song upon the window-sill.

"'We must not call such souls ambitious. They are humble, and therefore they are not deluded. Is it not the men of the loftiest conceptions who for the most part have the humblest minds?'"

She looked toward mademoiselle at last, as if for an affirmative to this quotation, and saw that she had actually talked the old lady to sleep. Feeling somewhat ashamed of her own garrulity, she quietly got up and stole out of the room, putting on

her hat as she went, for the evening air had been throwing soft hints through the open window for some time that she take a stroll out-doors before the daylight quite went out.

And the old lady slept on the while, as this worn-out world sleeps; rocking itself wearily to and fro, and getting tired of its own restlessness; and all for want of that spirit of subjection in which alone true happiness and earthly peace consist.

The old eyes were dim, and soon grew tired of straining their gaze into that future towards which Mathilde was looking yearningly and with unsleeping sight.

It was the feast of St. Dominic, and presently Mathilde heard the church bells from the little steeple in the distance pealing out a summons to prayer in more than usually joyous tones, it seemed. Remembering then that the church and monastery beyond were in the care of a little band of St. Dominic's faithful sons—real French Dominicans too, such as the much-admired Lacordaire—she concluded that there would be some special service there this evening, so fell in line with the villagers who were flocking to the church in pleasant little groups, keeping up the "pitter-patter" of their simple talk till they reached the door.

Mathilde entered and took her place in a pew beside the white-washed wall and under the shadow of an overhanging gallery. She felt alone and almost desolate for the moment among these simple folk, and then began to wonder what they would think if they knew some of the dreadful things she had just been saying to the little old lady in the cloister beyond.

She looked up towards the altar where the white-robed monks were now entering the sanctuary, each shaven head with just the circlet of hair around it, as in the pictures of St. Dominic, bent low in holy recollection. Mathilde watched them till they had all filed in, youth and age, from the joyous-faced novices to the venerable prior, and taken their places each in his choir-stall; then looked above their heads and noticed the row of Dominican saints in statuary arranged in a semi-circle above the altar. What a picture it made!—the unreal ones, with the same white garb and shaven crown, looking almost as life-like as the real in the dim light of the altar candles.

Truly a vision of mediæval piety and monasticism; and it struck deeper and deeper into the soul of Mathilde as she felt rising within her the consciousness of her own insubordinate spirit, chafing at the old, grasping at the new, breaking its

small strength against the holy, time-honored traditions of thousands, nay, millions of better, wiser human hearts than hers.

Her head went down on the edge of the pew in front of her for very shame. It almost seemed to her awed spirit that if she looked again at that white-clad group, the prayerful hands would unfold and the marble lips open bidding her depart. And if they spoke to her, what might they say? It would be something awful, surely. "Go, get thee to a nunnery! to a nunnery go!" they might utter in frightening tones.

That night Mathilde felt strangely uneasy when she blew out the flame of her candle before getting into bed. The picture of those white-clothed figures seemed to grow more vivid when darkness wrapped the bed-room in gloom. There was a row of heavy oak clothes-presses on one side of the wall above the head of her bed, and Mathilde became uncomfortably nervous as she let the idea creep into her mind, "What if one of those doors should open?" At last she got up, yielding somewhat to these fears, and pushed the little French bedstead close up against the doors—a very childish thing for as sensible a girl as Mathilde to do, for she knew that the doors were all locked from the outside. She must have been conscious herself of her foolishness, for she laughed a little to herself, and thought "what a cowardly action for one whose name means heroine, or mighty battle-maid!" However, it seemed to have secured some feeling of safety for her, or else broke another spell of the fairy godmother's, for she soon fell asleep.

A few days later Mathilde was sitting on a lake steamer in a perfectly blissful mood. The old lady had become a memory, though a sweet one withal, and her own unorthodox utterances had faded into dimness in her mind. Her spirit at the present moment was evidently not overcast by any penitential shade, for in truth as she sat here, the centre of a group of merry-makers, no one would have suspected her of even a moment's gravity.

But blissful moods, like penitential ones, are not of long duration. As the steamer neared the port she was bound for Mathilde seemed to put off some of her gaiety, and would occasionally steal away alone to the side of the deck out of the sound of talk and laughter, and her face would assume the look as of one who had some weighty business on hand that she longed yet dreaded to transact. To tell the truth, Mathilde had decided to make a spiritual retreat; a weighty enough

affair surely, when compared to the lighter pursuits she had been engaged in for some time past.

It was Sunday evening, and only about an hour's sail lay between the Per—— and her approaching dock. Right in the wake of the setting sun she moved along, cutting through the very centre of the long, golden beam of light that reached from her prow to the western horizon.

Mathilde wished for eyes in the back of her head too, as she stood on the hurricane deck absorbing the beauty of the scene before her for one moment, and the next turning her gaze backwards over the track they were leaving behind. Like the famous double shield, the lake shone on one side with burnished gold, and on the other sparkled like silver in the pale white light of the rising moon.

The green shore had now come so near that when she looked again ahead all eyes were turned that way with the eager, expectant look that travellers wear when a journey is about to end.

"It is as beautiful as the bay of Naples!" exclaimed a voice behind her with an emphasis that declared the owner had made a personal comparison of the two. Mathilde agreed with the sunbrowned tourist as he pointed to the bay before them, though she had not had an opportunity of judging for herself. "Why should one go further than our own dear land to seek for nature's beauties?" was her mental reflection, and she almost wished she were a Josue, that for a little longer time she might hold back the curtain of night before it shrouded the scene in darkness.

It must have been the blood of Puritan ancestors which enabled Mathilde to forsake such enjoyments for awhile and cast anchor among the depths and shoals of that dim sea of inward consciousness to which she was now steering. Though there were plenty of the summer hotels that had been wished for at St. —— in the city where she now arrived, her determination carried her again to the portals of a convent where the same order of nuns as were at St. —— resided, and after receiving as cordial a welcome here as their sisters at the former place had given her, she began the preparations for her retreat.

It seemed more like a breathing-spell at first—a spiritual resting upon her oars. It was so peaceful and quiet here all alone with not a sound to break in upon her meditations. The meek nun who came in occasionally with a book or a gentle

inquiry as to her wants, would glide out softly again, hardly rustling the still air. The latter was supposed to fill the office of preceptress, as it were, but after the first day had left Mathilde pretty much to herself. "More sweetness than power" dwelt in her nature, and an intuition may have made her shrink from that in her "subject's" character which ran counter to this disposition, though the latter did her best to dissemble her own erratic nature.

Even when a mild little protest was made against some scattered volumes on the table, which Mathilde had thrown there out of a somewhat overstuffed trunk, because the books had suspiciously poetic titles, and sister had said, with not even a suspicion of censure in her voice though, "the rules of the retreat advise that we lay aside secular reading for the time being, as it might prove a cause of distraction," Mathilde smiled good-naturedly, and, thanking sister for the reminder, replaced the volumes by a neat row of spiritual books which the latter brought her.

So the time of the retreat went on uneventfully enough till Mathilde began to grow conscious of a vague, indefinable dread shaping itself in her thoughts; and then by degrees felt her calmness and peace slipping away from her under the influence of this strange uneasiness. It was not from anything she had read or thought, but rather from something approaching her from without, on which all her thoughts and meditations focused themselves against her will.

She was kneeling one afternoon in the chapel trying in vain to fix her fugitive thoughts on one of the points of the meditation she had been reading. The chapel here was not so beautiful as the one at St. ——, but just as sweet and holy in its white simplicity. Mathilde's eyes wandered from one point to another restlessly, until at last their shifting gaze became fixed upon the light of an opposite window; as one's sight is often attracted unconsciously by the brighter object.

Over the window grew a vine whose leaves tapped gently on the pane as they rustled back and forth in the summer wind. Was it the vision of the vine-covered window that suddenly formed itself into a link connecting all her scattered thoughts? A reverie rather than a meditation stole over her, and the words that had come to her that afternoon in St. ——, as she sat in the low arm-chair before a window like this one, seemed to shape themselves into living things, and she saw in imagination the reality of that but half-expressed idea; and almost

seemed to hear the busy hum of actual life as these beings of her thought stirred about their daily tasks in perfect order and well-established custom.

She looked and listened as though she had no part in it all, only a silent observer, until she thought an inward voice asked sternly, "And your part among these workers?"

"A scullion, Lord," she cried, "if I might be only that! A keeper at the gates to let the worthy in."

A tinkle of beads with the sound of slippered feet, and then a fresh young voice chanting forth in chilly tones, "Deus, in adjutorium meum intende," with the response in the same high key, warned Mathilde that the nuns were beginning Vespers behind in the enclosure.

"Good-by to meditation while that chanting lasts," commented Mathilde to herself, rather irreverently; and, making simply a humble genuflection, she left the chapel and departed to her own room. Picking up one of the spiritual books that lay upon the table she essayed to guide her turbulent thoughts into a calmer channel, but failed.

Sitting down at last, as though in despair at not finding any other vent for her feelings, she began rapidly to write the following:

"Dear God, I do not know why I am here; I cannot even think; it is too much for me, and oppresses me with its weight. I only know that I *am* here, and that I should and must come some day to Thee, and be dissolved in Thee—just as the clouds flitting across the heavens go so far, then melt into the eternal sky. I do not ask to know—I only want to love."

How can we tell when we are free from illusions, when we are not thinking the thoughts of others, when we are not feeling those sentiments that have only been borrowed from what we have heard of others? What actors we are! We think we have received an inspiration, a wonderful impulse to do some great thing, and it turns out that we have set up a mimic stage upon which we are going through parts, that have been performed before only God knows how many times, and we are doing it so much to the life that we forget our own personality even, and think we are the originators of it all.

If we would only become pure and unselfish, God would whisper simply to us what to do, and our pride would not dress us up in these ill-fitting and fantastic garbs and send us out to play the fool before angels and men.

Conceive, for instance, a creature after meditating upon the

great God, his infinite power and immensity, his all-completeness, and then upon her own infinitesimal size in this great creation, daring to think that she could do anything with her puny strength, that she could commence a work that would go down the ages increasing in power and strength for good to vast proportions; making saints, converting sinners, and saving through Christ's precious blood this dear land of ours from that blight of unbelief that is creeping over it apace!

Saints, indeed, have thought these things, and dreamed these dreams for God's glory—it is their sweet privilege—but Heaven save a sinner from such thoughts, and make her see only her own unworthiness!

A little sound at her elbow informed Mathilde of another's presence in the room. It was the nun, who had entered unnoticed and was waiting till Mathilde looked up from her writing.

"I came to remind you," she said, "that you might go out into the garden and read. It would be more pleasant for you."

Mathilde thanked her, and the other was turning away, but stopped hesitatingly and then said demurely, with a glance at the note-book on the table, "I think it would be better not to write down any of your reflections, as it is apt to make one insincere."

"Very well," said Mathilde humbly, putting by the pen and concealing the note-book.

In a calmer mood that evening, while standing at the open window watching the stars drift silently one by one into their appointed places among the azure steeps of heaven, this message seemed to fall from them, not meteor-like but slowly, into her listening heart: "Silence and watching and waiting shall be the portion which you with us must share.

"These are the best and truest speech."

THE SIMIAN ANTHROPOID.

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.

WHAT is the Simian Anthropoid? It is an animal partaking of the nature of monkeys (simian) and of men (anthropoid). An ape-man, or a man-ape. A creature between the ape and the man, which has reached the highest plane of simian development by a long process of evolution, and has become so much like a man in his corporeal organization that he can be properly called, though not *anthropos*, yet *anthropoid*.

Such an animal has never been seen, either alive or in the state of a fossil. At best, it is a "missing link" between men and apes. It is a purely imaginary creature, like the satyr, the centaur, the siren, the hamadryad, and the lepracaun.

What is meant by the hypothesis of the Simian origin of man, his descent from progenitors which were Simian Anthropoids? By what kind and manner of evolution or transformation is the anthropoid conjectured to have been changed into a man?

I speak only of the hypothesis proposed by scientists who are Catholics, and who intend to sustain such theories as they suppose to be consistent with faith and orthodox theology. What these Catholic scientists mean by the Simian origin of man, in accordance with their evolutionary theory, is: that the first man, Adam, was made, by the creation of a rational soul and its infusion as the substantial form of a body which was the offspring of anthropoid parents. They justly argue, that this hypothesis in no way conflicts with the dogma of creation or of the spiritual and immortal nature of the human soul. No matter how long the series and how numerous the links of second causes, the relation of any effect to the first cause remains unchanged. If the body of Adam were derived by generation and evolution from the first germs of life and the first elements of material bodies which ever came into existence, it would be just as truly a creature of God as if it were fashioned out of clay or created outright at the same moment with the creation of his soul.

So also, if his soul took possession of the body of a living

anthropoid, expelling the animal soul which had hitherto been its vital principle, the difference, or rather the disparity, between the anthropoid and the man would be just the same as if the anthropoid had been left to itself, and the man had been created outright, in body as well as in soul.

So far, therefore, the Simian hypothesis is certainly not against faith. The question remains, however, whether it is reconcilable with the Scripture history of the creation of Adam and Eve. This is the point on which depends the decision of the right and liberty of a Catholic to regard it as a free topic of scientific inquiry and discussion. Of course, whoever is convinced that it is contrary to Scripture must reject it. Still, he cannot censure any one who thinks otherwise unless the authority in the church which is competent to judge sanction his interpretation of Scripture in an exclusive sense. At present, it does not appear that this has been done, and the case adjudicated. There is reason to regard the hypothesis in question as one which is tolerated, and therefore tenable as an opinion more or less probable by any Catholic without prejudice to faith, provided always that he is ready to submit to any judgment which the Holy See may promulgate in the future.

This, however, makes no presumption in favor of its truth or even probability. The Gallican opinion was long tolerated, although it could not claim a place among doctrines recognized before their final condemnation as probable. There are opinions which may justly be regarded as improbable, even certainly false or absurd, which are not heretical, or erroneous in faith. The opinion that Moses wrote the Book of Job is improbable. The old doctrine of four primary elements, earth, air, fire, and water; the geocentric theory, the notion that the heavenly bodies are composed of a fifth and incorruptible matter, together with many other old and obsolete opinions in physics and philosophy, are false, some of them absurd, without being heretical. Admitting, therefore, that the hypothesis of the simian anthropoid can be held without prejudice to faith, we may examine into its claim to be regarded as a reasonable and probable theory of the formation of the corporeal part of the specific human essence.

I will say, frankly, at the outset, that this hypothesis, in my opinion, is not only, as all admit, without a scintilla of positive evidence, but also destitute of even a slight probability, on any other line of reasoning. Moreover, I think there are conclusive reasons which prove it to be absolutely false, if not absurd. I will

say nothing of the objections which can be derived from the traditional and common interpretation of the Scriptural history of the creation, or from that part of special Metaphysics which treats of Anthropology. I will simply look the supposed fact that God infused a rational soul into an anthropoidal body, thus creating a man, in the face; and inquire into the validity of the reasons which can be adduced in favor of this supposition. I will then adduce some reasons to the contrary, within the same lines.

In the absence of any experimental facts and scientific inductions to sustain their cause, the advocates of the hypothesis resort to deduction and analogy. There is a grand and universal law of evolution, which is traced back in the nebular theory to a primitive chaos, and forward through the formation of suns and planets, the progressive phases of the earth from the azoic period through successive ages of flora and fauna to the beginning and extension of human life. From this law of evolution, and the analogy of development in all the domains of the creation, the inference is drawn that the human species is the product of foregoing and inferior species and genera of animated beings and of preceding combinations of inanimate matter.

This is well expressed by Mr. Gordon, in his *Witness to Immortality* (p. 20):

"Man is Nature's highest product, and he is a product of inconceivable cost. Toward him Nature has been looking forward from a past indefinitely remote. When she was concerned chiefly with the dance of atoms, with the play of the primitive fiery mist, she had the thought of him in her great heart; when she was elaborating worlds, setting the solar order on high, forming this planet of ours and preparing it for life, man was still her darling idea, and in the vast procession of life, from the barely to the highly organized, he was never for one moment out of sight. The evolution, running through countless ages, in innumerable forms, at a cost of energy and suffering inconceivably great, was all the while aspiring to manhood. The whole creation groaned and travailed in pain until the manifestation of the sons of God. Man is Nature's last and costliest work."

This language is ambiguous, and I do not impute to Mr. Gordon the intention of using it in the literal and extreme sense that man is an effect of merely material causes working in an unconscious Nature.

The nebular theory is not in any way opposed to faith. The evolutionary hypothesis, even in the shape of transformism, is regarded by very respectable authorities as tenable.

Still, even supposing that by a constant operation of natural causes, evolution has gone on successively producing in a genetic order the inorganic and then the organic bodies in our planet, it does not follow that the human species is genetically derived from a prior and inferior animal species. Man is so vastly superior to all animals, and his rational soul so diverse from any vital form that can be supposed to be educed from the potentiality of matter, that he may well be regarded as belonging to a higher order, the term of a special creation not only as a rational spirit, but also as a rational animal. The recognition of the truth that the human soul is not derived by evolution from any material germ, but immediately created by God, makes such a chasm between man and all inferior beings on the earth, that the reason for supposing a genetic relation between his organic constitution and that of the lower species and genera is taken away. The theory of transformism supposes that species is generated from species, and genus from genus, by a continuous differentiation and diversification. Supposing this to be true in respect to all species having a similar vital force and principle, it does not follow in respect to man. His vital principle and specific difference are totally dissimilar, being located in a spiritual, rational soul. According to the anthropoid hypothesis, as proposed by Dr. Mivart, the animal soul of the anthropoid is not transformed into a human soul, but is ousted from the body which it has animated, by a newly-created soul; and therefore the anthropoid becomes extinct as an individual of a certain species. When the anthropoid vanishes and the man appears, he is a new individual and a new species, having no continuous identity of essence and person with his predecessor, and no specific relation to the family of anthropoids. It is rationality which makes his specific difference, and the rational soul which is the vital force and essential form of his composite organism. There is nothing in common between the man and the anthropoid, but the corporeal mass which the animal soul and the rational soul have successively animated. Supposing, therefore, that the anthropoid was a link in an unbroken series of transformations going back to the primitive elements of chaos, he is the last link, and the chain is broken when man is created.

This theory of an unbroken genetic series of transformations

by evolution is merely hypothetical and conjectural, and therefore affords no premisses for anything more than a conjectural inference. The nebular theory of the first beginnings of evolution in the formation of suns and planets is no doubt very probable, and almost universally admitted in a general sense. But the particular forms given to it by Kant and Laplace have been refuted by discovered facts and abandoned. These theories made a genetic origin of the planets from the sun. M. Faye, in his new form of the nebular theory, makes the movements resulting in the formation of planets originate from vortices in different parts of the diffused mass of vaporous matter.* Similar processes in other parts of the universe must also be conceived as separate and independent evolutions. Again, the highest and noblest part of creation, the world of pure spirits, is wholly out of the sphere of material evolution. When we consider the development of organic life on the earth in the flora and fauna of successive geological epochs, the theory of transformism and the genetic connection of all species is purely conjectural, and open to serious scientific objections. Unity and harmony in the plan of the universe demand relations and regular gradations in all orders of beings, from the lowest to the highest, but not genetic and physical dependence of origin and activity, except within certain limits. Evolution is only one of the laws and methods by which the Creator brings the universe and the various beings contained in it to their perfection and the attainment of the end of their existence.

The doctrine of the extreme evolutionists excludes the creative and administrative action of the first and final cause altogether, and denies the existence of any purely spiritual being. It refers the origin and development of all things to blind, necessary, material causes and forces, and represents the entire human nature, without distinction of soul and body, as the effect of these causes solely. In this system the anthropoid is transformed into a man of low degree, a brutal creature who is only an improved ape, and who slowly rises, during ages of indefinite length, up to the condition in which we find him at the beginning of the historic period.

It is not our present purpose to discuss this atheistical hypothesis on its own merits, but to examine the question how far the theory of the simian anthropoid can be so adjusted to the doctrines of Theistic philosophy and Christian theology, that a Catholic can hold it as a probable opinion.

* For an exposition of M. Faye's theory see THE CATHOLIC WORLD for December, 1886.

This adjustment requires that the long intervening process of gradual transformation from the highest type of ape to the highest human type should be suppressed. The Christian theology teaches that Adam and Eve were created and constituted in a state of ideal perfection, physical, intellectual, moral, and supernatural. After they fell, the state of repaired nature was immediately introduced, and the work of redemption begun. There is an unbroken historical connection in the history of revelation, religion, the church and civilization, from Adam to Noah, from Noah to Abraham, from Abraham to Moses, from Moses to Christ. Barbarism and savagery came from degeneracy, idolatry from apostasy. Moreover, although there is not an exact and settled system of chronology derived from the Mosaic records, and the vulgar short chronology is undoubtedly incorrect, an indefinite prolongation of the periods between Adam and Noah, Noah and Abraham is totally irreconcilable with the Scriptural history, as well as incredible on other grounds.

Our anthropoid must have been, at the time of his transformation into a man, an adult, having all the corporeal physical perfection of typical humanity, and ready to receive the infusion of the rational soul with all its natural and supernatural endowments. Outwardly, as seen by a present angel, he would have appeared just the same while he was an anthropoid as he did after he became a man, except so far as his countenance and manner were changed by the presence of rationality.

Now, the hypothesis requires that he should have had a long series of simian ancestors who were mere brutes, and who had slowly developed into anthropoids. But it is evident that this brute life in the woods and mountains could never have produced such a delicate, refined, and noble physique as was fit to be informed by a rational soul. Moreover, even if that were possible, such an animal would not have been fitted for the life of an ape.

Let us pass over all these difficulties, and suppose our anthropoid conducted into Eden, where he was awaiting the advent of his new soul. Was he a solitary specimen of his race, or was the world full of his congeners? If alone, how came it, that he alone had become evolved into an anthropoid? If he were only one individual chosen out of a multitude for the distinguished honor of being promoted to a royal dignity, how did Adam conduct himself to his venerable parents, his uncles, aunts, cousins, and old playmates? It is laughable to think of Adam and Eve holding a reception for their

humble relations, and of their children and grandchildren, after their expulsion from Eden, running about and playing in the woods with the young anthropoids.

This is more like a pagan myth, than a reasonable interpretation of the simple and dignified history of Genesis. If we are asked to surrender the obvious and traditional interpretation of this history, there should be some solid reasons given derived from science or other historical documents. None such are forthcoming. The anthropoid is neither a scientific nor a historical character, but a creature of the imagination. After playing a few more comical tricks, he will probably disappear from the scene, without any need of an anathema to frighten him off.

IN THE USK VALLEY.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

I FOLLOWED thee, wild stream of Paradise,
White Usk, for ever showering the sunned bee
In the pink chestnut and the hawthorn tree;
And all along had magical surmise
Of mountains fluctuant in the vesper skies,
As unto mermen, caverned in mid-sea,
Far up the vast green reaches, soundlessly
The giant billows form, and fall, and rise.

Over thy poet's * dust by yonder yew,
Ere distance perished, ere a star began,
His clear monastic measure, heard of few,
Thro' lonelier glens of mine own being ran;
And thou to me wert dearest that I knew
The God who made thee gracious, and the man.

* Henry Vaughan the Silurist.

BOMBARDMENT OF TAMATAVE BY THE FRENCH FLEET.

CATHOLICISM IN MADAGASCAR.

BY THOMAS GILLERAN.

MADAGASCAR is now a French possession. It is of moment to contemplate the probable effect of the subjugation of the Malagasy nation by a Catholic power, not only on the material progress of the people of this vast territory, but on the educational and religious conditions existing there. The better to understand the requirements of the new order of things in the development of material and spiritual progress, it is proper to study the history of the Madagascar tribes in their internal relations, in their dealings with European powers, and in their acceptance of the elements of civilization as introduced by Christian missionaries. A short résumé of the history of the efforts of Catholic missions to gain a foothold in Madagascar, as well as the antagonisms not only of paganism and heresy but of professed Christianity, will assist in explanation of the comparatively slow advancement of Catholicism. It is not purposed to state the political history of the people of this island—so well considered the counterpoise of English posses-

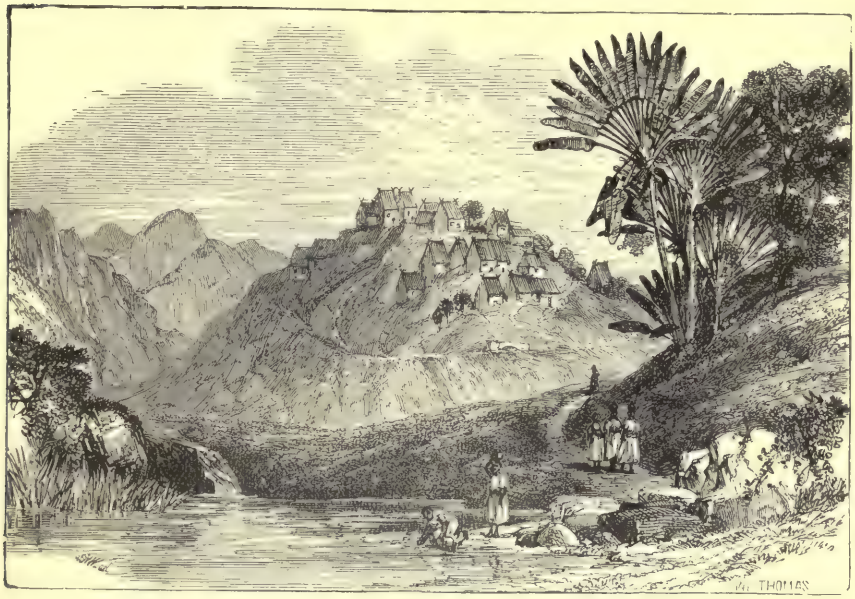
sions in India—except so far as it affects the introduction and progress of Catholicism, nor to discuss the customs or conditions of the country except as they bear upon the religious motives and spiritual actions of the inhabitants.

The first expedition to Madagascar for mission work was one sent by St. Vincent de Paul in 1648, on demand of the Congregation of the Propaganda. An effort at introducing Christianity had been made by the followers of Pronis, who landed in Bourbon or Reunion in 1642, and who established the first European settlement in Madagascar, Fort Dauphin. Pronis, though a Huguenot, encouraged the labors of his Catholic subordinates; but their efforts in the cause of Christ were futile. It seems that even prior to the founding of the garrison at Fort Dauphin the Portuguese had visited parts of the island and left traces of Christian religious training. The priests of St. Vincent de Paul made little progress. The failure of their work and the hardships of life on the island so told on them that in a few years they died. Five missionaries

VIEWS OF TAMATAVE.

sent to reinforce them were shipwrecked off the Cape of Good Hope. The successor of St. Vincent de Paul, René Almeras, sent a band of apostles who were equally unfortunate, though the mission subsisted up to 1674, when Louis XIV. abandoned

the island and forbade French vessels to touch there in future. It is stated by Henrion in his history of Catholic missions that of the four missioners who were there at this time, one was killed by the natives, another was burned alive in his own



VILLAGE IN MADAGASCAR.

house, and two returned to France. Many attempts at colonization were afterwards made by the French, more particularly in 1768 and 1774 and 1814, but no missioners accompanied the expeditions.

The Abbé Rohon, in his *History of Madagascar*, speaks of one Father Stephen, a Lazarist, who in 1664 disseminated Catholic doctrine and sought to convert the chief Dian Menangne, a faithful ally of the French.

Though Protestantism was introduced in 1820 by the London Missionary Society and flourished somewhat under the first king of the united Hova nation, Radama I., Catholic mission work was dormant. Little was done until 1844, when Rev. Mr. Dalmont, missioner of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost at Bourbon, who had been appointed prefect-apostolic of Madagascar, called the Society of Jesus to his aid. Father Cotain and others were at once sent to Madagascar, and landed on the west coast at St. Augustine Bay. This mission was barren of appreciable result because of the constant dissensions among

the natives, and the violent opposition of the Methodist missioners who had already gained control.

Catholic missions began their active lasting work in 1850, on the erection of Madagascar to a prefecture under Father Louis Jouen, but they did not secure a trustworthy recognition until

MARTYRDOM OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS AT ANTANANARIVO.

the accession of King Radama II. in 1861. It may be stated that nearly all the effects of Christian teachings had been nullified by the fierce and sanguinary despotism of Ranavalona I., one of the wives of Radama I., who succeeded to the throne on his death in 1828.

Radama II. became a Christian while his mother, the queen, was putting Christians to death because of their faith, and, immediately on taking the reins of government, he abolished the laws which prevented strangers from acquiring property in his dominions, and entered into treaties with France which opened the way to commercial intercourse with the civilized world. Prior to 1861 the Catholic mission work was conducted at Tamatave and other points on the coast, but in that year the fathers reached the capital, Antananarivo, and established the mission there. The conclusion of treaties with France created a strong feeling in favor of the French Catholic missioners, and Catholicism was gaining great force and influence. The king, however, became a drunkard and *débauché;* the English missioners, with all the prestige of long residence and unlimited funds, stirred up a violent hatred of French pretensions and Catholic influences, and the people became hostile to the new ideas and customs introduced. A popular tumult ensued, led by chiefs under English influence who had been deposed by Radama on his accession, which ended in the assassination of the king in 1863. His wife, Rasoherina, was at once declared queen, and though an idolater, she was in sympathy with the French. A change, however, was brought about by Rainivoninahitriony, who forced himself into the position of prime minister and prince consort, though he had been the arch-leader of the conspiracy against the murdered king. His rule was despotic and arbitrary; so much so, that a general uprising ensued which resulted in his exile. He was succeeded by his brother, Rainiliarivony, who continued prime minister and prince consort to the successors of Rasoherina.

England secured a treaty with Rasoherina, and the English influence became at once active. The French demanded indemnity under a treaty made by Radama II., and in 1865 the enormous sum of one million francs was paid by the Hova government. This tax levied on a very avaricious people provoked most violent threats and indignation, and French residents in the island appeared to be in danger. In the minds of the people, the Catholic religion was French, and anything savoring of the country thus exacting tribute from them suffered the common hatred, which was nourished and excited to greater activity by the English missioners, whose power and prestige were growing enormously. The imminent uprising was quieted, however, by the diplomatic assurances of the French special commissioner to the queen, and though French interests

suffered, the Catholic missions were tolerated and in some parts encouraged.

Christianity at this time was becoming general, and was declared the belief of the people on the public baptism of Ranavalona II. in 1869. Père Jouen maintains that, though Rasoherina observed the idolatrous customs of her people the greater

A FRENCH OFFICER TRAVELLING BY TALIKA FROM TAMATAVE TO ANTANANARIVO.

part of her life, she died a Christian, having been baptized a few days before her death in April, 1868, by M. Laborde, the favorite friend and adviser of Radama II. Since 1869 Christian missions in Madagascar have developed wonderfully. It is claimed that Madagascar has more Nonconformist churches and adherents than any other mission field in the world, and the Quakers and Luther Missionary Society have done much to

Christianize the country. The French Catholic missioners have done great work under adverse circumstances, and though in 1861 there was not one Catholic in the capital, Antananarivo, there is to-day in the very heart of the city a most imposing Catholic cathedral.

The Malagasy people have little religion. Their character is weak. They observe the grossest fetichism, and are governed

RAINILIARIVONY, PRINCE CONSORT AND PRIME MINISTER.

by the most deeply-rooted superstitions. While at no time did they descend to cannibalism, like many of the Polynesian peoples, they were degraded and pagan. They had laws controlling marriage and the domestic relations, but immorality was the rule. Even to-day the freedom of concubinage is startling. Genealogical descent is through the female line, and identification of paternity is not important. Children born to a woman many years after her husband's death are by law the children of the deceased husband. An instance of these peculiar customs

even affecting royalty is afforded by the position of the prime minister Rainiliarivony. This man succeeded his brother Rainivoninahitriony, who was exiled, as prime minister and prince consort to Rasoherina. He remained prime minister and became prince consort to Ranavalona II. and maintained similar relations with her successor, the present queen, Ranavalona III. He was recently deposed by the French, who have selected a successor to occupy all his positions, who is more subservient and pliable to French direction.

In and around the capital and the trading towns on the coast, where civilization is leavening the barbarism of the natives, the observance of European customs is general; but in the wilder sections, among the Sackalave and Bara tribes, the old pagan charms are invoked. Interesting accounts of the "religion of the corpse" and "ancestor worship," the trial by *tangia*, or "poison-water," are given by Jesuit missioners, as well as graphic descriptions of the "Satamanga," or tribal dance. The trial by poison-water is the worst form of trial by ordeal, and very few survive the test. The worship of ancestors and the religion of the corpse generate most depraved instincts and become the medium of indulgence in most immoral practices. The tribal dance presents more bestial aspects than the dances of any barbaric people. It is the commencement of most disgraceful orgies, which are continued in view of thousands of assembled natives. The Malagash, though professing Christianity, still pursues his pagan course. He is largely destitute both of virtue and vice. To him the present is everything. He will profess with seeming fervor the most abject contrition for faults committed, and immediately transgress the rule again. While Christianity is the rule, the teachings of the missioners have small effect on the methods of life of the natives. The freedom of divorce is still availed of even by the most ardent Catholics. The sister of the queen was educated by the Catholic sisters and became a Catholic, but this had little influence in holding sacred her marriage tie. She is divorced from her husband Andrianaly.

These many weaknesses of the Malagasy character show that the teachings of Christianity, though accepted by large numbers of the natives, are but a small factor in their routine of life. It is said that five-sixths of the people are still pagan.

The prospects of the rapid spread of Catholicism in the island are now very good. The nobles will at once conform to the official religion of the dominant nation. It is to be regretted

that such conversion will probably not be based on spiritual grounds alone.

Since the first settlement of white men on the island European influences have done much to sway public conduct. The English missioners did a great deal to generate a sentiment favorable to their country, which was afterward largely nullified by the French under Lambert and Laborde. Again, on the conclusion of the English treaty under Rasoherina and on the levying of the French indemnity, English sentiment gained favor and control. and the English religions dominated the

NATIVE GIRL MOURNING AT THE TOMB OF HER ANCESTORS.

Christian believers. Later, on the withdrawal of England and the establishment of the French Protectorate a few years ago, the people adopted many French practices to be in touch with the governing forces. However, France has been hated and feared since the time of Radama II., and uprisings not only of the Hova race, but of the numerous powerful tribes to the east and south, may be expected. The humble people will not accept the religion of their conquerors except in so far as it appeals to their better nature, to be developed by wise teaching and good example.

The classes who will be the French instruments of government will become thoroughly French in sentiment and conduct.

The official language will be French, and in order to become familiar with the methods of government as dictated by France, knowledge of the French tongue will be essential. This will call for extended teaching of French, to the exclusion of other languages, and a more general understanding of the teachings of Catholic doctrine can then be acquired from the Catholic missioners, who are French. It may be considered wise by the fathers of the mission to educate in their colleges priests from among the natives. The people could be reached much better by one of their own race, with a knowledge of Malagasy character, than by the more ascetic and civilized French priest. There is a vast field for substantial missionary work. There is a great hope of the early conversion of this mighty barbaric people to the faith of Christ. The greatest difficulties will be found in the frailties of character of the inhabitants, evolved through the ages of barbarism and idolatry. Let it be the concern of France to bring the Malagasy people to a real recognition of the benefits of civilization, and to a proper understanding of that faith which has made it the distinguished home of the purest and best in Catholicism, and which has secured to it not the least of its titular honors, "Catholic France."

A RUSE DE GUERRE.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

"TELEGRAM for you, sir—reply prepaid."

Dick Baylor was standing in the Hall of the Four Courts in Dublin, with his hands behind his back, clutching a scroll of official paper, which might be mistaken for a brief by the uninitiated.

Up into the majestic countenance of Sir Colman O'Loghlen's marble effigy he was gazing, as though lost in admiration of the sculptor's work, but in reality he was cogitating whence his next week's board was to come from, as his landlady had that morning given him a latitat, in the shape of a notice to quit.

The words of the telegraph messenger roused him from his reverie only partially. Like Archimedes, he would fain be left to work out his problem before undertaking any other business of a disagreeable nature, as he was sure this telegram meant. Fortune had so long been froward that he looked for nothing but fresh disaster at every turn of her wheel.

"Telegram for me?" he echoed mechanically as he faced around. "All right; wait a minute."

Dick Baylor was one of a numerous tribe who hang on to the law in the Irish capital. He was half a lawyer, half a pressman, with little to do at either profession. He held a junior barrister's degree, with more than the average ill-luck of that often luckless army; his legal education had been costly, and the return for the outlay up to the present next to *nil*. The parental resources were utterly exhausted in the effort to gain this education, and supplies had long been cut off. Now and then one of the newspapers would help him to prolong a life of involuntary asceticism by taking from him a special shorthand report or a bit of lively description in some famous case, but his first "brief" had not come to him as yet.

Still he did not despair. He was a bright young fellow, and the sanguine spirit of youth kept him alive more than his homely fare. He felt that if his chance ever came to him he would be able to seize it and stick to it.

The chance seemed to have come at last. There was a general election in progress, and the circumstances of the fight involved a good deal of shuffling of the cards. Dick Baylor had taken sides with the Nationalist party, and this was the chief reason why his brief-bag had been so long empty. To win the fight a good many changes had to be made in the popular press, which was still heavily leavened with the old order and its hangers-on. Some papers were bought out, and amongst these an old-established one down in the South.

"We want you to take charge of *The Recorder* during the fight. Will you come at once? Say yes, and fifty pounds shall be sent on to meet expenses."

This was the text of the telegram. Dick Baylor lost no time about saying "yes." He pulled off his wig and gown, assumed his street dress, and rushed off to his lodgings instantly.

When the maid-of-all-work came up in answer to his summons she found him executing a *pas seul* on the tattered piece of carpet in the middle of his room. He told her the cause of this extraordinary fit of terpsichoreanism, and the poor girl felt delighted, for she knew that when he got the money her mistress's bill would be paid and then she would get her own wages.

No time was lost in packing the "Gladstone," and Dick Baylor, flying off on a jaunting car, was just in time to catch the mail train at the Kingsbridge, and before nightfall he was landed at his destination, a country town which we shall call Knockphail.

On his arrival he was met by the parish priest, the Rev. Mortimer Daly, and a couple of the leading lay politicians of Knockphail, and greeted with true Celtic fervor. "We're going to have a glorious fight here," they cried *unâ voce*, "and you've come in the nick of time. All our hopes are centred on you. You are the man in the gap."

Dick Baylor's conception of the obligations of a man in the gap had been derived from metropolitan experiences chiefly. There, at election times, a good deal of speechifying and cheering and noise prevailed. Sometimes, too, perhaps a few windows were broken and a few men mobbed in the streets. He had no idea of the magnificent scale on which the game of political war was played in the country, or the resources in cunning and audacity which the bucolic politician had at his command.

He smiled and answered cheerfully that he would do his

best not to disappoint their expectations, that he felt proud of the honor conferred upon him, that he was glad to have the opportunity of seeing their very interesting town, so full of historic memories, and so on. Then the question of lodging came up. One decent hotel was all that Knockphail possessed, and this, it was found, was held by the enemy in force. Then the parish priest, who was a fine example of the old big-hearted, hospitable race of Irish gentlemen, solved the difficulty by declaring that the stranger should take up his quarters at his house until the election was over.

Although Dick Baylor did not relish this proposal, because he thought it seemed to strain the idea of hospitable obligation, he had no alternative, being a total stranger in the town, but to accept. "I'll hand you over to Mrs. Halloran, my housekeeper," said Father Daly, "and I'll warrant she'll take good care of you."

The presbytery stood on a hill, and the parish church stood beside it. It was intended that the church should be a bold and handsome feature in the picturesque environments of Knockphail, but this intention had not so far been realized. For the church had not been finished; only the stump of its intended steeple had emerged from the architectural chaos, and the work on the ornamental portions of the edifice had been so long at a standstill for want of funds that portions of it presented a semi-ruinous appearance. It wanted the venerable character of a genuine ruin, while it fell short of the semblance of a finished building; so that it marred the effect of the landscape rather than dignified its outlines.

In the presbytery the spirit of hospitality did not reveal itself in luxury. The prevailing tone of the place was simplicity, together with immaculate cleanliness. Only one of the rooms had any approach to a carpet. This was the parlor where the priests received the more distinguished visitors; and the carpet was only a square piece large enough to cover the centre of the floor. An old-fashioned harpsichord piano was the chief feature in the room, whose decorations consisted of a large colored engraving of the Sacred Heart, a lithograph portrait of the Pope, and a photograph of the Œcumenical Council.

Three curates had their quarters in the house, besides the parish priest. This was the entire spiritual force of the parish, but it was sufficient. There was a steady monotony about the piety of the good people of Knockphail. Like all rural Irish places it was deeply religious. Of course there were a few black sheep in the town, as in all other places; and it was

sometimes necessary to refer to these from the altar to bring them to repentance. In this process terms were generally used which outside would have furnished matter for a rousing action for libel, but in such simple pastoral communities these admonitions are taken not so much, happily, in their letter as in their spirit.

It was over this establishment that Mrs. Halloran had mundane control as "housekeeper." Her duties were not light; yet they were got through in such a way that none noticed their performance. She was one of that rare species, a woman who could keep silence irrefragably when silence was necessary.

A firm, sedate, yet kindly woman was Mrs. Halloran. Her task in dealing with the many people who called at the presbytery was one that at times required the exercise of all those qualities. The presbytery is sought by many besides those who have genuine claims on the priests' time—idlers and ne'er-do-wells, and mere gossip-mongers. She had learned to differentiate all these with unerring accuracy, so that the good-nature of Father Daly and his helpers should not be abused. To those who were in genuine need of help she displayed a motherly sympathy, but while giving all the practical help in her power, took care that they should not engross her time to the neglect of her other duties.

Mrs. Halloran was a widow without any children of her own, but a niece of hers, her brother's daughter, was almost constantly with her, and the love which subsisted between the pair was almost that of mother and child. Yet there could be no greater dissimilarity in tone and temperament than between these. Nellie Halloran was as gay as a linnet and as elfish as a sprite. She was the soul of mirth and drollery, and the chief trouble her aunt had in her regard was to keep her ebullient spirits from making the housekeeper's quarters at the presbytery remarkable for hilarity.

Sedate and sober-minded as the housekeeper was, it required all her self-command at times to refrain from giving the rein to her latent spirit of merriment in a way unsuited to her position as she regarded it. The recital of the impish pranks which her niece had played upon some of the simple swains who beset her, especially upon a soft-hearted fellow named Mike Donovan, the priest's "boy," from the neighboring parish of Ballinacrory, was a thing that few could hear with a serious face. Nellie's delicious brogue as she told the tale with all the *abandon* of a benign little witch, the spirit of fun dancing in the dangerous Irish eyes, and the contagious peal of her musical laughter, forbade all attempts to preserve a serious countenance.

"Troth, you'd make the saints laugh, you unbiddable hussy," Mrs. Halloran would say, as, confessing defeat, she sat in her wicker arm-chair and took the offending ringleted head on her lap to try to smooth down its wilful curls. "There, stop your tongue now, and don't make me laugh any more, else I'll bring disgrace on the house. Lave Mike Donovan alone and tell me about the Sodality, and who you saw at the last meetin'. Go on now; that's me darlin' girl."

With such artifices would the good woman seek to lay the spirit of mischief in her niece, but not always with success. Mike was an institution, apparently, at Ballinacrory, and as long as Mike lasted the fun was sure to last for Nellie Halloran.

Mrs. Halloran very cheerfully accepted the new charge given into her hands by Father Daly. Dick Baylor was an engaging young man, and a diffident, shy kind of manner which he had at once aroused all the motherly instincts in the good woman's heart. She judged at once that he was not much of a man to take care of himself in regard to social comforts, and she determined that he should be well taken care of while under her wing.

"Do you know exactly how the land lies here—politically I mean?" inquired Father Lavery, one of the three curates, when the quintette were seated in the parlor waiting for the summons to dinner.

"Well, I've got a rough idea. I believe a good deal of uphill work has to be done to recover lost ground."

"You're not far out there. The paper we have just bought has been run in the interest of the opposite side for some weeks. All the effect of this has to be undone."

"That may not be easy, but it must be tried. The bold course is perhaps the only winning one. The people are too wide-awake to be imposed on by any trimming process. Better to take the bull by the horns at once."

"It is the safer way," chimed in Father Dixon, the senior curate. "But there will be some awkwardness about it. Perhaps you are not aware that half the paper for this week is already printed, and it contains some things highly favorable to Taylor. The former owner is a great friend of Taylor's, but he was so hard up that he was glad to get the offer from us to buy the whole thing. He thinks he is powerful enough to get the sheet run in Taylor's interest still, although it has changed owners."

"He must have a good deal of confidence in his powers of persuasion," remarked Baylor, with a laugh. "But he will find his mistake pretty quickly."

"You will require all the courage and skill you can command, I venture to say," said Father Timmins, the shrewdest of the curates. "You see the paper is still printed on his premises, as we have not had time to get our own prepared, and it cannot be transferred for some weeks. His sub-editor, whom I suppose you will have to put up with for the present as there is no other to be got in the town, is a rabid Taylorite, and you will have to put your foot down pretty firmly at the beginning to have things done as you want them."

"Oh! I can answer for that," said Baylor. "I have had to deal with men of that stamp before."

"Well, you may manage the sub, but Burke is the really formidable obstacle. Though he has parted with the paper, he believes he has some control over it still as long as it is in his house. He's a sort of bashaw here, and was dreaded by all while he ran the paper. You will have to watch him."

"Oh! I don't fear for the result by any means. As you have given me full control, I'll take care that nobody interferes any further. But how about the general situation outside?"

"Well, it is simple. The towns-people here are all in favor of Taylor. He is a clever man and an able speaker, and he spends money freely. But he has not much of a following in the county. The man we have adopted is supported by all the men of any standing. He has the backing of the National party, and that's enough for us, for we are all with the tenant-farmers here, and we care nothing for the opinions of the towns-people, for they are not able to see beyond their own noses. There is a small section of the poorer class of farmers who may be in doubt, and it is these we desire to reach through the paper. Now, do you understand?"

"Oh, perfectly! We must insist on the absolute necessity of supporting the choice of the party, the priests, who are the natural leaders of the people in this struggle, and the men who are the backbone of the tenants' movement. It ought to be plain sailing enough."

In the office of *The Recorder* Baylor found a very primitive condition of affairs. The printing arrangements were of the most backward and antiquated kind. The place was miserably small, and the printing-staff consisted only, besides the foreman, of three men and two boys. There was only one machine, a crazy thing of the last century, and the motive-power of this was hand-labor. A strong man was employed to turn the wheel on the printing nights.

Burke, the former editor and proprietor, was this man's em-

ployer. He found work for him as a farm laborer and doing odd jobs, the rest of the week; for Burke combined the agricultural with the editorial life, besides taking the leading hand in local and imperial politics. He was a burly, truculent man, who could use both the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re* as the occasion suited.

He was seated at the desk in the office writing leading paragraphs, when Baylor entered and introduced himself. He received him blandly, and Baylor, producing his credentials, demanded a sight of all the "copy" that had been sent in for the second side of the paper.

Burke handed him over what he had written, and sent a boy out to the printing-office for the remainder.

"Merely a few squibs," he said, "showing up Molloy's political antecedents, and some smart hits at the county 'bosses'; just the sort of thing for election times, you know."

"They will not go in," said Baylor calmly. "Boy, tell the foreman to step in here."

The functionary entered. "Please understand," said Baylor, "that no 'copy' is to be taken in the printing-office in the future, save what passes through my hands. I take entire charge of this paper now."

At this point Mr. Muldoon, the sub-editor, who also acted as local reporter, came in. Baylor lost no time in making known their mutual relations. "What have you got here?" he asked, looking at some MS. which Muldoon had taken from his pocket.

"Notes of a speech of Mr. Taylor's at the assembly rooms to-day."

"Put them in the fire. Not another word about Mr. Taylor goes into this sheet."

Muldoon looked at Burke, and Burke looked at Baylor.

"We undertook to give this report," he said, "and in the interests of fair play—"

"I did not undertake it," said Baylor sharply, "and this is electioneering. I will have no controversy about it."

Burke's face grew purple, but he managed to control himself. He bounced out of the place without saying a word.

"Now," said Baylor to the sub, "you will please sit down there and write what I dictate." Then he plunged at once into a rattling "leader" setting forth the change in the paper's policy and the urgent reasons for it, and appealing to the patriotism of the farmers on behalf of the adopted candidate.

As the slips were written he caused them to be carried to

the printing-office and set up as quickly as could be done. It was late ere this task was got through, but he went back to his quarters satisfied with his day's work.

Next morning his troubles commenced. When he arrived at the office he found the foreman with a very long face. Two of the printers, he announced, had left the town, and there was not one to be got to fill the gap.

"Never mind," said Baylor, "I'll see what can be done without them."

He seized a telegraph form and wrote a message to Dublin asking a large printing firm there to say if they could set up three pages of *The Recorder* and send them down in stereotype, if he sent on the "copy," by working all night? In an hour he had an answer in the affirmative.

In the meantime the town was in a state of commotion. Bands were out on the streets, and Taylor was addressing meetings from the hotel windows and other places. Crowds stopped occasionally before *The Recorder* office, and hooted and yelled and groaned. The printing-office was in the rear, and inaccessible, so Baylor didn't mind. He merely took the precaution of barring the front door and closing the window-shutters.

In due time the stereotype plates arrived from Dublin, and Baylor did not quit the office until he had seen the paper put to press and made arrangements for its despatch next morning in the usual way.

What was his astonishment when on going to his office early next day he found that not a single sheet had been sent out or even printed! Two causes were assigned by the trembling foreman for the miscarriage. In the first place the laborer who turned the wheel had refused to work, and not another man in the town could be got to undertake it. All were partisans of Taylor. In the second, the machine itself had collapsed through the breaking of an important screw, and not a smith could be got to repair it, through the tradesmen's loyalty to Taylor.

Here was a dilemma indeed! Baylor felt nonplussed for the moment.

He hurried off with the intention of taking counsel with the parish priest. He met him a little outside the presbytery. Burke, the former editor, was just coming out of the assembly rooms, which were close by, as he came up. On his face there was a malicious grin.

"This is your doing, Mr. Burke," said Father Daly, when Baylor had hurriedly whispered how things stood. "Do you

think it fair to take our money for your property, and then prevent our utilizing it?"

"Oh! this is electioneering, Father Daly," replied Burke in a tone of sly triumph. "Everything is fair under these conditions. My responsibility ceased when I sold you the property, you know. This gentleman got full control."

Baylor turned away in disgust. If an argument were got up in the street, it would be certain to collect a crowd, and this would lead inevitably to a scene. So, taking Father Daly's arm, he went with him into the presbytery, and went more fully into the details of the estoppel.

Mrs. Halloran was a listener while he was explaining the position of affairs to Father Daly. An eager look was on her face, but she did not feel herself privileged to speak until the good priest, noticing the peculiar expression, turned towards her.

"What is it, Mrs. Halloran?" he said kindly. "I think you want to say something."

"If I might make so bold, your reverence," she replied, "I would say that I think that *The Constitution* people, although they are Tories, would lend their machine to print the paper, if they were asked. Mr. Denham, the owner, was talking to me to-day, and he said they all admired Mr. Baylor for the courageous fight he's making."

"That's very nice and very good," said Father Daly; "but whom can we get to turn the machine? We're completely boycotted in the town."

"If you please, your reverence, there's Mike Donovan downstairs, talking to Nellie. He's as strong as a horse."

"Why, woman, he's the maddest Taylorite of them all! He'd rather cut off his hand than do a stroke of work against him."

"Oh! leave that to Nellie and me," she answered, a gleam of roguery twinkling in her eye. "You'll find we'll manage him somehow, your reverence." Mrs. Halloran was as good as her word.

It was not through any of the arts of Delilah that these wily women contrived to neutralize Mike's violent political antipathies. Much as he loved Nellie he would not, even for her sake, be false to his principles. It was simply because of his defective education. He could neither read nor write, and was kept in ignorance of the nature of the work he was requisitioned to do. Thus he was betrayed into the hands of the enemy.

Mike Donovan was a strapping young fellow, and one of the best wrestlers and hurlers in the county. This athletic bent of his helped to counterbalance the stooping tendency

which his work in the fields was calculated to give. He was rough-looking, but by no means ill-favored; and that his temper was fiery was easily discernible from his excitable blue eye and very high cheek-bone, if the tawny beard and still more reddish hair furnished no clue to it. He was engaged in a wordy war with Nellie when Mrs. Halloran entered—all about politics. Mike was vehemently upholding the claims of Taylor and denouncing the system of the caucus which thrust an undesirable representative upon the people, as he declared, giving them no choice whatever in the selection.

The more he stormed the more Nellie teased him by her skilful comparison between the rival candidates, to the disadvantage of Taylor in every case; and the poor fellow was not sharp enough to see that she was only disporting herself at his expense.

At the height of the discussion Mrs. Halloran put in an appearance.

"Give over, children," she began; "we're tired of politics, sure enough. 'Tis nothing but the one ould thing over and over again; we've heard it so often, troth, we ought to have it off by heart. Mike, like a decent boy, will you do a little turn for me? Have you to go back to Ballinacrory to-night?"

"No; not till to-morrow, ma'am. I have to wait for a saddle that the harness-maker beyant is mendin' for the masther; only for that I'd be goin' to-night. An' what's the turn you want me to do for you, Mrs. Halloran?"

"Well, just to turn the wheel up at *The Constitution*, for Mr. Denham, for a couple of hours."

"An' sure that's Dan Brady's job?"

"True enough, but this is an extra job. Dan's usual work was finished early to-day, an' he's gone home tired an' hungry of coorse after such a heavy spell of work. 'Twill be a rale charity for you to do it. There's ne'er another boy in the town strong enough to stand up to it."

"Yerra, let Mike alone, aunt," interposed Nellie, tauntingly. "Don't you see that he's ashamed to tell you that he won't do it because he *can't* do it? There isn't another boy in Knockphail or for twenty miles round that could turn the wheel up at *The Constitution* for two hours runnin'. Dan Brady is the only one fit to do it."

Nellie knew nothing of the importance of her interference; it was just a fortuitous piece of good luck that prompted her usual spirit of raillery just then to assert itself. It was the one thing needed to the success of the project in hand. Mike's temper was aflame in a twinkling.

"This is more of the lies an' the humbuggin' that's imposin' on the people here," he exclaimed bitterly. "It 'ud be a quare day that I couldn't stand up agin Dan Brady, or agin any man on this side of Keeper Mountain. I tell you what I'll do, Mrs. Halloran. I'll go up now an' turn the wheel at *The Constitution*, and whin that's done I'll wrastle Dan Brady fresh out of his bed, hurdle with him, or throw stones with him—ay, an' the best man in the parish next to him, afther. That's what I'll do—an' I'll stake the five shillin's I'm goin' to airn on it. Now I'm off to *The Constitution*."

"Lave us a lock o' your hair!" cried Nellie, with a taunting laugh, as the young giant strode angrily from the door. But Mike, consoled with the thought that he would soon cover his detractors and disparagers with confusion, vouchsafed no reply, but went his way.

The astonishment of the town politicians when the paper came out in good time was only equalled by their rage, for they had deemed the boycott complete. But the general anger was, in its entire volume, not half that of the individual bitterness of Mike Donovan when he found to what base uses he had been put. He was afraid to trust himself near the presbytery next day, lest his anger should break all bounds and make him say and do things to be regretted all his lifetime.

When the polling day came, and the votes were counted, Mr. Taylor found himself a very disappointed man. Contrary to what his friends all along assured him, he failed to get a single vote outside the town. Dick Baylor's logic decided all the rural waverers, and there was a great triumph for the National party.

It needed all Mrs. Halloran's diplomacy to repair the damage she had done to Mike's affections. Achilles sulked in his tent for nearly three months, and would have continued to sulk were it not that Mrs. Halloran drove over to Ballinacrory one day and soothed his ruffled feelings in her own irresistible way. But what clinched the matter was her undertaking to restrain Nellie from laughing at him when he should come over to see them at Knockphail.

But Nellie, who was no party to this treaty, tore it to shreds, and quizzed him mercilessly when he appeared there, looking rather sheepish and abashed. She laughs at him still, now that she is Mrs. Donovan, and often tells the story of the discomfiture of the Taylorites, and the unconscious part that Mike had in bringing it about.

THE WINTER-SCHOOL IN NEW ORLEANS.

BY REV. JAMES J. McLOUGHLIN.

NEW ORLEANS has from time immemorial been famous amongst our American cities as a place *sui generis*. Unlike her sisters, she has been content to rest quietly apart, aside from the hurlyburly of the nineteenth century, seemingly the one quiet, slackwater pool of that swift stream of progress that is hurrying the American Republic to its ultimate destiny.

In the good old days "before the war" we heard a great deal of this Southern metropolis. Before the fire and steel of that terrible epoch had wiped out of existence, almost, the trade and commerce that poured millions into her lap; before the genius of Stephenson had stretched glistening strings of iron rails to drag away her vassals of the States of the Mississippi Valley, she was queen of a broad empire. Her palatial steamboats drained every capillary of that vast system of waterways that sucked the life-blood of trade from every remote landing to this great Southern heart.

But all that is past. New times, new methods, now rule her trade and commerce. Like the ancient Creoles of her still more ancient streets, these new ways found her all unprepared for change. And for twenty years she sat there amidst her memories, dazed and bewildered. The Exposition of 1884 came, and she awoke. Since then she has made giant strides along the path of progress. Factories, commerce, foreign trade, internal improvements, have placed her once more in the front rank with her rival sisters.

The old is passing away, the new is taking its place. In a few years more the quaint flavor of "old New Orleans" will be a thing of the past. And those thousands of tourists who now make the old town one of their resting-places each winter, will soon find the granite and slate of the nineteenth century in the place where once dwelt the stucco and tile of the eighteenth.

This year there will be inaugurated there a most startling innovation, in the Catholic Winter-School of America, which it

is hoped and believed will be a most welcome addition to the attractions of the Carnival season.

Summer-schools are numerous, and thronged—why, therefore, should not a winter-school be popular? And when to the delightful climate of a semi-tropical town are added the attractions which the Catholic Winter-School offers, will not thousands of our Northern friends gladly spend a month in the Crescent City, combining pleasure with instruction?

To those who have never visited New Orleans can scarcely be explained the peculiarities of that queer old place. Imagine a great city, with over ten miles of wharfage-front on a broad river, with a salt-water lake, twenty miles wide, in the rear, with not a single hill or slope in all its area. Naught but one unbroken level, crossed by broad avenues, bordered with open drains, through which course streams of water.

Midwinter by the almanac, but springtime by the thermometer. Green grass, brilliant flowers, greet you everywhere. A hospitable people in whom true courtesy is inbred. And above all a city with a past—yes, and such a past! We can trace it in the very streets and houses that we see.

Founded in 1718 by Bienville, the place was laid out as a parallelogram, one side the river, a strong rampart in the rear, another with a broad walk alongside forming the lower limit. To-day the old boundary lines and colonial buildings live in the names of the streets that take their place or mark their spot—Rampart, Esplanade, Hospital, Barracks. And even yet some of the old houses of that remote period are shown, ancient and aged-looking relics of olden days. Among the lectures to be delivered before the school will be a course on Louisiana history by Alcée Fortier, of Tulane University, and it will be interesting to follow him, as it were, through these old remains of former times which still stand to tell of what they were, and what scenes they saw, when the lilies of France floated from the old cathedral spires.

America has so little antiquity that we look on what is left us of colonial days as something to revere. At Mount Vernon we reverently inspect the little trifles that, in themselves so valueless, as once a part of Washington's life are made so precious to every patriot. In Quebec we pause at the spot where brave Montgomery fell. But here in New Orleans we are surrounded with much that brings history near to us. Just below the busy town, guarded by an unfinished, unsightly pile of bricks, lies Chalmette—that glorious field

where the flower of the British armies saw their flag go down in defeat before the rifles of the hardy pioneers. Around are remnants of the very earthworks that sheltered Jackson's men. And there, covering much of the ground that in 1815 drank so much blood, lie fifteen thousand Federal soldiers, from the battle-fields of thirty years ago.

Along the river-road stretch the neat white buildings of the United States Barracks, with a sentry pacing at the gate. The drive from the city to the battle-field is one of great beauty. On the right the yellow river crawls, behind a levee wall ten feet high; on the left old-fashioned plantation houses, embowered in foliage, amidst which are tall magnolias, yellow-laden orange-trees, waxen camelias, sombre cedars, and a riot of roses, dahlias, and smaller flowers.

In fact in no other city in the United States will the lover of plants and trees and flowers find so much to admire as here in New Orleans. A course of lectures on botany, by Rev. A. B. Langlois, will be of peculiar interest in this connection.

And within easy reach of the city are many pleasant rural resorts to which excursions can be made. There is the chain of pretty villages that stretch along the Mexican Gulf, between New Orleans and Mobile, where the pine-trees fringe the beach, and where excellent hotels hold forth every allurement; where fishing and hunting and sailing are ever in order. And back in the pine-woods, on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, is the Deaf and Dumb School of Chinchuba, where deaf-mutes learn to speak the marvellous sign language with wondrous ease.

Of course the carnival festivities will in themselves be a great event. They begin about a week before Mardi-Gras, which this year is on February 18. There are balls and receptions without number. Illuminated pageants, representing scenes from history or legendary lore, change night into day as they roll through the crowded streets.

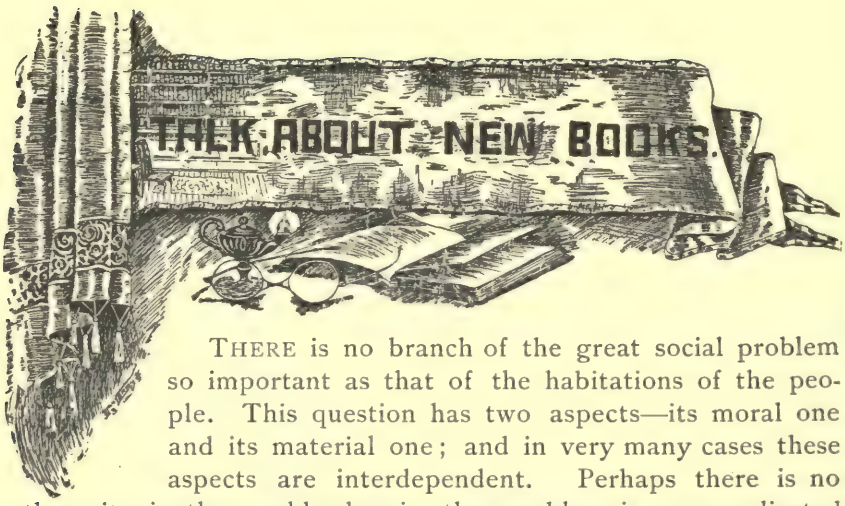
And the religious ceremonies attendant upon the Winter-School will in themselves be amongst the grandest ever seen in America. All the prelates of the country have been invited, and many will attend. Amongst those who will be there will be Cardinals Gibbons and Satolli, and one or both of these will be present at the opening celebration in the old cathedral on Sunday, February 16.

The roll of lecturers comprises many eminent names. Father Zahm, of Notre Dame University, has been engaged for a course on "Science and Religion," which is the same that created so

much discussion last year. The eminent Jesuit, Father Powers, of Spring Hill, will lecture on "Man as a Free Agent," "Right and Wrong," "Immortality," "Morality and Conscience," and "God's Existence." Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, Condé B. Pallen, Graham Frost, Father Mullany, Father Sheedy of Altoona, and a number of others equally prominent will be on the platform. Beginning on February 18 the school will last three weeks, and it will certainly bring together one of the most entertaining gatherings of teachers and students ever seen in America.

It will attract the attention, not of Catholics alone but also of thousands of non-Catholics, who will come from motives of curiosity, or desire to know the point of view of Catholics on many of the questions of the day—on socialism, on the relations of labor and capital, on theological matters, and to note our progress in intellectual and literary development.

And from the list of lecturers and their subjects it is safe to predict that the first session of the Catholic Winter-School at New Orleans will not only reflect great credit upon Archbishop Janssens, and those who are with him in promoting its success, but it will also attract to itself, and to the historic city of the South, thousands of appreciative visitors, of every sect and creed.



THERE is no branch of the great social problem so important as that of the habitations of the people. This question has two aspects—its moral one and its material one; and in very many cases these aspects are interdependent. Perhaps there is no other city in the world wherein the problem is so complicated as it is in New York, owing to abnormal local conditions. Whether the problem will ever be solved there, in a manner conducive to the welfare of society, or whether it is destined to remain a puzzle for future generations, it is, at all events, well to be made familiar with its conditions. This knowledge may be gained to some extent by a study of a comprehensive work on the subject just issued by the Messrs. Scribner.*

New York is not the only city whose tenement-house condition is exhaustively treated of in this book. The status of the poor in many other great cities—London, Paris, Chicago, Naples, etc.—is ably described by writers who have made it the subject of careful study. In their hands the topic covers a wide range; and its treatment often gives it a character of a much more attractive stamp than the usual run of economical and statistical treatises shows. The paper on London, for instance, has been furnished by Robert A. Woods, the head of Andover House, Boston, and a resident member of the Toynbee Hall Association for some time. It is entitled "The Social Awakening in London." Not many people in this country are aware of the enormous impulse which has been given of late years to the question of making life tolerable for the masses in the great metropolis. The hugeness of the city has necessitated a revolution in city government; drastic, complete, and radical. London under the perfect system of home rule which it has won after a long struggle with prerogatives as old as King Lud, has got its own affairs into its hand and is doing right well to make matters smooth for its millions of toilers. Its different

* *The Poor in Great Cities.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

county councils control and administer rates and taxes mounting up close to seven hundred millions of dollars annually. This money is now all under popular control, whereas under the old *régime* it was in the hands of a number of rings whose methods would never bear inquiry.

Mr. Woods' paper is an exceedingly able one. It is comprehensive, and at the same time it is concise. It gives the facts, together with sufficient comment to render them fully intelligible.

The condition of New York is, however, a matter which comes home more nearly to us. On this subject a paper is contributed by Mr. Ernest Flagg, the eminent architect. The picture he draws of the state of the New York tenement-house population, and the frightful dangers to health, morality, and life, through the constant risk of conflagrations, is simply appalling. And that which renders it so appalling is the fact that we know every word of the warning to be strictly true.

The primary evil in the New York system, Mr. Flagg points out, is the arbitrary division of the city ground into lots, each of 25 feet by 100 feet. The restriction to 25 feet has been fatal to health, light, and comfort. On these narrow lots an identical system of tenements has sprung up, covering thousands of acres. They have been built in utter defiance of the science of building, and their defects are irremediable. For these death-trap structures an enormous rent is charged. Nowhere else in the world have landlords the power to fleece as in New York, because of the restricted limits of the city, and nowhere is there such frightful risk to life and health as in the ill-built, rubbishy structures which are called tenement houses.

Whether any remedy can be found for this shocking state of things, under the present legislative system, is a very doubtful problem. Altogether a peculiar condition of affairs has grown up in and around New York City. It is a subject that must be studied; it is certain to compel attention, and that perhaps in a very unpleasant way. So that the sooner it is taken up and discussed the better for all concerned.

For the benefit of womankind chiefly Miss Conway's book, *Making Friends and Keeping Them*,* appears to have been written. Its arguments are directed more to the sex which appears most to need advice on the all-important subject of friend-

* *Making Friends and Keeping Them.* By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Pilot Publishing Co.

ship; yet they are such as may be laid to heart with much profit by very many of the other. There is a maturity of judgment in the dicta of this eminently necessary book, mingled with a delicacy in the method of conveying advice, which bespeaks the sympathetic friend much more than the mentor. The book is not merely useful in a very important sense, but it is full of literary excellences—a very charming treatise, indeed, upon a very engrossing subject. There are thousands of women to whom it ought to prove invaluable in cases where want of good advice might prove to be a lamentable circumstance. It would be easy, perhaps, to get a more attractive gift book, so far as outward show goes; but for wholesome and refreshing contents none better, for general purposes, can be found on the booksellers' counters.

A great increase in size and improvement in style are shown in the *Catholic Home Annual** for the coming year. Some splendid photogravures are embodied in the work, so as to make it, in respect to illustrations, a first-class production. Its literary contents are no less excellent. They are by the most favorite Catholic writers, and their range is wide and varied. Poetry, topography, fiction, hagiology, and other branches of Catholic literature, are all represented by choice examples. The *Annual* has always been a welcome visitor in many Catholic homes; its claims to a cordial reception in the year 1896 are greater than ever.

Individuality is the undisputed claim of New Orleans. A city which preserves many traits of old France, when old France in the land itself is hardly a memory, may seem an anachronism on this unconventional continent, but anachronisms are sometimes delightful by mere contrast. So it is with New Orleans. Miss Grace King, who is racy of the soil, tells us all about the gay, quaint city in the course of a very charming book† just published. The narrative is helped immensely by the many sketches of famous spots in the city and out-of-the-way nooks and corners furnished by Frances E. Jones, who wields a cunning pencil.

The story of New Orleans, from its foundation almost down to our own day, is a record of romance, and the recorder of the whole fascinating pageant has a very sympathetic pen.

* *Catholic Home Annual.* New York: Benziger Bros.

† *New Orleans: The Place and the People.* By Grace King. With illustrations by Frances E. Jones. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Grace King is a piquant historian—one who is not content to serve up the dry bones of the past for banquet, but does her best to clothe them with flesh and nerve-tissue and mind and spirit.

One of the most charming chapters in the book is that devoted to the description of the coming of the Ursulines in the *Gironde*, in the year 1727. The mingled piquancy and pathos of the chronicle of the sisters' sufferings by land and sea, in that time of tortoise-like and pea-shoed travelling, entitle these pages to rank amongst the best examples of historical bric-a-brac.

Longmans, Green & Co. deserve the thanks of teachers for their admirable production of the English Classics Series.* The works so far issued are Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*, Scott's *Woodstock*, Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*, George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, Macaulay's *Essays on Milton*, and Daniel Webster's *First Bunker Hill Oration*. (*Par parenthese* it may be asked, has the latter work been recognized by the English as a classic?) This series is specially designed for the guidance of teachers, and to that end contains matter not included in the text, such as analytical introductions, questions for examination, etc. Some teachers may think it is something like painting the lily to tack on an introduction to Sir Walter Scott's work, since that great master considered himself perfectly competent to tire out the patience of readers on his own account. However, this is an age of new ideas, and some people may even like to hear it explained how and why Scott explains himself.

The chronicle of the Sisters of Mercy is brought to a close in the volume† which now makes its appearance, which is the fourth of the series. It is in some respects the most absorbing of any, inasmuch as it deals with transactions which changed the current of the world's history, on this soil as well as abroad, and brings the immediate past into touch with the living present. The story of the part this great order played during the Civil War and the subsequent plagues in Vicksburg and New Orleans has often been touched upon, but the details have not been so graphically or authoritatively presented,

* *Longman's English Classics.* Edited by George Rice Carpenter, A.B. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy.* Vol. iv. By a Member of the Order of Mercy. New York: P. O'Shea.

we believe, as they are now by Mother Austin Carroll. The literary garb in which the chronicle is presented is bright, spirited, and vivacious, reflecting the heroic cheerfulness of the great souls who devote their lives to the good of mankind; and the ripple of gayety which at times runs through the narrative proves that such a life of sacrifice is for many the true philosophy of existence. Many amusing anecdotes are found in the pages of this bulky volume, side by side with the most touching stories of martyr suffering and heroic devotion. This volume, it should be added, contains a copious index of the whole work.

Horrors of the Confessional is the ironical title given a little work on the subject of the sacrament of penance by Dr. Joseph A. Pompeney, of Kansas City. It is in reality a very able controversial work, designed to meet the sneers and slanders of calumniators of the Catholic system. The language of the book is eloquent, and the arguments rest on a sound historical basis, displaying much erudition. The pamphlet is published in handy form by Thomas J. Casey, Kansas City, Mo.

Another portable and ready work for the purpose of combating erroneous belief is one entitled *An Hour with a Sincere Protestant*, by Rev. J. P. M. S. It bears the imprimatur of his Grace Archbishop Corrigan, and is published by the Christian Press Association Publishing Co., West Fifteenth Street, New York. In a brief compass it takes up the chief objections to Catholicism, and deals with them in a plain and forcible way.

"Pegasus in harness" is the thought which springs to our mind reading a volume of poems by James Jeffrey Roche. Restraint, not license, is the power that reveals itself between and in the lines. The volume is called *Ballads of Blue Water*,* but this does not indicate that they are all redolent of the sea. There be heroes of the land as well as heroes of the ocean, in whom the people of this continent take an ever green pride, and of some of these the praise is strung in terse poetic pearls in this volume. The cameos, "Washington" and "Whittier," for instance, are bits of workmanship which illustrate how high conception may be wedded to simplest form of expression by fitness of phrase, as power is concentrated in the lightning flash. But for all that the ocean is the author's element, and

* *Ballads of Blue Water, and other Poems.* By James Jeffrey Roche. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

his muse a sea-nymph. He finds joyous inspiration in the breeze and the battle, and loves to sing of the glorious fights of 1812. A couple of the poems which deal with these stirring themes claim higher rank than the ballad. More of the character of the martial ode is the piece called "The Fight of the Armstrong Privateer," and a similar observation applies to the poem on "Albemarle Cushing." Grace and fire—fire judiciously handled—characterize these lays of nautical exploit; and the spirit of fun which enters so largely into a sailor's life is also exemplified in the penultimate piece in the book, "A Sailor's Yarn." A poet's work is, very often, like an editor's—more conspicuous by what it has rejected than by what it has put before the world. Mr. Roche's bears the impress of this care and happy taste in every line. He has a nice ear, too, and sticks to that quality of distinctness in quantitative enunciation which it is the fashion with a certain stripe of mystics and transcendentals of this age to obscure. Much sense of fitness is shown in the output of the volume. The cover is at once simple, elegant, and striking.

It is fitting that a handsome book * should commemorate a golden jubilee; and the golden jubilee of the Rev. Sylvester Malone, of Brooklyn, was an event so honored by all, and so unique, too, in its circumstances, as to call for an especially appropriate memorial. The task of compiling such a work devolved on Mr. Sylvester L. Malone, his nephew, and he has acquitted himself of it with credit. No little judgment was required in this, owing to the multitude of congratulatory letters which poured in upon Father Malone, the mass of documents relating to his long and stirring career as a priest and as a citizen, and the many great historical events with which his life was interwoven. It does not fall to the lot of many priests to be associated with one parish, as Father Malone has been, now for more than fifty years; nor is it often that any parish has had priests whose lives have been so bound up with the growth and life of the place, in its material and moral aspects, no less than its spiritual one, as Father Sylvester Malone's has been with that of Williamsburg. Father Malone was a veritable oak of sturdiness and grace in the midst of frequent storm and stress, during the long years of his ministry. As a patriotic citizen he has ever proved in his

* *Memorial of the Golden Jubilee of Rev. Sylvester Malone.* Edited by Sylvester L. Malone. Brooklyn, N. Y.: D. S. Holmes, 388 Bedford Avenue.

own person how base is the slander that seeks to divorce the Catholic from the defender of the soil. His courage, his benevolence, and his progressive ideas gained him the respect of all good men of whatsoever creed all over Brooklyn. The way in which this was manifested, and the salient points in Father Malone's ministerial career, are well set forth in this elegant souvenir of his jubilee. But the point of note in it all is the wonderful approval Father Malone has received for what may be called his life idea. To have lived fifty years of consistent, integral, priestly life is palm enough for any man; but to have worked through all those years with the superadded purpose of reconciling the Church with the highest aspirations of the age and best thought of America, is a privilege which makes his career deserving of the highest praise.

There is "a chiel amang" the Irish colleges, and he has taken notes of some professors and some systems, and the course of college life over there in recent times, to some effect. We have a novel from his pen, whoever he be—for he chooses to preserve anonymity—which shows not only that his impressions are vivid but that he possesses the power of graphic presentation and picturesque arrangement.

The description of one Irish college outside Dublin which we get in *Geoffrey Austin, Student*,* is hardly an exaggerated reproduction of what some old-time private establishments, conducted chiefly by men who had been magnificent failures at the bar or some other profession, really were—retreats where people who had rough and refractory or troublesome boys sent them, more to get rid of them for a time—taming institutions for young savages rather than academic groves. The pictures of the tyrannical and atrabilious "Grinder" in Mayfield, and of Mr. Dowling, the Latin tutor, who had thrown up a position worth eight hundred pounds a year because of a difference with the principal about the proper tense of a certain Greek verb, are truer than most readers of *Geoffrey Austin* may possibly think. The lesson sought to be impressed by the writer is the fatal folly of the exclusion of a true religious training in the process of education. Even in establishments presided over by clerics—at least nominally—there was too much paganism in the curriculum, too much license given the evil-disposed and idle,

* *Geoffrey Austin, Student.* Dublin: H. M. Gill & Sons.

and so the spirit of irreverence first and of infidelity afterward gained a foothold, with disastrous consequences to the pupils. What these consequences may be is tragically illustrated in the story of some of Geoffrey Austin's schoolmates. Many striking truths are well driven home in its thrilling chapters, in not one of which is there a dull line. The brilliancy and *verve* of the work must strike the reader from the very outset—its riches in image and vocabulary are at times indeed superabundant. Were it not for this feature and the frequency of classic quotation, we might be tempted to think that *Geoffrey Austin* is the work of a skilled and matured literary man.

A new issue of W. B. Yeats's poems * comes out in a handsome dress, no doubt in compliment to the season. In this volume the author has preserved only so much of his former work as he himself thought worth preserving, and has made some alterations even in the residuum. The more considerable works in the volume include an expurgated or revised version of "The Wanderings of Usheen" and a play called "The Countess Cathleen." By Usheen Mr. Yeats refers to the mythical Irish hero-bard, Oisin, or Ossian, as he is sometimes spelled; and this spelling of Mr. Yeats's seems to have been adopted on phonetic principles rather than on those of orthography. The play is a weird production. It deals with a supposititious famine period, and is redolent of old-time superstitions not peculiar to Ireland, but shared in by many nations in the past. But in depicting a peasant so worked upon by hunger as to believe that God and the Virgin Mother had gone to sleep, and that it might be profitable to pray to Satan, the poet uses more than a poet's license. This is no true type of Irish character, either in the past or in the present.

Mr. Yeats's style is graceful, but his ideas are fantastic. He is rich in description; and his erratic fancy leads him into the creation of beings whose minds are not those of mortals. The personages in this play of "Cathleen" are not indeed human beings, but fantastic creatures of the poet's brain. Mr. Yeats's traffic with fairy lore has been so absorbing that it pervades his work out of all proportion to its literary value. Perhaps by and by he may tune his lyre to something more masculine and ennobling than those quaint dreams of the exuberant Celtic fancy.

* *Poems.* By W. B. Yeats. Boston: Copeland & Day; London: T. Fisher Unwin.

In Bret Harte's latest published novelette, *In a Hollow of the Hills*,* there is a good deal of the pristine breeziness of his style, as well as the proof that working in one particular groove affects an author's work so that that work becomes after a time nothing but a repetition of former effort, with changes merely in names of persons and places, and some necessary variation in the leading incidents. We have had the bits of mining life, the broken-down professionals, the gentlemanly thieves, the cynical philosophers in the garb of highwaymen, the frail but still attractive women, and all the other accessories of the semi-civilization of the wild West, so very often before, that only the firmest belief in the author's power to delude us into thinking he was serving up a new dish emboldens us to go beyond the title-page of anything suggestive of Western life from his well-known pen. Any one who had never read Bret Harte before would doubtless be pleased with this work. To those who are seasoned, however, the perusal of any other work of his written during the past twenty years would be tantamount to reading this. The same stage is there, the same actors, the same costumes, and the same scenery and mechanical effects; and, we must in justice add, the same masterly touch in bringing them all before the reader's eye. It is a pity that there is not a little more versatility about it.

We are glad to find that the address of the Right Rev. Dr. Keane on "The Catholic Church and the American Sunday," as he delivered it at Buffalo recently, has been embodied in permanent form and is now being widely disseminated by the Catholic Truth Society of that city. No argument touching this important question can possibly surpass, if any can approach, this one in solid reasoning or masterly arrangement of arguments and illustrations. The polished and scholarly style of the esteemed Rector of the Catholic University of America was never employed to greater effect than in this powerful plea for the preservation of the sanctity of the Sabbath. The unholy alliance between Atheism and Mammon which seeks to destroy this great landmark of civilization is laid bare with trenchant strokes, and the peculiar reasons why Americans should venerate the Sunday handed down to them by the great founders of this Republic eloquently insisted on. We hope every thoughtful man and woman in the United States may have this pamphlet brought within their reach.

* *In a Hollow of the Hills.* By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Conformably to the resolution arrived at, at the general convention, the official organ of the St. Vincent de Paul Society has made its appearance. We give it a hearty greeting, both as a literary production (which it modestly disclaims being) and as a certain instrument of development and extension of beneficence. The first number of the *Quarterly* contains an admirable report of the late convention as well as many excellent editorials. It is embellished with an admirable likeness of Frederic Ozanam, and a fine grouped picture of the delegates to the Convention.

The Catholic Family Annual for 1896 (Catholic School Book Co.) maintains its established high standard. Its short contributions are from the pens of the best Catholic writers of the day, and it contains a number of excellent plates, colored as well as plain.

I.—CHRIST AND THE SUPERNATURAL.*

We do not know whether Mr. Denison is a minister of any Christian sect or not, but judging by his title he proposes to tell us what the idea expressed by the word supernatural represented in the mind of our Divine Lord. We understand from him that there are only two senses in which the word supernatural has been hitherto conceived by men, the "common" one, as he phrases it, in which we have the etymological meaning "above nature"; the other the idea of the unknowable force of which all nature is the product. As Mr. Spencer tells us this last is "unthinkable," we can dismiss it without further consideration, although Mr. Denison seems to apprehend it as "the most inclusive natural," "speaking in the imperative mood of nature, . . . alike in the noble sacrifice of the Christ and in the unrestrained life of Shelley."

All this is very mysterious; nor does he make himself more intelligible when he includes in the common meaning "above nature" the proposition that the tie between us and the supernatural is an arbitrary one. In other words, that it is the might of a superior and unconnected will imposing command from its isolation on slaves with which it has no relation. Now, the very essence of the so-called common idea includes the relation of Creator and creature, Father and son, Ruler and subject, and their

* *Christ's Idea of the Supernatural.* By John H. Denison. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

manifestations of law, protection, and justice, obedience, gratitude, observance, piety, and the rest.

The writer himself assumes all these correlations as he goes on from his postulate that "the truth must first be created in the form of manhood, then comprehended, intellectualized, and applied." This, if it have any meaning beyond sonorous sounds, is that truth for mankind must be grouped by some master-mind and then communicated; for it surely does not mean, as the author seems to say in express words, that the Italians for the first time saw "that they had a *patria*" when truth became incarnate in Garibaldi.

The application of this remarkable philosophy is that "the original form of these truths—spiritual or moral—is life, always life; the man of action, the creator, must come first. To attempt to anticipate his work is, as Jesus expressed it, to be a thief and a robber." Now, what this means, assuming that it has meaning, is that no theorizing or philosophizing can take place before the subject matter has been acted by the man of action without committing an indictable offence. We respectfully demur to the indictment.

The truth is that Mr. Denison only sees the human side of the Divine Person, and this itself in a manner so marred and distorted that we cannot recognize him. That there is some dim conception of the beauty of the Lord's life in our author there can be no question. He seems in some degree to lay hold of the tenderness, the fearlessness, the justice, the love of humanity which encompass him, or rather radiate from him; but these are shrouded in Mr. Denison's picture in the attributes of a Greek Deity. Our Lord upon his canvas is a combination of Apollo and Prometheus, beautiful and eloquent as the first, and like the second, the friend and benefactor of the human race, and finally its sacrifice.

But for all this, in his chapter "the Christ Universe" he comes near the Catholic note concerning the world of spirits when he says that it is "not unreasonable that a spirit in a more advanced stage of development than man should have appeared" to our Lord in the wilderness and ministered to his physical necessities. Here we recognize some flickering perception of the truth that the supernatural is not opposed to reason. They are not on the same plane, there can be no collision between them. One may reject the evidence for a supernatural manifestation, but to say that it is unreasonable to believe in the possibility of such a manifestation is equivalent to saying

that agnosticism is the knowledge of all things and all possibilities, and that it can even define the powers of its own Unknowable and say, Thus far your torturing of blind atoms may go, but here I break your swelling waves.

2.—THE FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.*

The work before us, which is the Life of the first Superior-General of the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd of Angers, comes to us with a preface from the pen of his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. This is a higher recommendation than any notice we could write. He says that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd have been fortunate in securing the literary services of Miss Clarke.

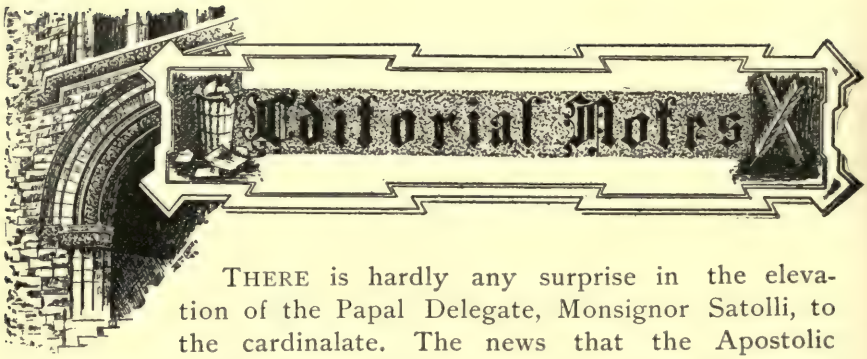
We find in the chapter on "The Dark Continent," beginning at page 265, a significant instance of the spirit which animated Mother Mary in ruling and using her congregation. In the early part of 1843 a pressing appeal reached her from Monseigneur Dupuch, Bishop of Algiers. The good prelate wrote to beg her "on his knees" to send some of her religious to his diocese. Though anxious to extend the sphere of usefulness of her sisterhood, she never importuned a bishop to admit her sisters into his diocese, nor a priest to receive them into his parish; but when invited she was at once ready to go or send them forth. It is not wonderful that a government so prudent would be eminently successful; the wonder would be if it failed in becoming a great influence for good.

3.—BIBLE STUDY.†

This very neat and attractive little volume contains the substance of lectures delivered at the Plattsburgh Summer-School. It is not technically scientific, but it is a work which only a scholar could have produced, the cream and juice of Scriptural science in a popular form, very useful and also very easy and pleasant reading. It is to be hoped that Professor Heuser will give us more reading of the same sort.

* *Life of Reverend Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier.* By A. M. Clarke. London: Burns & Oates; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

† *Chapters of Bible Study; or, A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Sacred Scriptures.* By the Rev. Hermann J. Heuser, Professor of Scripture Introduction and Exegesis, St. Charles's Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. The Cathedral Library Association, 123 East Fiftieth Street, New York. 1895.



THERE is hardly any surprise in the elevation of the Papal Delegate, Monsignor Satolli, to the cardinalate. The news that the Apostolic Delegation at Washington is to be made permanent came concurrently with the announcement of the dignity conferred by the Holy Father upon his representative in the United States. Both facts bear eloquent testimony to the genius displayed by the Delegate in the discharge of the delicate task entrusted to his hands. Many irritating troubles lay before him when he came to the States. A large number of these were tangled questions of canon law and ecclesiastical jurisprudence wherein dividing lines became so obscured by peculiar conditions that none but the keenest intellectual vision could detect the trend of the boundaries. Over and above these local issues there were great considerations connected with the higher principles of public policy. To the solution of these momentous problems he addressed himself with patience, zeal, and a level-headedness that no personal arguments could shake. There is no historical precedent which affords a better illustration of the wisdom of having an impartial and brilliant alien for arbiter in vexed questions, and inductively of the far-seeing policy of the church and its all-competent international character. The raising of the Delegate to the sacred purple is one of those acts which reveal at times the tact of the Holy See. It is an honor to the people as well as the prelate. It is a proof that the Holy Father's expressions of interest in the church in the United States are no mere formalities, but the indication of thoughts which fill his mind as he surveys the church all the world over in the closing years of a glorious pontificate.

It has been for some time recognized that an auxiliary bishop was a need of the great diocese of New York. It is no wonder that, the want being recognized, Monsignor Farley should have been designated as the proper man to implement it. A priest skilled in all the business of the diocese, owing to his long connection with the present Archbishop as well as with the late Cardinal his predecessor, Monsignor Farley

possessed every official qualification for the post. In addition to this fitness, there is that in his personal character as a priest to give him an irresistible claim to the mitre. It was only recently that a signal proof of the esteem in which the monsignor is held was given in the celebration of his silver jubilee. The ratification of those golden opinions by the Archbishop and the Holy Father, in his nomination and election to the auxiliary bishopric, has brought unbounded satisfaction to the whole Catholic community.

By the death of Cardinal Bonaparte, which took place at the beginning of December, the members of the Sacred College created by Pope Pius IX. are reduced to seven. There was very little in common between the deceased cardinal and the prominent representatives of the *gens* Bonaparte. He was all piety and gentleness, and his only ambition was to despoil himself so that he might benefit the poor. He had been known to give away even his silk handkerchief in alms, when he had expended all his money.

Death has also called off another member of the Sacred College—a man of quite a different stamp. Unlike Cardinal Bonaparte, Cardinal Persico, whose decease followed in a few days afterward, had lived a good deal in the public eye. His Eminence was one of those men of insight upon whom the Holy See has to rely at important conjunctures for sound information upon current affairs, and as such he was entrusted by the Pope with a couple of delicate missions. The latest one was to Ireland, in order to ascertain the state of affairs there as between the people and the landlords, and it was upon Monsignor Persico's report that the Holy See took action which was construed by the people as antagonistic to their cause. It could hardly be said that Monsignor Persico took the best means of obtaining enlightenment on the subject of his mission, as for much of the time he spent in Ireland he was the guest of Lord Emly, a Whig Catholic nobleman who had formerly been a government official. It was entirely owing to the generally prudent action of the Irish bishops with regard to the Papal Rescript which followed that a grave misunderstanding was averted. Cardinal Persico was an American citizen. He was Bishop of Savannah, Ga., for three years, and had won a host of friends amongst the clergy and laity of the United States by a charming personality.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

"To use books rightly is to go to them for help; to appeal to them when our own knowledge and power of thought fail; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and to receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion."

AT the first public meeting for the season 1895–6 of the Ozanam Reading Circle, New York City, the above quotation from Ruskin was selected as a leading thought verified by the personal experience of the members. The president, Miss Mary E. Burke, briefly announced the course of reading outlined by the council, embracing church history, American literature, ethics, and current topics. Among the books chosen by individual members for private study are: *Pastime Papers*, by Cardinal Manning; *The Art of Thinking Well*, by Balmez; *Phases of Thought and Criticism*, by Brother Azarias; *Data of Modern Ethics*, by Ming; *Ozanam's Letters; Chapters of Bible Study*, by Heuser; *Church in England*, by Allies.

A leaflet prepared by the council of the Ozanam Reading Circle is here given:

Since we organized, in the year 1886, we have had in view the cultivation of a standard of literary taste. By associating together in an informal and friendly way, our individual efforts are intensified; contact with other minds awakens new phases of thought. At our meetings we have obtained many advantages from the concentration of attention on some of the best books—Catholic books especially—from carefully selected literary exercises, and from the vigorous discussion of current topics.

For the success of our decennial year we invite the co-operation of numerous friends who have attended our public meetings, and sanctioned our efforts for the advancement of Catholic literature. A new feature is to be introduced this year. In addition to the Honorary Members, to whom we are indebted for many favors in the past, it has been arranged to form an associate membership for well-wishers unable to promise active participation in our work. Upon the payment of two dollars, each Associate Member shall be entitled to the privilege of attending our public meetings once a month. Without binding themselves to the obligations of active members, many will be thus enabled to assist in the extension of the work of self-improvement which has been fostered by the Ozanam Reading Circle.

Some one of the leading magazines is discussed at every meeting of the Ozanam Reading Circle. On this topic Miss Helen M. Sweeney read the following paper:

It is most interesting to trace the art of book-making from its earliest conception down to its present perfect shape. As the outward form has been evolved from the huge parchment folios down to the neat little duodecimo of to-day, so the contents that cater to the public were forced to change. In the days when elegant leisure was not at a premium one could read the mass of learning contained in those "tomes of ancient lore," but in the rapid gait of the present, when one lives, as Tennyson has it, more in "fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," we demand condensation. To answer this demand was conceived the magazine, which often

contains within its covers an epitome of the world's history. Every question that is agitating the thinking public is discussed there from the best and most thoughtful stand-point. Therein is found a clear, succinct, abridged résumé of the world's doings during the past month. In fact, a constant reader of the current magazines has upon the finger-tips a fund of knowledge that will enrich his every experience.

To fit this condition to the requirements of a Reading Circle is a task of no small magnitude, for no woman's life is long enough to read *all* the magazines, much as some of us would like to; so, to bring the greatest good to the greatest number we of the Ozanam Reading Circle have delegated the reading of one magazine a month to some one member, who brings to the Circle the result of her discriminate reading, the special object of our particular Reading Circle being kept always in view.

Ours, being a Catholic Reading Circle, established primarily for the furtherance of Catholic thought and opinion, and the disseminating of Catholic literature, finds its best material in a magazine distinctively Catholic, such as "the noblest Roman of them all," *The Catholic World*, and that very bright and able monthly the *Reading Circle Review*. The latter having as its special object the requirements of Reading Circles, is particularly well adapted for our purpose. No one who has not read this periodical can realize the wealth to be found within its pages. Take, for instance, the current number. The leading article is one on "Art and Literature in the Life of the Church," then a paper on the Middle Ages—"The rise of Universities"—a most opportune bit of knowledge, throwing as it does on the twilight of the past the strong calcium-light of research, reminding us in these days of mushroom growth of the strong foundations that were laid for our present brilliancy in the ages miscalled "Dark." Another fine article is the "Church and the Republic," by Rev. J. L. Belford, from which I cannot but quote an illustrative passage: "Down the ages she comes, a venerable form, bearing the cross of Christ, the symbol of spiritual life and the token of her mission and authority. She sets up her standard under every flag, for she is not a national church, but the church universal; her mission is to all nations as well as to all ages, but never has she set it up in a nation more friendly than this, and to no nation is she destined to be of more service than this."

Next in order comes a paper on the project now on foot of establishing a Winter Catholic School in New Orleans on the same lines as the Catholic Summer-School at Plattsburgh, and to be thoroughly up to date one must know the history of both these latter-day movements. Then comes a paper on "Current History and Opinion," by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, in which he touches with brilliant, facile pen everything of note from Lord Sackville's Letter to Bret Harte's Americanism. Besides these contributed papers, the magazine has a department devoted exclusively to Reading-Circle work, entitled "The Reading Circle Union," in which is given an outline of required readings and programmes, Reading-Circle organization, Local Circles, Book Reviews, and notes on the Catholic Summer-School of America, of which the magazine is the official organ. Of the arranged programmes, we used one last year on Tennyson which was very successfully carried out.

Now, if I may be allowed one word more as to the Reading-Circle movement. In the rush and whirl of our very busy lives we are apt to consider as worthy of our attention only those things that attract and claim the attention of the world at large. We are likely to forget the splendid heritage we have as Catholics in the

world of letters, art, and science. We have a tendency to keep as part of our private lives, to be brought out on Sundays only, the bit of piety that may have come to us through inheritance, instruction, or conversion. We do not read Catholic periodicals, for we deem them goody-goody; we rate high the secular press, and express the greatest surprise when the Catholic press approaches or surpasses in form the perfect processes of the *Riverside* or *Harper* or *Century* firms of to-day. Yet the matter contained in the Catholic magazines is of much more value than that found in those that lure the public fancy by their outward perfection. If our æsthetic sense demand that the outer husk shall be as attractive as the inner kernel is sound, in the name of consistent justice, why do we not aid *our own* by our support, and allow it to compete with its wealthier and more favored brothers in the literary field? The establishment of Catholic Reading Circles is the first step towards the promotion of Catholic literature; but without the help and encouragement of the general reading public this small handful can do but little in the accomplishment of our aims.

Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, President of the Wadhams Reading Circle of Malone, gave some sound and practical advice, based on her experience in connection with clubs of this kind. Mrs. Burke was an intimate friend of Miss Julie E. Perkins, a lady whose memory will always be cherished for the noble efforts she made to rouse the Catholics of high position to a sense of their duty in promoting the cause of Catholic literature. Mrs. Burke was one of the first to whom Miss Perkins wrote in regard to her cherished project of making Catholics know and appreciate their own literature. She told many interesting facts relative to the correspondence and friendship which sprung up between Miss Perkins and herself as a consequence of that first letter.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith, who has written some charming novels himself, gave an impromptu review and criticism of Dr. Conan Doyle's recent book, *The White Company*. While giving due appreciation to all the fascinating qualities of that popular writer, Father Smith called the attention of his hearers to one deplorable defect in this work, namely, the absence of spiritual life and motives in the novelist's characters. This, in his opinion, is a grave fault in the book in question.

Mr. Warren E. Mosher, the editor of the *Reading Circle Review*, sent a letter of regret, stating that he had been called out of town unexpectedly and could not fulfil his intention of attending the meeting. The *Rosary Magazine* was represented by Miss Margaret E. Jordan.

Miss Mary C. Drum, formerly a member of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston, was present at the meeting. In a letter to the *Pilot* she wrote as follows:

Like all modern things the Ozanam claims family antecedents. The Circle traces its ancestry back twenty years before its birth and finds it to be a characteristic one. About thirty years ago Father Hecker, assisted by some of the laity, established a free circulating library for the scholars of St. Paul's Sunday-school in New York City. Every class of little folks became a reading circle in embryo. The teacher guided her pupils in their selection of reading material, and encouraged them to talk about the books and papers, given gratis, after they had read them. The teacher's guidance was subject, however, to the distinguishing mental activity and taste of each child. The aim was the mental and moral growth of each individual. The prayer-class, who were wont to delight in terrific and impossible tales of adventure, in all due time evolved into the dignified graduates, with

a cultivated taste for the best things in literature and a desire to continue their search for them. Some of these graduates became the first members of a Catholic Reading Circle for women in the year 1886. It was called the Ozanam, in honor of Frederick Ozanam, who won laurels for Catholic literature at the Sorbonne in Paris during the nineteenth century.

The members are for the most part women whose daily lives are well filled with some restricted mental or physical activity, and they thoroughly enjoy the weekly meetings of the Circle, where they find kindred souls ready to join them in their ideal life, their life spent with books. Of course their tastes and opinions vary. This leads to discussion which has, at times, developed into the regulation form, and attained the dignity of a debate, in which the poetical member refuted with flowery eloquence the solid, prosy arguments of the philosophical opponent who has been studying logic and ethics in a very modest manner.

They have one common aim and desire, that is to increase their knowledge of Catholic authors and to further the distribution of Catholic literature. They have found unknown treasures, and are striving to eliminate that tendency, unfortunately only too prevalent among the Catholic laity, of considering anything in Protestant literature far superior to everything Catholic writers have produced, and to mistrust the merits of a story that dares to contain Catholic descriptions and events.

The meetings open with the reading of the minutes of the last meeting by the secretary. Quotations from all of the members come next. A ten minutes reading from Spalding's Church History by an appointed member follows these. Then the particular author under consideration for the evening is presented to the Circle by three of the members, who treat respectively of his biography, his character and its effect on his writings, and his masterpiece of composition.

A selection from some magazine is then read. One member has charge of this department, and she undertakes to make the Circle acquainted with the contents of at least one magazine a month. She accomplishes her end by describing the contents as a whole, and selecting valuable portions which she reads at the meetings.

The director, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., visits the Circle once a month and analyzes some particular book.

The individuality of membership is a distinctive trait of the Ozanam. Rhetoric, ethics, art, and philology are some of the subjects to which different members are devoting their attention this year. There is a most delightful air of informality about the meetings. As in all gatherings, there are leaders in thought and brilliancy of expression, but the timid and less gifted are urged to express opinions, even though they differ radically from those of that most august personage, the president.

* * *

A bulletin of two hundred and thirty-four pages has just been issued by the University of the State of New York as the eleventh of its extension series, under the title "Study Clubs."

The effort to make education available to all has been so cordially received that the number of agencies for home study organized in the last ten years marks the decade as an epoch in educational development; yet much of the work is desultory and unorganized, and in many cases has entirely or partly failed for lack of systematic local efforts. The study club division of the extension department aims to aid study clubs, which expect of their members study, reading, and

usually some writing between meetings, and Reading Circles whose members are following a systematic course of reading with more or less frequent meetings for discussion of the matter read.

A club, or circle of at least five members, pursuing a ten-weeks' systematic course of reading or study on a simple subject is entitled to registration on the university lists, and may then for small fees borrow travelling libraries, apparatus, photographs, lantern slides, and other illustrative material, may take without charge from the State library books for use at single meetings, and share other privileges which the Regents offer to organized groups of students. Thus, through the agency of the central department, clubs are enabled to benefit by each other's work and to enjoy facilities otherwise out of their power.

The bulletin gives constitutions suitable for such clubs, brief accounts of administrative organizations for aiding study clubs and of the registered New York clubs, a selection of the best programmes of study used by such clubs, and statistics of one hundred and seventy-six study clubs and Reading Circles in New York and other States. An exhaustive index of nine pages enables one to turn readily to any topic. The bulletin is mailed post free for twenty-five cents by the Extension Department, Regent's Office, Albany, N. Y.

Catholic Reading Circles are given a liberal allowance of space in the reports. We are much pleased to find many ideas and entire passages quoted with approval from this department of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It is a source of joy to know that the movement for self-improvement represented by the Reading Circles has deserved official recognition from the supreme educational authority of New York State.

* * *

NEW BOOKS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Gathering Clouds: A Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom. By Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston:

Selections for French Composition. By C. H. Grandgent.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Charity the Origin of Every Blessing; or, The Heavenly Secret. Translated from the Italian. *Letters, Vol. IV.* Being the 21st volume of the Centenary Edition of the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. *Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* By Rev. F. Arnoudt, S.J. New Edition. *The Comedy of English Protestantism.* Edited by A. F. Marshall, B.A., Oxon. New Edition. *Little Office of the Immaculate Conception explained in Short Conferences.* By Very Rev. Joseph Rainer. New Edition. *The Apostles' Creed.* By Rev. Michael Müller, C.SS.R. New Edition.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHING CO., New York:

An Hour with a Sincere Protestant. By Rev. J. P. M. S.

CATHOLIC ART AND BOOK CO., New York:

Devotion to St. Anthony of Padua. By Rev. Clementinus Drymann, O.S.F.

THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee:

Living Church Quarterly.

POOR RICHARD, JR. & CO., Philadelphia:

Love and I in Heaven: The New Order. By a New Reporter.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:

Baltimore Ordo for 1896.

HAWTHORNE'S FAVORITE WALK IN THE WOODS.

—A Golden Age and its People.

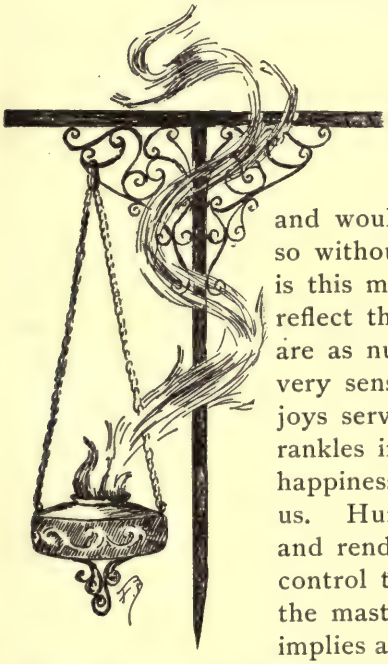
THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXII. FEBRUARY, 1896. NO. 371.

EUTHANASIA.

BY CORNELIUS M. O'LEARY, M.D., LL.D.



THE conditions of living are such that life is often a burden which many deem too heavy to bear, and would gladly get rid of could they do so without reck of the consequences. Nor is this much to be wondered at when we reflect that the sources of human misery are as numerous as our emotions, for the very sensibility which imparts a zest to our joys serves also to sharpen the pang that rankles in our breast, and our capacity for happiness even feathers the dart that wounds us. Human passions cloud human lives and rend human hearts, when we fail to control them; and even when we obtain the mastery over them, the effort to do so implies a struggle so painful that the prophet has well compared man's life upon earth to a warfare. For this reason some philosophers have looked upon life, at the best, as an unmitigated evil, and believe, with Lord Byron, that so deep-seated are its ills, so thoroughly is wretchedness wedded to it, that when we have summed up all its joys and counted its days free from anguish, we find after all "'Tis something better not to be." Impressed with this pessimistic view, the Italian Leopardi smote the chord of hatred of life, and crowned death with the match-

Copyright. VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT. 1896.

less diadem of his song. Schopenhauer went farther, and even rejoiced that there was no light to illumine the darkness of his soul; while his compatriot, Hartmann, gloried in saying that not only is there no happiness, but that the idea of it involves a contradiction. To such men life is like the poisoned breath of the jungle, freighted with fever and redolent with the fœtor of disease. For them the life of the Sybarite has no joys that can compare with the supreme serenity of non-existence, and suicide becomes all but a duty. But the apostles of a pessimism so extreme and intolerable must necessarily be few, and are to be ranked in the number of the worst decadents upon whom the blight of German transcendentalism has fallen.

From time immemorial, however, there have been thinkers who maintained that, under certain exceptionally and acutely painful conditions, life may become so undesirable as to be virtually unendurable, and that then it is but mercy to bring its troubles to a close. The hopeless misery of those who suffer the pangs of an incurable disease so strongly appeals to our sympathies, in the natural order, that we pray for death to come to their relief, under the delusion that suffering can serve no salutary purpose. For this reason even Plato considered it proper to end the lives of weak and deformed infants, and to cut short the infirmities of old age by an easy death. No doubt the practice of infanticide, under those conditions, was universal among the pagan nations of antiquity, since no provision was made for aiding sickly children to overcome the disadvantages of their surroundings. Neither was any effort made to alleviate the sufferings of those who were afflicted with incurable diseases, nor to smooth the pathway of old age to the grave. Hospitals and asylums are the outcome of Christian charity and found no place in the scheme of Grecian and Roman civilization.

Paganism deemed it a far greater mercy to end a life of suffering than to prolong it. Indeed, a painless death was the *summum bonum* of life, in the estimation of the philosophers of those times, and though the means they employed to produce it were often clumsy and ineffective, yet we know from the manner of Seneca's suicide that they were acquainted with one way, at least, of putting an end to life's troubles far less painful than by piercing the body with a bare bodkin. We should be the more surprised at this desire to part with life under any circumstances, especially in the case of the Greeks, when we reflect that but little hope of happiness hereafter helped to

brighten their lives upon earth. Death was for them a final farewell to happiness and the joys they knew in life. Euripides, notwithstanding the intense humanity of his plays, even hoped that there might be no future state. This sombre view of the hereafter strongly affected Grecian art, and proclaimed itself emphatically in the intense sadness of their funeral ceremonies and the sculptured figures on their tombs. Melancholy and hopelessness, and a certain ineffable sadness, are eloquently written on every line of those inimitable countenances that adorn the tombs of ancient Athens, and what a depth of pathos is contained in that one pithy and touching inscription, *Chaire!* Still, as the uses of suffering were unknown to the ancients, and the lessons it teaches could not be deciphered by them, they preferred to regard death as a pleasant escape from the troubles, trials, and tribulations of life and the sweetest boon they could enjoy, provided it were robbed of its sharpest sting, which was its agony.

This heritage of hope that sorrow and suffering would end in death the ancients transmitted to us in their philosophy, and those of to-day who build their lives on the shifting sands of individual opinion have but fallen into line with the Catos and Senecas of old Rome. They believe that life is but the portal to death, and that, when the latter is free from pain, it affords the easy comfort of a gateway out of this world that will land us on the pleasant shores of Nirvana. Thus it is that certain advanced evolutionists go so far as to say that the means which the church has adopted for the relief of the poor, the weak, and the infirm tend to defeat the purposes of Nature and represent a retrograde step in the process of true evolution. They believe that the struggle for existence, and the consequent survival of the fittest, is an inexorable law of Nature which we should not attempt to thwart. Nature's process, they contend, makes for the elimination of the weakly in whom the germs of an imperfect life are found, and that we should rather aid than oppose her in getting rid of them. But Christianity does not do this; it strives rather to save from the general wreck of time those helpless waifs, the jetsam and flotsam of life's ocean, which would otherwise be engulfed in its waves. The hardy Indian of the plains stands to-day for the results of that law of evolution which proclaims that, in the interests of the race, the fittest alone have a right to survive.

This is Nature's weeding-out process, and should, according to these philosophers, be imitated by society. In every land

where the conditions of existence have been bitter and severe the descendants of those who have been able to withstand them inherit the hardy traits which appertained to their forebears, and have built up a race of typical men. Thus it is that the descendants of those who were able to resist and survive the barbarous conditions of life that obtained in Ireland during those centuries when the penal laws were in force, represent to-day the hardiest specimens of the race, noted for their longevity and ability to reach the highest physical development in every clime under the sun. Paradoxical as it may seem, the Irish of the nineteenth century owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Cromwells and Cootes of long ago for those traits of hardihood and endurance which distinguish them, and which resulted from their being the offshoot of ancestors who withstood the careful weeding-out process that those tender-hearted philanthropists of England tried upon the Irish in their day.

Similarly in other countries, as in New England and the northern nations of Europe where the conditions of life were particularly harsh, the fittest alone have survived and have begotten a line of hardy and vigorous descendants. It is therefore, according to this view, detrimental to the physical welfare of humanity to nurse and, as it were, to coddle the weaklings of the human family as Christian charity has striven to do, but they should rather be allowed to go to the wall in an easy and painless fashion as far as possible, so that an end may be put to scrofula and phthisis, and the long cohort of inheritable diseases. The degeneracy of some of the southern countries of Europe, if we accept the term in the sense of the late Doctor Draper and his school, must, accordingly, be laid at the door of the Catholic Church, which has fostered under the shelter of its wing the weak and decrepit members of the human family, and has even provided a refuge for the victims of mental imbecility. It is true that in other countries the state has done the same thing, but the task has been very imperfectly accomplished, and is at best but a feeble imitation of the magnificent charities that flourished in the bosom of the church before the Reformation. Had those victims of a depraved constitution, the unhappy prey of scrofula, tuberculosis, and idiocy, foul blights on the fair face of humanity, been allowed to perish at their birth, the mental and physical inferiority of countries distinctly Catholic would not, according to the apostles of this advanced phase of evolution, be so marked as it is, nor would the humane admirers of Weismann and Haeckel have to tell us of the droves

of lazy Lazzaroni dozing their lives away on the margin of Naples' sunlit bay. Instead they might cross over to the sea-girt shores of England, and there find still greater crowds of boys and girls of tender years usefully employed in tugging at loaded coal-drays in the sightless depths of stifling mines. Had not a mistaken charity been extended to the weak and puny children of our common parents, they might have carried with them out of life, as life began, the germs of their infirmity, and the world would have been the gainer by their riddance. An easy death would then, indeed, be a blessing in disguise for them and for society.

The doctrine of Euthanasia, looked at from this point of view, is by no means a figment of the imagination, but has its serious advocates among the advanced disciples of evolution. Even not many years ago a society was organized in London, under the very title of Euthanasia, whose object was to aid its members in shuffling off this mortal coil with ease and despatch whenever, owing to sickness, business troubles, the infirmities of age, or the thick crowding cares of life, the burden of existence had become intolerable. This extraordinary association included the names of some men well known in literary and philosophical circles, among them that of Francis Newman, but, for obvious reasons, it fell under the ban of the law and was dissolved.

We come now to a consideration of the subject as it lies beyond the province of mere sentiment, and trenches on the domain of the ethical and the practical. At a recent meeting of the International Medico-legal Congress, held in this city, a distinguished member, hailing, we believe, from some land beyond the seas, startled the conjoint wisdom of that dignified body by stating that it is not at all unusual for medical practitioners to take the matter of life and death into their own hands, and, when having to deal with patients in prey to excruciating pain, or under conditions precluding the possibility of recovery, to fall back on the resources of modern medicine, and, by opposing, end the ills they cannot cure. This aspect of the question is one of decided interest and leads up to some important considerations. It is true that next to restoring his patient to health, the modern physician has no nobler duty to fulfil than to assuage pain and alleviate suffering. For this reason the world welcomed the discovery of anæsthetics as one of the grandest boons that was ever

bestowed upon humanity, and has enshrined in its great heart the names of Simpson and Wells (or, according to some, Morton). We cannot recall without a shudder the untold suffering which patients endured in the past, when the knife was plunged into the quivering tissues of the body while the senses were keenly alive to what was going on. Ether, then, and chloroform, together with morphine and allied drugs, constitute a blessing for which the people of modern times cannot be too thankful.

But it does not follow that they can be used indiscriminately and without regard to the consequences they are calculated to produce. The physician who would administer chloroform or give a hypodermic injection of morphine for the purpose of putting a patient out of pain by ending his life, is clearly guilty of murder and is amenable to the law that has determined a punishment for that crime. Nor can it be pleaded in extenuation of his conduct that the patient's life was hanging by a thread, that he had but a few moments to live, and that it was better to end his sufferings at once than to prolong them unnecessarily. Those few moments are his as inviolably as years, and no one has a right to take them from him. Whereever the means employed for the relief of suffering are of themselves, obviously and necessarily, calculated to produce death, we must impute the intention of bringing about such a result to the person employing them, and adjudge him guilty of homicide. For there exists a proportion between the act and its consequences, and when an intelligent agent perceives that proportion he is responsible for the consequences of his action. A physician, then, is never justified in giving an overdose of a drug, even though he may say that he does so only for the purpose of relieving pain; for an overdose is of itself, obviously and necessarily, calculated to destroy life, and the person administering it becomes guilty of murder in the first degree. Nor is a physician justified in administering an ordinary dose when the condition of the patient, for one reason or another, is such that he cannot safely tolerate it; for then an ordinary dose becomes equivalent to an over-dose.

Of course it is understood that, in this case, the physician is fully aware of the condition of the patient which inhibits the normal dose of the drug. For if any doubt on this point should exist in his mind, then the means he employs for the relief of pain are not, of themselves, obviously and necessarily,

calculated to destroy life, and the presumption lies in favor of administering the drug; for it is to be supposed, there being no evidence to the contrary, that the patient's condition, as regards the drug in question, is a normal one, and so the intention of the physician, being that of relieving pain, justifies its use. Should, however, death follow a normal dose, such a result must be regarded as accidental, and not coming within the scope and purview of the agent's intention. It is not necessary that death should be contrary to the intention, when the intention does not affect the result. What the physician aims at is simply to relieve pain, and when he employs for such a purpose suitable means and no others, he can be held answerable for no consequences but such as he had in view. If, therefore, notwithstanding the suitableness of the means he employs for the accomplishment of his purpose, a different result should ensue, it should be regarded as having taken place in a manner not contrary to the agent's intention, but as a result that lay beyond the scope and purview thereof. His intention in the premises was to relieve pain, and his failure to do so would denote a consequence, not merely that lay beyond the scope and purview of his intention, but one that was really contrary to it. This will be better understood when we consider the language of the casuists, *Præter intentionem agentis.* Here the preposition does not merely mean contrary to the intention of the agent, but beside it, as having nothing to do with it.

Were a physician to administer a drug in the hope that thereby the patient's life might be saved and yet death should ensue, in that case the death might be properly said to have taken place contrary to the intention of the agent, and not merely in a manner lying beyond its scope and purview, since it was his intention to prevent its occurrence. The intention it is which, in every case, imparts its morality to an action, and when the intention is absent, the action assumes the character of indifference as regards the agent. But then the intention must be really absent, for it would be absurd to proclaim its absence when the action is inseparable from consequences we pretend not to intend.

For this reason no physician is justified in using drugs that are inherently fatal, nor in quantities that lead to fatal consequences, and no subtlety of reasoning can make his course appear different from that which a highwayman pursues when he knocks his victim on the head with a bludgeon. The con-

dition between a patient lying at the point of death and that of a perfectly vigorous person is, in this respect, an accidental one, and does not affect the issue. Should a physician administer a drug to the former for the purpose of shortening his days, he has the explicit intention to do murder; but should he administer a fatal dose for the purpose of relieving pain, then his intention to relieve pain is explicit, while his intention to murder is implicit; but murder it is whether the intention be explicit or implicit.

This, I believe, is the view of the matter taken by all conscientious physicians. When, therefore, Dr. Bach made the statement that it is customary for physicians to hasten death by the use of powerful drugs, whenever the case is hopeless; or when the patient suffers intense pain, to administer the *coup de grace*, as it were, he slightly strained the truth. No! the true physician, he who is thoroughly faithful to his calling, endeavors in the first place to restore health to the sick by employing the resources at his command, and, when he cannot do this, to smooth the wrinkles from the brow of pain, and to lighten that heaviest of all physical burdens, which is incurable disease. It is a noble mission that, and he who fulfils it becomes the staunch and sterling friend of humanity.

So painful to the tender heart of the man of feeling is the spectacle of suffering that he cannot look upon it, even in the dumb beast of the field, without a pang, and he hails with delight every new medical discovery that tends to assuage it. But he is as much opposed to the abuse of anæsthetic agents as he is alive to their inestimable advantages when rightly employed, and he cannot approve of the methods of those who resort to them as a comfortable and convenient short-cut out of the miseries of life. Nor should we fly to the narcotic on the occasion of every little pain we are compelled to experience, for serious danger lurks in the hypodermic needle and the seductive vial of cocaine. The misery they sometimes cause is infinitely in excess of the suffering they were used to mitigate.

The true philosopher, and above all the true Christian, beholds in suffering a wholesome and chastening discipline which draws from life a lesson full of significance, and reveals to him his true position upon earth. The man who suffers uncomplainingly the ills he cannot heal robs pain and sorrow of their sharpest sting, and learns the truth that where life is

there too must be suffering. Pain patiently endured enables us to appreciate subsequent freedom from pain, imparting to that freedom a positive, and not a mere negative, enjoyment; it helps us to realize how

"Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain."

It is the memory of sorrow and suffering, endured with the calm composure which the spirit of resignation supplies, that fills the memory of after-days with sweetness, and flings the halo of a subdued after-glow round the declining years of life. Those who "know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong" have solved the real problem of life. When years multiply and the snows of many winters have left their whiteness behind, the recollection of the torture and the pang, both physical and mental, that seared our lives of long ago comes to us like a balm, blessing and brightening our present immunity from pain and sorrow. As the shadow no less than the light lends effect to the artist's work and enhances the delight we take in it, even so the memory of the wrongs and the sorrows of life, no less than its joys and raptures, hallows and consecrates the days that are no more.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY JESSE ALBERT LOCKE.

THE last few months of 1895 have witnessed an unusual number of large denominational gatherings. The Congregationalists, the Lutherans, the Universalists, the Methodists, and others have held their triennial or annual meetings, as the case may be. In the light of the very general discussion of Christian unity at the present time, all these assemblies are interesting. Not the least noteworthy was the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church which met in Minneapolis in October. Not that the latter body passed any very important legislation. The revision of the constitution and other matters of moment were chiefly disposed of by referring them to the next convention. But the sessions afforded a glimpse of Anglicanism as it is and the drift of popular opinion within its own borders. What the convention did not do or what it declined to do had also significance and suggestiveness.

ITS HISTORY AND ORGANIZATION.

When the war for American independence was over the adherents of the Established Church of England in the colonies found themselves in a very disorganized condition. Most of their ministers had sympathized with the Tory party and many of them had left the country. The Episcopalian congregations had been supposed to be under the oversight of the Bishop of London, but it does not appear that he had taken a very particular interest in them. No Anglican bishop had ever visited this country.

The federation of the colonies in the government of the United States suggested a federation of the scattered congregations in the different States, and a convention of representatives assembled and finally adopted a constitution and a revised prayer-book. As the church could no longer be called the Church of England, the name Protestant Episcopal was assumed as best descriptive of its character.

Meantime the Episcopalians of Connecticut had sent one of their clergy, Dr. Seabury, to England to be made a bishop.

But the English bishops could not act, as the English government refused its permission, and so Bishop Seabury obtained what he went for from the Scottish Episcopalians. Clergymen from New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia finally succeeded in being ordained by English bishops, the differences which threatened to prevent union were at last overcome, and the General Convention, which meets once in three years, has been since 1789 the highest legislative and governing body of the denomination.

Every parish of the Episcopal Church is a separate legal corporation. The persons who contribute regularly to its support are entitled to vote annually for trustees, called wardens and vestrymen. By a law which has just been enacted in the State of New York only men can vote in these elections, but in other States women share the privilege. The wardens and vestrymen select (or "call," as it is phrased) the rector of the parish, who becomes *ex-officio* head of their body. Each diocese has an annual convention composed of the clergy and of lay delegates selected from the wardens and vestrymen of each parish. The bishop is the presiding officer. These diocesan conventions in turn elect both clerical and lay delegates to the General Convention. The latter is composed of two houses, the House of Deputies (clerical and lay) and the House of Bishops.

POSITION AND POWER OF THE LAITY.

The first thing which strikes a Catholic observer is the presence and position of the lay element. Though nominally two, there are virtually three co-ordinate bodies having equal power of veto; for the lay deputies vote separately on important matters and their consent is absolutely necessary before any measure can be adopted. The idea of the framers of the constitution seems to have been that the lay deputies should correspond to the lower, and the clerical deputies to the Upper House of the United States Congress, while the bishops should stand somewhat in the position of the President. They therefore copied the national procedure by enacting that any measure adopted by the House of Deputies and sent to the House of Bishops must be passed upon by the latter within three days, and that in default of any action by the bishops within that time the act should become law.

While this coercive time-limit was removed by the present convention as being rather disrespectful to the bishops, no disposition was shown by the deputies to relinquish any real

power. On the contrary, the insistence upon the equality of the two houses and the determination to resist any increase of the power of the bishops were never more manifest. The deputies in their speeches referred frequently to what they might allow the bishops to do or what they would "never permit" them to do. The House of Bishops decided to send a second bishop to Japan, but the House of Deputies defeated the scheme, rebuking the bishops for establishing a new missionary jurisdiction without obtaining the consent of the lower house. The president of the House of Deputies (according to the correspondent of a leading religious weekly) "declined to entertain a motion to adjourn, in which the similar action of the House of Bishops was cited for the purpose of influencing legislation in the House of Deputies. It was" (he adds) "a characteristic and delightful assertion of an independence which always dignifies the debates of the deputies, this year more than usual."

All this would, of course, be impossible in the Catholic Church. It would be like standing the pyramid on its apex. Those whom Christ sent with power to bind and loose, to teach, to govern the faithful, *i. e.*, the bishops in succession to the apostles, would be no longer the solid foundation of the structure.

The Protestant Episcopal laity have the whip-hand. No bishop can be elected without their consent. They have an absolute veto on all legislation affecting doctrine, discipline, or worship. It is what some one has called "religion by town-meeting." The authority, divinely given, which made those sent forth into the world by Christ teachers, rulers, and shepherds is replaced by a democratic show of hands. The sheep may lead the shepherds, or at least dictate the path in which they will allow themselves to be led. Such a condition of affairs (as one deputy said most truly) is one wholly unknown to Catholic antiquity, and found nowhere to-day except in Anglicanism and in the other divisions of the Protestant world.

The actual power of the laity even goes beyond what is granted to them constitutionally. As the lay deputies are generally men of wealth, prominence, or activity in church work, their personal influence is very great. Many are lawyers or men of affairs with experience, dialectical skill and cleverness in debate far beyond the average clergyman. A good illustration of the power and influence of a single layman was afforded in the recent convention when a well-known lay deputy from New York successfully accomplished the defeat of a measure which

the House of Bishops and the clerical deputies by a large majority had passed, viz., the adoption of the title of Primate for that of Presiding Bishop.

THE OPENING SERMON.

The opening sermon by Bishop Cleveland Coxe was a glorification of Anglicanism—from his point of view. As one might confidently have predicted, this Anglican Don Quixote found it impossible to refrain from his usual gibe at the poor Jesuits, whose "assaults upon the fortress of truth" he feels himself ever called upon to denounce. If the followers of St. Ignatius only were as well-nigh omnipotent and omnipresent as the bishop seems to suppose them! How delighted themselves at such added and superhuman powers for good!

DE MAISTRE AND ANGLICANISM.

Bishop Coxe makes use of a favorite argument for the *via media* character of Anglicanism when he says: "The most rabid of our antagonists, the brilliant but fanatical De Maistre, in words which are now familiar to us all, recognized the Anglican communion as the motive power in Christendom from which restored unity must proceed." One who had never read De Maistre would suppose from this that he held with the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York that Anglicanism represented "primitive Christianity," and that the restoration of unity could only come by Rome's lopping off and Geneva's levelling up until both reached the Anglican standard. What the brilliant Frenchman did say was something far different. In fact Bishop Coxe exactly reverses his meaning. De Maistre did not suggest that the Catholic Church should conform to Anglicanism, but, on the contrary, that the latter is fitted to take the lead of the Protestant rebels and to set an example of laying down her arms and submitting unreservedly to the authority of the Holy See. After saying that the Anglican religion is "manifestly false," he adds, "but, restrained by the hands of three terrible sovereigns," it was not swept so far in the torrent of the sixteenth century and it retained some Catholic elements of liturgy and ceremony. Therefore, let it lead the other Protestants in returning to obedience to the successor of Peter. Will Bishop Coxe favor that method of reunion?

How far De Maistre was from assigning to Anglicanism any such character as the bishop would have us suppose he does, is clear from the following passage in the same treatise: "The Sovereign Pontiff is the necessary, the sole, and the exclusive

basis of Christendom. To him belong the promises, with him disappears unity—that is, the church. Every church which is not Catholic is Protestant. The principle is the same always; that is to say, insurrection against the sovereign unity; all the dissentient churches can differ among themselves only in regard to the number of rejected dogmas." *

THE AMBIGUITY OF ANGLICANISM.

When the bishop touches upon the subject of Christian unity he forces upon our attention the characteristic ambiguity of Anglicanism. The divergent theories regarding unity of Bishop Coxe and others of his own communion furnish an object lesson. Anglicanism was born of compromise. It came of an attempt to establish a state religion which should include all the citizens of a nation, those who looked toward Geneva and those whose sympathies lay more with the old religion of Catholic days. All were to bow to the Royal Supremacy which compelled each side to yield something to the other. Anglicanism, therefore, has never been at unity in itself, but has contained warring camps, each contending to represent the true character of the Reformation settlement.

Added to this state of shifting compromise has been the naturally Erastian tendency of the communion, shown in England by the complete subserviency of the Established Church to the state, and in the United States by the constitution of the Episcopal Church on the theory of popular government instead of on the Catholic conception of a flock ruled by those whose authority comes from above, not from below—an authority which is unquestioned because given by Christ himself, the Chief Shepherd. The Episcopal Church is an epitome of Protestantism, almost every possible shade of Protestant opinion being represented within its borders. The inevitable result of such a jumbling together of those who use the same creeds and forms of worship, but interpret them in widely different senses, is a confusion of thought regarding the most fundamental principles—a confusion very apparent in this recent convention. It showed itself again and again in the speeches and debates of the deputies, clever and able men wholly failing at times to understand each other because they used the same terms in entirely different senses.

VARYING IDEAS OF THE NATURE OF THE CHURCH.

This was disclosed especially in the discussions which involved the fundamental conception of the nature of the Chris-

* *Du Pape*, p. 343.

tian Church. Said one clerical speaker: "I fear there is a difference so irreconcilable between the views of the Holy Catholic Church entertained by the deputy from —— and those which I myself entertain that any attempt at harmonizing the two would be vain." Again the same speaker: "Why is it that we do not know what to call ourselves? Why is it that we sit here and discuss, day after day, what we are and why we are? You find the same unrest, the same uncertainty everywhere."

A lay deputy, a member of the convention for many years and a constant leader in debate, said in reply to another: "I know of no such thing as this church belonging to the Anglican communion. That is a phrase in very common use, but it will not bear analysis. This church does not belong to the Anglican communion, differing, as it does, in creed, differing in articles, differing in liturgy, and differing totally in its method of government.

THREE GRADES OF ANGLICAN OPINION.

As far as they may be classified, Anglican ideas regarding the church fall into three general classes, though there are numerous subdivisions under each. The view commonly called "Evangelical" is that any body of scriptural believers form a church, and that episcopacy is but a convenient and dignified form of government. The Presbyterian, Congregationalist, and Episcopalian Churches are all true churches of Christ, differing only in non-essentials. With Anglicans of this sort reunion with other Protestants simply means the mutual arrangement of differences based simply on taste or convenience.

But the Evangelicals, once in overwhelming majority, are now the minority. The centre of gravity has moved a peg higher. The "Historic Episcopate" party now holds the lead. Its adherents believe the historical succession of bishops from the apostles to be necessary for the constitution of an historic church. Presbyterians and others are spoken of as substantially at one with Anglicans except for this lack of the historic episcopate. The latter, however, as an Anglican possession seems to be looked upon more with a sort of family pride and as an aristocratic guarantee of ancient lineage than in any sacramental light. *The Churchman* and Bishop Coxe gravely discuss the easy solution of Christian unity which would come about if Methodists and Presbyterians would only obtain episcopal orders from some source, Moravian or Anglican. Then all that would be necessary would be a spirit of brotherly love and slight concessions as to details, and all might coalesce and

be one. Unity of doctrine is of no importance or is assumed as already existing.

This, however, does not satisfy the ultra or advanced High-churchmen. These Ritualists, as they are commonly called—Catholic-churchmen, as they prefer to be termed—feel strongly that such an *omnium gatherum*, under the loose bond of an historic episcopate, could never be other than a fictitious and unreal unity. They contend, most rightly, that truth is the only basis for a real unity. Their recipe, therefore, is a somewhat different one. They would first drive out the Rationalists from the Anglican communion and establish doctrinal uniformity within their own borders. Then, if the Greek communions will only recognize Anglican orders and Rome "abate her pretensions," there may be unity—on a High Anglican basis, of course. But these earnest High-churchmen fail just where they criticise their brethren of the "Historic Episcopate" hobby. Their fancied unity would not be a real unity either. The history of Christendom shows most clearly that neither episcopacy alone nor yet episcopacy *plus* doctrinal agreement has been sufficient to preserve unity. There are at least twenty different bodies in existence which Anglicans would consider true churches, and yet most of them hold no communion with the others. Besides the possession of orders, besides agreement in doctrine, there must be a supreme, definite, and infallible authority, and a consistent, outward oneness which the world can see, or there is no unity. There is not now and there never has been any such real unity apart from the Rock of Peter.*

A NEW JUDAISM.

One of the difficult things to eliminate from the minds of the early Jewish converts was the racial idea. The heretical tendencies of those Judaizers who could not comprehend the Catholic, the universal, and non-national character of the Christian religion plagued the infant church. Anglicans in modern times have revived this spirit. Claiming at first the independence of "national churches," they assumed a patent-right to England for the Established Church. Now, however, the claim is extended to include "the allegiance of the English-speaking race," as the bishops expressed it in their pastoral letter at the end of the recent convention. One deputy spoke of "our English religion." *The Churchman* uses constantly "The

* See "Episcopacy No Bond of Unity," V. Rev. A. F. Hewit, CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1888.

Anglo-Saxon Church," an absurd phrase, presumably of its own coinage. By what decree of Heaven the English-speaking peoples (there is no English-speaking race), Anglo-Saxon or Celtic, were given over to the exclusive charge of the Established Church in England and its offshoots, is not recorded.

As a matter of fact the whole idea has its origin in the Erastian spirit inherent in Anglicanism, which destroys the conception of a world-wide, Catholic religion, and limits the ecclesiastical horizon by the boundaries of civil allegiance and racial lines. It is pressed so far by some that those not of this new chosen people seem badly off indeed. Especially does it seem to be a crime to be an Italian. Bishop Coxe called the Council of Trent "a lawless conventicle of Italians," and Anglican writers seldom reach the climax in anti-Catholic controversy without bringing against the Pope the damning charge of being "an Italian Bishop."

Very unfortunate it must seem to these advocates of "the Church of the dominant race" that many millions of English-speaking people have yet to be convinced that the Almighty has given them spiritually into the hands of the Anglican religion. The heroic Irish people, in spite of bitter persecution in their own country, have both there and throughout the English-speaking world overwhelmingly repudiated it and clung with passionate loyalty to the See of Peter. In our own country (as Dr. Huntington pointed out in this convention) of 20,000,000 church-members recorded by the United States census, 19,400,000 do not recognize the Episcopal Church as having any claim upon them.

Yet with characteristic inconsistency this "Church of the English-speaking race" is providing translations of its prayer-book in Italian, Spanish, Swedish, etc. Though professing to believe jurisdiction to be dependent on civil and racial divisions, and so calling the concern of the Pope—an Italian!—with English-speaking people an "intrusion," Anglicans maintain missions in Mexico, Spain, Cuba, and Brazil. What place, on its own theory, has an "Anglo-Saxon Church" in those Latin countries? Is it, to adapt a political phrase, "anything to beat Rome"?

WORDS VS. REALITIES.

The power of words is great and a correct terminology is certainly important. But the underlying realities are greater still. When words seem to stand for these realities but do not, they are engines in the hands of error. The Arians deceived

the world (and even themselves) by the use of orthodox terms in an unorthodox sense. A similar phase of things presents itself to-day in Anglicanism.

No word, *e. g.*, was used more freely in the General Convention by speakers of every shade of theological opinion than the word Catholic. Judging merely from a casual glance at the phraseology, one might almost conclude that they all had the same standard of orthodoxy. In reality the differences were deep and profound. "Catholic" as applied to the church did not mean with one what it meant with another. The one who repudiated all sacerdotal and sacramental doctrines used it as readily as the highest of High-churchmen. It is the same elsewhere. At the Grindelwald Conference, Dean Farrar, the Archdeacon of Manchester, and other Anglican divines signed an address together with Presbyterians, Methodists, and Congregationalists, in which they described themselves as all belonging to "the divided Catholic Church." The Historic Episcopate party and the advanced Ritualists also put together those two incompatible adjectives—"divided" and "Catholic"—but their definition of the terms is radically unlike Dean Farrar's.

Yet the feeling seems to have gained a general prevalence that words are the important things, that because Low-churchmen and High-churchmen and Broad-churchmen are beginning to use the same terminology to a great extent, and to call the church "Catholic," therefore a uniformity of faith is coming about. In reality, though there is less outward strife in the convention, the fundamental differences are broader and deeper than ever. Some are ready to admit this. *The Living Church* (October 19) says: "That the battle with rationalism in the church is not yet over, is evident enough. . . . It is the disguise, the use of orthodox phrase in heterodox significance, which constantly obscures the issue."

An extraordinary effort was made in this convention to add apparent strength to the claims of legitimacy as a historic church by a revision of terminology and titles. This was introduced largely through the report of the committee which had been appointed to revise the constitution. First, the name of that document was objected to. A "constitution" is that which constitutes or establishes, and the world might think that the Protestant Episcopal Church was only brought into being in 1789. So a little *s* was put on, and the "Constitutions" of the church are seen to be only the laws she enacts and not the charter of her existence.

"Protestant Episcopal" does not quite seem to smack of

the primitive church, and so an effort was made to get rid of it. But the proposition was defeated for the present, partly because the majority are not yet ready to give it up and partly because no one has yet invented a practicable substitute. Bishop Doane (High-churchman though he is) characterized the suggested title of "The Holy Catholic Church" as "a most arrogant piece of impertinent presumption." Others scented too much absurdity in "The American Church" as applied to such a small fraction of American Christianity.

"Primate" for presiding bishop (the present title) was rejected; "Provinces" and "Archbishops" have not yet come, but assistant-bishops are in future to be called "Coadjutors."

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

Though drawing tighter lines than many Protestants do, the new canon on marriage and divorce does not, unfortunately, uphold the absolute indissolubility of marriage, but allows remarriage to the innocent party in a divorce for adultery. It will be a happy day for our Christian civilization when Protestants return to the Catholic position and allow no deviation whatever from the law of Christ.

THE "QUADRILATERAL" FIASCO.

A backward step was taken as to practical measures toward Christian unity. A few years ago the convention at Chicago and the Anglican bishops assembled at Lambeth made overtures to the other denominations regarding reunion. They would insist, they said, on only four things (hence the popular designation of "the Quadrilateral" for this proposition) as absolutely necessary: 1. The Scriptures as the Word of God; 2. The two sacraments of Baptism and Holy Communion administered with our Lord's own words; 3. The Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds as the sufficient expression of faith; and 4. The historic episcopate. The Anglican communion, the bishops said, "did not seek to absorb other communions," but to unite with them on a common basis. Negotiations were begun, chiefly with the Presbyterians. But the latter soon perceived that the fourth condition simply meant "acknowledge that you have never been rightly ordained and become Episcopalians." The apparent willingness to treat on equal terms was delusive.

Meantime the proposition became most unpopular with High-churchmen of the advanced type. They saw that any practical attempt to carry it out could only end in adding to the Episcopal Church still further discordant elements, making confusion

worse confounded. So the attitude of the present convention was "admit none who will not accept our Prayer-Book from cover to cover." Dr. Huntington, in brilliant speeches, pleaded hard for the admission of Swedish Lutheran congregations who were willing to accept the supervision of Protestant Episcopal bishops, but wished to use their own prayer-books; but his plea was in vain.

Anglicans have not yet decided officially whether they will recognize the orders of the Established Church of Sweden or not. Some claim that these orders are fully as valid as those of Anglicans, a statement which is, no doubt, correct. But many (High-churchmen especially) refuse to acknowledge their genuineness. The chief argument used is that the Swedish Lutheran divines have never believed in them themselves. But if that argument is to be admitted, what a gruesome light it will throw on Anglican orders! A long catena of Anglican divines can be quoted (and especially those concerned with the first establishment of the church) denying the existence of orders in a sacramental sense. One only shall be quoted here, but a very important one—Bishop Barlow, the single link on which the Anglican succession depends. Barlow said in a sermon: "If the king's grace, being supreme head of the Church of England, did choose, denominate and elect any lay man, being learned, to be a bishop, that he so chosen (without mention made of any orders) should be as good a bishop as he is, or the best in England."

ATTEMPTS TO FIX A HIGH-WATER MARK.

Along with the rejection of the propositions for reunion appeared an effort to harden the Anglican advance at a certain point, to stereotype a form for general conformity. The bishops in their pastoral marked out an *ultima Thule*, denouncing the Ritualism which passes beyond it as an imitation of the "corrupted worship" of the Church of Rome. The reservation of the consecrated elements in the Holy Communion for purposes of worship, teaching that fasting communion is a requirement of the church, the use of the terms "sacrament of penance" and "the Mass," too elaborate and Roman-looking ritual, were all condemned as contrary to the spirit of a reformed church. The faithful are exhorted to stand fast, neither making "dangerous concessions" to other Protestants, nor "dallying with Rome by gradual assimilation to her errors." This thunder will probably not have the least effect. It never has. The extreme Ritualists have simply laughed at the bishops and gone ahead.

There is no coercive power in Anglicanism to fix an unalterable standard at any one point.

WHAT WILL BE THE END?

On the whole the High-Church sentiment is certainly gaining ground, and at this Catholics must rejoice. Nothing has done more to remove the old prejudices of those who would never have listened to the Catholic Church herself than the Oxford Movement. Protestants, as a rule, no longer feel their old-time horror of Catholic symbolism, and are even beginning to see the beauty and reasonableness of many Catholic doctrines. It is all preparing the way for their return to the one fold.

But, though the High-Church movement is gaining ground, it is never likely to establish itself in complete control. The tradition, the common law, as it were, of Anglicanism has always allowed theological contradictions to exist side by side, and it is too late to deny that liberty now. Besides, that which can make can also unmake, and no matter with what stringency or by what tests High-churchmen might establish any standard to-day, a change of popular opinion would sweep new delegates into the general convention, and all could be changed to-morrow. Under all the liberal use—in different senses—of orthodox and Catholic phraseology, and in spite of the assumption of ancient titles, there exist after all such fundamental differences and such uncertainty of belief that the end can only be the one logical end of all Protestantism—negation. The question of faith resolves itself into this, is there or is there not an infallible teacher? If there is, there is no room for Anglicanism; if there is not, then the only logical end is that to which so much of modern thought outside the Catholic Church is rapidly hastening, and which is clearly expressed by Nordau when he says: "We strive further for absolute, objective truth. But who can tell us whether our very premise be not an erroneous one? Whence do we derive our knowledge that there is such a thing as absolute, objective truth? What if there be no objective and absolute truth, but merely a subjective truth alone, which could not be the same truth to two human beings unless their organisms were identical? Then every attempt to discover objective truth would be entirely futile, and we would be more than ever condemned to seek for all our knowledge in our own consciousness exclusively, and not outside of it." *

* *Paradoxes.* By Max Nordau. P. 328.

A GOLDEN AGE AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY F. M. EDSELAS.

IF these Reminiscences, in the main purely personal, should here and there bear the mark of egotism, it will only be so far as to secure fidelity to truth, with an occasional appeal to the imagination as an aid in the tinting of a picture otherwise too sombre for the general reader.

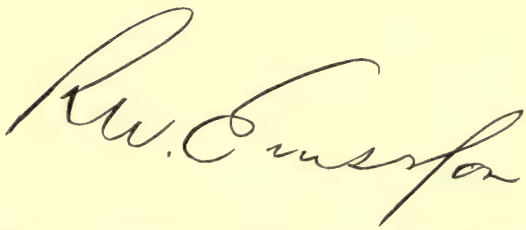
In the eras marking the world's history certain periods stand out with peculiar distinctness, like beacon-lights glowing with clear, perennial brightness, and marked by a character all their own. Men of genius, courage, and virtue, in a sense the creators of those periods, have made them for ever memorable.

Such a period do we find when our nineteenth century had reached its golden mile-stone, and which may rightly be termed the *Augustan Age of American Progress.* New England, and notably Massachusetts, seemed its source and centre. What a galaxy of brilliant men and women! Famous in literature and science, art and philosophy, they clustered around the "Hub," as it was facetiously called, by their magnetic influence swaying all hearts and minds, leading on to what was greatest and best in thought and purpose.

The names alone of those forming this gifted coterie, each a peer in his own realm, indicate the wide range compassed by their versatile genius. How we love to dwell upon what they said and did as their faces, like those of home friends, come before us!

There is Emerson, the sage of Concord and Nestor of the world's philosophers in this century, crowned with so many honors at its close. And with him Hawthorne, his bosom friend, the magician playing with skilful fingers and delicate touch upon humanity's heart, that marvellous instrument of a thousand strings, himself without a rival in his wondrous realm of imagery. Then the poets of the nation's, yea! of the world's hearts and homes, our own beloved Longfellow and Bryant, with their *confrères*, the Quaker minstrel of Amesbury and the genial Autocrat, whose requiems, so lately sung, still echo their plaintive melody throughout the world.

These, and all the rest as they pass in goodly procession, remind us of a younger generation. What a feast was daily offered our sires and grandsires at the "Breakfast Table" and



over the "Tea-cups"! Others are now winning their spurs, but will they fill the places of those who have passed away? *Nous verrons.*

But now for the reminiscences.

VOILÀ AUDUBON!

My earliest recollections of these and kindred minds, with whom I was directly or otherwise brought in contact, take me back to childhood's earliest years at the homes of relatives and friends. There at a respectful, very respectful distance I gazed with open-eyed wonder at these heroes and heroines in real flesh and blood. Earlier than this I had come even still closer to them, in fact into a little world where we lived together as the best of friends.

This latter acquaintance, formed through books or from what my elders told me, both diluted down to suit my weak digestion, helped not a little to brighten childhood's sunny hours; hence my joy was well-nigh full when I caught occasional glimpses of these celebrities, flashing like meteors across my path as they passed, guests of the family.

By the death of my parents, almost at the dawn of life, I was cast from the home nest while still unfledged, only to be watched over by the kindest of relatives.

Rounding my first decade of existence, I passed through a siege of typhus while summering with cousins at Brighton, one of Boston's beautiful suburbs. Reaching the chrysalis stage of convalescence, that marvellous book, *The Birds of America*, by Audubon, prince of painters and ornithologists, was placed before me.

Having been told, by way of introduction, a little of the author and his work, I was soon in touch with this masterpiece of the great artist. My good, kind doctor—by the way, the founder and foster-father of the well-known military college at Faribault, Minn.—finding me thus engaged one day, completed my happiness by telling me that he had long known Audubon, and loved him as a friend and brother. That was enough for me; nothing more was needed; the doctor and I were one; my dream was nearing its fulfilment sooner than I had dared to hope, for through Dr. Shattuck I felt drawn into personal relation with the famous naturalist, thus bringing me into closer relation with greatness than I had yet seen it reflected in books.

The reality became only the more vivid as the doctor told me of a trip actually taken with Audubon through the dense forests and over the boundless prairies, where, with gun, gamebag, and sketching materials, he reproduced from life the sweet songsters of field and forest.

In character Audubon must have been wonderfully mag-

netic. How could it be otherwise since, as I learned from our mutual friend the marvellous influence exerted over all that came within its range, whether man or beast, savage or civilized? And in turn, this was the natural result of the make-up of that character, which combined an innate delicacy and refinement, based upon the most unselfish kindness, with courage that knew no fear, and a patient persistence that ignored failure, however great the obstacles encountered.

"I would have gone with him to the ends of the earth," said the doctor, "if possible, and been the happiest of mortals to have been so favored."

All this and much more did I learn of the famous naturalist, whom Cuvier said had never been equalled and could never be excelled in his line of work, so faithfully had he reproduced his feathered friends. *True to Nature* must be the verdict both in anatomy, coloring, and pose. The description and the pictured form each verify the other. Verily it seemed as if I could pick the real down and plumage from breast and wings of lark and mocking-bird, and listen to the melody ready to gush forth from their almost throbbing throats.

No copies of that *Bird Book*, as I called it, made from the author's original plates, or any description that I have since seen, however vivid, can bring the true idea of those marvellous living pictures in all their perfection of beauty and realism.

The death of Audubon a few years later, followed by that of my good friend the doctor, left a wide gap which I could never fill with any other, however great and worthy; such niches become sacred to the memory of the heroes who once tenanted them.

HARRIET HOSMER'S YOUTH.

At this very time a still greater pleasure came into my life through another physician, Dr. Hosmer, who had long been in attendance upon this same family of cousins. He frequently brought his only child Hattie, who later on was destined to honor both sex and country, as we so well know, by her wonderful skill as a sculptor.

Then about a dozen years old, delicate and timid to excess, there was little to indicate her future. Although mute as an oyster when with our elders, if once by ourselves Hattie became quite another child—timidity vanished, and to my delight she proved the gayest of the gay, full of fun and frolic. Comparing notes, I soon found that we could enter into each other's

plots and plans for pleasure and a good time generally. She was, however, considerably in advance of me in many things, being able to row and swim, ride her fleet-footed pony bare-back, and, what seemed the greatest achievement, use a rifle with the skill and coolness of a trained marksman. In fact she seemed totally different from any and all other girls I had ever known. There was an impulsive boyishness in her words and ways that might have been termed rudeness had it not been toned down by a tender and loving confidence which smoothed away all roughness in manner and speech, giving an added charm to whatever she said or did.

This young girl seemed then, and afterwards at times, though we were widely separated, somehow to fit into my life as none other had done. And this not because of similarity in character; by no means, but rather from contrast and deficiency, her nature and qualities supplying the void and need in mine. They were to be my complementaries, helping to round out nature's defects. Nor was the effect less because we were mere children, for even then influences are as strong in their degree as in maturer years, and far more enduring, the mind being then so plastic. Hence may not all high and noble friendships, and their opposites as well, be traced to this magic power of influence, which continually sways the world for better or for worse?

Being naturally in touch with the young artist's mode of life, as learned by the tantalizing hints she had given me, our comradeship was soon complete; consequently a visit to their home, suggested by the doctor, was only needed to complete our happiness. "It is the best way to dispose of this puny little chicken," he said to my friends. "Hattie and I will help to fatten her up, and not with pills or powders either."

Fortunately the powers that held the balance of my fate proved propitious, and a few days later I found myself the happiest of children in that pleasant home. A typical New England house, painted white, with the conventional green shutters, it looked so cheery and home-like that I felt the welcome which I soon found speaking from every nook and corner of the domain. No part of that bright, sunny place was too fine or grand to use at pleasure.

A motherly housekeeper and a kind but dignified governess presided over the establishment, Hattie's mother having died some years previously. Verily, I believe now that these worthies found their duties no sinecure, having all they could do to

keep their charge within reasonable bounds. Indeed her wild, boyish nature more than once played havoc with them.

I had often heard of Hattie's skill in moulding figures of animals from common clay, but not being able to credit it, determined to find out for myself. Strolling through the garden on the morning after my arrival, we came to a mound of freshly spaded earth, near which stood a sprinkler partly filled; here was my chance. I broke the ice by telling her what I had heard, at the same time adding, with childish frankness, that I didn't believe a word of it.

That was enough for Hattie Hosmer. To doubt her ability,

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

whether in sports or in art, was at once to put it to the proof: such a spirit could never refuse a dare. With a shrug of the shoulders and a look of contempt that seemed to say, Wait, and you shall see if I can't, she took up a handful of the soft earth, and moistening it, said:

"What do you want?"

"Oh! anything; I don't care."

She paused for a moment, as if choosing her subject, or perhaps waiting for the inspiration sure to come, and that seldom fails at the call of genius; then with nimble fingers kneaded the clay into plastic shape. Soon it began to take

form as a bird ready for flight with outspread wings. Breaking a twig from the tree overhead, to it she fastened the bird and left it in the sun to dry.

The truth had been told me, conviction had come to stay. Meantime Hattie was chatting like a magpie, telling me of her free and happy life. Studies and music with her governess in the morning, swimming and boating, roaming with pony and dog through the woods and over the hills, and moulding clay images between times; all this seemed to me the perfection of earthly bliss, and I told her as much. Finding me so thoroughly in touch with her own ideas and fancies, she at once shared them freely with me. The house stood upon a terraced elevation facing the principal street of that little village—Watertown. Just below flowed the historic Charles River. By a natural projection of the bank nearest the house a little cave had been formed. To this place Hattie led me by a flight of rustic steps.

Here was her studio, if such it might be called, where she had fixed rude shelves on which were placed clay figures fashioned with such artistic skill and life-like reality that I gave more than one start of fear and surprise, much to Hattie's delight, as she said:

"Then they look like the real things, do they? That's the way I find out if I've done it all right, by watching people who see them for the first time. If they can't tell right off what they are, and ask a dozen questions to find out, then I whisk them out of sight in a jiffy; they must be just like the real ones, all but life, or I won't own them for mine. That's the only way to do the thing."

Strange and unique the place was—characteristic of its young mistress, who did the honors in her own bluff way.

"Guess you never saw anything like this before," she said with a merry laugh, seeing my wonder and delight, not unmingled with terror, at the same time donning a loose overdress, which completely covered her from neck to heels.

"Now, I'm ready for work; but say, what do you think of my 'den?'—that's what the folks at the house call it?"

"I don't know what to think; but—but what does it all mean? I thought only boys had such things," pointing to the motley collection arranged on rude shelves, or fastened to the walls of the cave, a regular *pot-pourri*, including almost everything available from that region in the line of animals. Frogs, rats, and snakes found there an honored place with birds,

poultry, and even wild beasts. "Where did you get them, and what are they for?"

"Found 'em; then made others to match the real ones. 'Tisn't so very hard if you only try long enough," at the same time working away upon something, I couldn't tell what, until she added:

"I've been fighting with this tiger for ever so long, trying to make him; you see he's determined I sha'n't do it, and that's just the reason I will, if it takes a whole year, for I wouldn't be beaten by a tiger, even though they're pretty hard to manage sometimes. Made this one over about twenty times, I guess. Couldn't have a real tiger to keep, so managed the next best way. One day, as good luck would have it, I found a big cat out in the woods, striped almost like a real tiger, but so wild I couldn't catch him; so papa set a trap, and in a day or two the poor fellow was mine; it took lots of coaxing to tame him only half way, but now I have him all right. We named him Zebra. "Here, Zeb!" she called from the cave. In a minute a magnificent-looking animal came bounding in and sprang up on a rude bench beside his mistress, purring a glad welcome.

Hattie then made him go through various manœuvres showing his beauty of form and grace of movement.

"You see I teach all these tricks and lots more, so as to make my animals in every shape and attitude as near like life as can be. There, there! how 'll that do for Mr. Tiger?"

"It's capital, but for my life I don't see how you can do it; then all these other things, too"; for side by side with each specimen, either stuffed, preserved in spirits, or as skeletons, was an imitation of the original in clay, so perfectly formed and colored that I was more than once deceived, taking the copy for the real object.

Thus each day was one of new surprise and pleasure to me as I saw more and more of the wonderful make-up of my new friend's life and character. Finding how really interested I was in her work, she freely shared it with me. I enjoyed the boating particularly; the more so as her father had recently given her a beautiful little gondola, modelled on the Venetian style, with silver prow and cushioned in velvet; so light and well made that it skimmed over the water like a thing of life. Her faithful dog, a noble Newfoundland, decked in ribbons and bells, was our constant companion, whether on water or when roaming through the woods.

"What do you think of this?" she asked one morning as

we were out for a raid, at the same time showing me a dainty little rifle cased in ivory and tipped with silver.

Rifles not being in my store of playthings, I gave a start of terror, much as if an Indian had suddenly swung his tomahawk over my head. Hattie only gave a merry laugh, and turning aside a few steps, pointed to a little robin swinging on a vine overhead, and as she said "I must have that" the click of the trigger with a sharp report brought the poor little victim to the ground.

"There, there!" she continued, giving me a tender caress, "don't be afraid, little chick; you're not killed yet, only the bird, poor thing"; and she picked it up still quivering in its farewell struggle with life. "I don't do this for fun, but I must have birds for study, or I couldn't make them as they really are; it's the only way to do the thing right; don't you see?"

"Yes indeed, I see plainly enough, but I'd never have the patience."

"It pays in the end though; and if I haven't made it pay yet, I will before I'm through, or my name isn't Hattie Hosmer."

And she did, nobly fulfilling her high purpose.

"You'd hardly believe it, but one of the hardest things I ever made was a frog. The shape wasn't easy; but to get the colors, that was the trouble. If I made one guess I did fifty before I hit it. You'd say it was green if you didn't look pretty close, but that's only the effect of all the colors together. I found that out myself; and another thing too, that saved me lots of trouble; it is, that the same colors put on when the clay is soft look so different from those used on clay half or nearly baked. Things I find out myself I don't forget in a hurry; it costs too much."

Thus happily the days flew by, bringing my week's visit to a close; the last day had come.

"I only wish it was the first, Hattie, for now I must go back to my humdrum life, moping around till I get well; then studies and lessons."

"Never mind, it can't be helped; come on," and we turned in for a farewell to the cave, as she added: "My fun is at an end too; papa says I must be ready next week to begin study in real earnest at Mrs. Sedgwick's school. They say she's great on breaking young colts, and I suppose that's why I'm sent to Lenox; but I'll make up for it in vacations."

"What, going on with this work?"

"Yes, to be sure, for I'm only at the beginning of what I

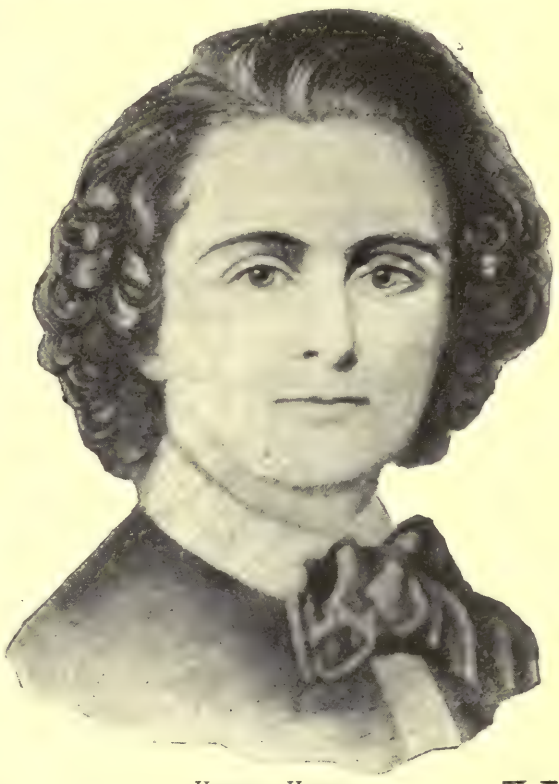
mean to do and be some day. You've found out by this time that I'm not a bit like other girls, prim and starchy; wouldn't be either if I could, nor couldn't be if I would; I'm not made that way."

"I suppose not; but what else are you going to do?"

"Why just this: when I can make these common, every-day things like the real ones, than I'll try what I see only with my mind."

"What!—out of nothing?"

"No, not exactly; but fairies and people that I read about who said or did some wonderful things. I've made a beginning; here are some of them, though not quite finished." Then drawing aside a curtain, I almost lost breath in astonishment as there appeared on rows of shelves sets of puppet-figures, so real and life-like that a glance readily identified them.



Harriet Hosmer.

There was Cinderella, posing in the different scenes of her eventful life; and Red-Riding Hood as well, with others representing incidents wholly or in part from fabled story or historic legend. Crude they were, of course, yet, as I now recall them, almost living types of the originals. Technical knowledge of the sculptor's art and finished mechanism were indeed wanting, yet these, the result of the trained eye and cultured taste, would surely follow where genius such as hers led the way.

In fact, the earnest life, the high and noble purpose behind whatever she did then, as well as in her later and more finished work, revealed the artist *nascitur non fit*. . . . For this very reason I may have entered somewhat too minutely upon this episode of my childhood's days.

Although these memory-pictures of three decades and more ago must be relied on to recall what Hattie Hosmer then said and did in her dashing, off-hand way, yet none the less clearly do I see that an irresistible force ever urged her on to the highest, best endeavor; hence that untiring, painstaking effort keeping her on the alert to see and note whatever might serve her purpose. Nothing was too trivial to be overlooked, or too difficult to be mastered when there was question of a model to be reproduced.

Thus we see the successful results attained by the wise development of child-nature, one of the great, I might add, *the greatest* problems of our own or any age. Under wise direction that nature was allowed to follow out its own instinctive impulses, without being hampered by a cut-and-dried programme, which too often makes of our young graduates little else than educated machine-puppets of stunted growth.

Dr. Hosmer, with clear prescience, discerned the great possibilities of which his gifted daughter was capable, and as a wise father removed dangers and obstacles besetting the path she had opened for herself, and later carried on to an end so triumphant.

Our paths have widely diverged since my too brief week's visit; yet all through these intervening years that great artist has proved true to the grand ideal which came at her birth, and still crowns her life. Else how could she have created those master-pieces of art symbolizing history and mythology? How have wrought from "the dull, cold marble" the all but living, breathing prototypes of those crowned with the laurel of fame?

Nature's gifts were indeed lavishly poured out upon Harriet Hosmer, but only to be returned in tenfold measure. Freely has she received, freely has she given of the best that was in her. A high niche in the temple of fame will be her exceeding great reward. And we may add, with Châteaubriand, when death shall claim her for its own, "There will be made one of those breaches which the fall of a superior intellect produces once in an age, and which can never be closed."

Much may often be compassed within a short period; so it proved with me. During that brief week of pleasure I woke to a new and broader life. Its full and deep meaning began to dawn upon me through the influence of that young artist, earnest, tireless worker as she was. Another episode in my experience only intensified this the more.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

THEIR heart—I will not say their hearts
Because their heart is one to-day,—
Their heart is thronged with singing birds
And all their year is May!

For unto whom if not to them
Does every spring-time joy belong?
Years came, years sped—but silenced not
Their golden morning song!

And what is golden, save the love
Of two true hearts for each and each,
Stretching beyond the utmost range
Of thought and human speech?

O morning song of blessed hope,
Soul-thrilling with all tenderness,
Breathes there a heart of mortal mould
To match your soft caress?

When field and sky were filled with light
And every cloud was eloquent
Did these not prophecy aright
A golden fair content?

Ah, well you saw with lovers' eyes
The river of the years unrolled,
And well you knew with true love's skill
To build a bridge of gold!

A bridge with sure foundations set,
  Unshaken by the wintry gust,
Builded to meet the storm and tide
  Upon the rock of Trust!

Across the span, the cares of life
  Went marching—yet it never swayed—
But thro' the stress and strain of years
  Its builders' plan obeyed!

Not Care alone was passenger:
  Across it trooped the radiant bands
Of household joys, with pattering feet
  And childhood's dimpled hands!

Across it passed the happy groups
  Of chosen souls who loved to see
The blessed fruits and flowers that spring
  Unbidden from love's constancy!

Ah, bridge of gold—this day we know
  How strong you were, how true you stood,
How all unshaken you have held
  Thro' evil days and good!

And you, true hearts, across the span
  Your fairest, noblest message bring:
All's well, all's golden, golden well
  In hearts where Love is king!

BROTHER TO A SAINT.

BY HELEN M. SWEENEY.

ANDY McGONIGAL was drunk again.

That sounds as though it were a rare occurrence, but it wasn't.

Every one in the Saratoga—for they are as particular as to names on Eleventh Avenue as on Fifth—knew that Andy was "at it again," and every one, from the little toddlers that hung around the stoop to "Blind Joe" who lived on the top floor back, was sorry for his sister, Mary. It was only last week that she had boasted that she had him decent; but, alas! for woman's faith and man's unappeasable thirst, he was "at it again." It was not for want of care or want of prayer that Andy was the wreck he was. From the first streak of day until midnight Mary sewed incessantly on "pants"—for the bulk of the sweater's work is done in these tenements—that Andy might have a roof over his head, a hot dinner nearly every day, and a good, well-mended coat on his back in which to go to Mass; but he never used it for that purpose.

A pretzel, a pickle, and a cup of "calico-tea" was Mary's meagre meal every morning after five o'clock Mass. The pretzel "kept so well," the pickle was "so fillin'," and the tea was the one little luxury that the poor soul allowed herself. Her hard life of unremittent toil and continual disappointment of reforming the brother she loved so tenderly left its mark on her shrunken frame, her hard knotted hands, and large-jointed fingers. Those poor fingers were kept so busy! By constant application for six days in the week she could earn at "finishing" thirty-nine cents a pair, and could do three pairs a day, thus bringing up her income to the munificent sum of seven dollars a week. As for Andy, he was always "looking for a job," but seldom got any farther in his search than the "Owl's Retreat" next door, out of which he would be systematically ejected at the timid questioning of his sister, "Is Andy within?"

There was no mistaking Mary's nationality. Slight as her accent was, it proclaimed her birth amidst Gotham's teeming

population. Her heart was warmed by the intense glow of perfect faith and loyalty to the church of her fathers. There was nothing, however, of the wholesome Milesian comeliness about Mary except a perfect personal cleanliness. Her small face was drawn, and too old for her thirty-seven years; her thin hair was smoothly parted, drawn tightly back from a too-high forehead, and twisted into a walnut at the nape of her neck.

But for all that her face was strangely attractive; it was so peaceful, so resolute, so quietly strong. Her eyes were Tennyson's "homes of silent prayer." They were her one redeeming feature, and were large and softly dark, confiding as a dog's, and, like a dog's, full of a dumb wistfulness.

As she stood now, looking down at the poor, weak creature sprawled on the little, old, rickety lounge, where friendly though scarcely steady hands had laid him a few moments before, her patient eyes were filled with tears. But she did not waste time sentimentalizing, but set to work at once, loosening his clothes, covering him with the blanket from her own bed, settling his head comfortably on the straw pillow, and putting to draw at once the little brown pot of strong black tea, to steady him "agin his wakin'." She considered it "tryin' for the nerves" to indulge in the stimulating oolong herself, but for him no trouble nor expense must be spared.

Week after week he promised to do better, and week after week he failed. She had gone to see Father Ambrose and had enlisted his sympathy for poor, frail Andy, all unconscious that it was her own courage and devotion to the scamp that had attracted the good priest's interest in the case. As each week went by and it was the same sad old story, even the priest gave him up as a hopeless case; but his sister never became discouraged, save momentarily. With a heroic steadfastness she worked still harder, hoped more, and prayed incessantly.

Those indefatigable workers in the cause of temperance say that there are fifty thousand "drunks" arrested every year.

Has any one taken a census of hearts? Does any one know how many lives have been darkened by the black sin? Has any one the statistics of the little children with their fear-stamped faces? How many saints have earned their canonization in this fertile field of sorrow and suffering?

Only God knows.

Lives like Mary's are the white pond-lilies that flourish

above the noisome surface. Her whole long, hard day she made a ceaseless prayer. Her love for her scapegrace brother endured through years of toil and disappointment. Her one ambition was to see him a member of the Holy Name Society and have him receive holy Communion with them on the first Sunday of the month. But in answer to her pleadings he gave her nothing but abuse, and sometimes even blows; for Andy "in his cups" was a ferocious brute, as Mary's limp middle finger testified. He had struck the cup out of her hand one night when she was urging him to take "just one more swallow of the tea."

"Sure, I'm glad it wasn't my right hand," was all she said to Father Ambrose when he, roused to indignation at the thousandth repetition of Andy's wickedness, urged her to make complaint and have Andy committed to the Island. But no, while there was a roof over her head, Andy would share it; while she could earn a crust of bread, Andy had the larger part of it.

Father Ambrose and his active sympathy, her daily Mass and weekly Communion—for she received every Saturday morning—were the bright spots in her otherwise dark life. She had all the passionate devotion and loyalty to her pastor that characterizes her warm-blooded race.

But sometimes for weeks he did not see her; for a parish of twelve thousand souls needs a rector's constant supervision.

One day in the middle of the winter word was brought to him that Mary was sick and had sent for him. He hurried down there, expecting to find her laid up again from the effects of one of Andy's sprees; but he found her very ill indeed with pneumonia.

The flush of fever on her worn, sunken cheek made her almost beautiful. Her eyes shone like stars as she grasped her friend's hand in her burning ones. As usual, his very presence soothed and calmed her. He begged to know if there was anything he could get for her, anything at all he could do to lessen her trouble.

"O father! I'd have never a bit to trouble me if Andy would only keep straight. But then," she went on, her labored breath coming in great gasps, "God must send me some trouble. It would be worse if I had nothing at all to suffer for his sake." Then, after a little pause, "It's Andy's soul I'm thinking of continually."

"Think of yourself now, Mary, for once. Andy will have to work out his own salvation."

"Ah, father dear! if I may make so bold, Andy has no one but me. And in your sermon last Sunday night you said that prayer was a bridge from earth to heaven. Sure, I'd make my body a bridge for him, if he could but walk on it into that Land o' Promise. What's my pains, and my work, and my days and nights of trouble, if they won't buy heaven for my brother?"

And Father Ambrose, used as he was to the heroism of poverty, familiar with the pathetic courage of the poor, felt his eyes fill with tears in the presence of such a noble example of vicarious suffering.

What could he do but pray with and for her, this lovely soul that walked on a plane but little lower than the angels.

"I'll offer up my Mass for you to-morrow, Mary," he said as he rose to go, "for the—"

"O father! say it for him. No one will think of prayin' for his soul when I'm gone."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know, father. But every night the lamp is put in the window for him; I'm afraid that he'll want to come in some night and think I'll not be up to see to him."

"But you may not be here to-morrow, Mary."

For an instant she was silent; a shadow crossed her face, and she twisted and untwisted the worn fringe on the clean but shabby counterpane; then a light shone in her lovely eyes, and she said, looking up in his face:

"I don't think God is ready for me yet, for Andy needs me. This spell of sickness he has sent me was just for a rest; but, 'tany rate, his will be done."

She was right; God did not want her yet, and the poor soul that could look upon a serious fit of illness as a chance to rest was raised from that bed of sickness to take up again the burden that for five weeks she had laid down. As is often the case with that terrible scourge, the frail little bodies offering the least resistance are able to withstand the ravages of the disease better than a robust frame that would be felled in a week. Mary lived to work, to pray, to love and hope for her brother again. Andy, frightened by the nearness of death, was quiet for a month. During those four weeks Mary went about with such a deep, intense look of happiness on her poor,

pinched little face that it seemed to glow as with an inward light. To crown her happiness, Andy, at the solicitation of Father Ambrose, joined the Holy Name Society. The first Sunday of March was the red-letter day of Mary's life. All during the Mass her tears fell silently, and as she saw those nine hundred men approach the rail she could with difficulty restrain her sobs. That her brother was among them she did not ascribe to her own prayers, but to Father Ambrose's. When she saw the King of Kings enter her brother's heart she felt like Simeon of old, and could like him exclaim: "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace."

For days afterwards she stitched away with her accustomed industry, lightened and sweetened by her holy, happy thoughts. She sang about her work, raising her thin, old, cracked voice in quavering melody. "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye," she piped, till in her own lovely eyes her tears made twin rainbows of her smile.

For a week he had been working in the big Dressed Beef house down at the corner, and Mary was looking forward to a calm, happy future when with one blow her hopes were dashed to the ground.

Poor thing! she took as an earnest for the future the few halcyon days of March, and when she heard of Andy's latest escapade she felt worse than if it had come in the regular line of his former delinquencies. It seems that he had a quarrel with one of the foremen. Andy's temper, not a good one at the best of times, could not, in his present nervous state, brook the bullying of the petty tyrant who made the men's lives a burden; and at the first opportunity he let his irritability get the better of his little stock of prudence, and with hot words let the foreman have the full benefit of his pent-up feelings. That night he was laid off, and to drown his discomfort had resort to the "Owl's Retreat" again. Here he aired his grievances and was loudly applauded for his "grit." Encouraged by the praise of the bar-room heroes, he announced his intention to "lay for" his enemy at the first opportunity.

"Where's your gun, Andy," said his host, who was smilingly agreeable as long as the coin in Andy's pockets held out.

"This is as good as a gun," said Andy, laying bare his large, sinewy forearm, that looked formidable enough until it was remembered that champions do not "train on mixed ale," whatever they may do after they have proved their staying

powers in the ring. Andy's flabby muscles offered no menace to the foreman; and yet when the latter entered the place, and after a few hot words on either side Andy let fly from his shoulder a well-directed blow between the eyes, the foreman dropped like a log.

In a moment the excited crowd announced "He's dead!"

It was fully a minute before Andy could take in the fact, and when it did enter his dulled brain he dashed out of the place, turning toward Eleventh Avenue, and just caught hold of the rear platform-rail of a freight train pulling out, and was carried off faster and faster toward the West and liberty.

How Mary got through that night she never knew. All night long she spent on her knees, imploring the Sacred Heart to forgive Andy, only to forgive him, and then it did not matter what the law did to him. Not for an instant did she contrast her present state of horror and fear with the calmness and peace of yesterday. She simply thanked God that he had been brought to a state of grace once at least, and she trusted blindly to the saving grace of that Communion to reach his sin-stained heart even yet.

She offered no resistance to the officers of the law as they entered her two little rooms in search of her brother, and to their repeated questionings as to his whereabouts, had but one answer, "Only God knows."

Two days afterwards she would have given her very life to know herself; for by a strange circumstance of fate the post-mortem examination brought out the fact, too strange not to be true, that the foreman had not met his death at Andy's hands at all. He was found really to have perished of heart disease, or, as the medical expert termed it, "he died of syncope antecedent by a few seconds to the so-called murder." Witnesses bore evidence to the fact that the deceased had been out of health some time. His heart was found to be entirely empty, thus exonerating from the very serious charge the fleeing fugitive.*

From the moment of this announcement Mary spent her time looking for her brother. Day after day she haunted his usual resorts, but found no trace of him; night after night she spent praying for his return. To help her, though he had but little hope of its success, Father Ambrose had inserted in one of the big dailies a carefully worded advertisement; and even

*See *The Lancet*, August, 1895.

went farther, and interested a young newspaper man in the story and had him make a stirring article out of it; but still Andy did not return.

The constant disappointment, hard work, and sleepless nights began to tell on Mary's enfeebled frame. When she found that she could not finish her three pairs of "pants" a day, and realized that her health, already undermined by the attack of pneumonia she had had, was ruined by her latest trouble, she bowed her head to the inevitable, and with her accustomed fortitude made hers the will of God.

As long as she could crawl about at all she managed to trim and light the big lamp and put it in the window for the absent eyes to see; and when she was forced to surrender and accept aid from the St. Vincent de Paul Society, oil was all she asked for. Father Ambrose himself saw to that, and, like the faithful virgins', Mary's lamp was always ready.

One sultry evening in May, when the hundreds of lighted windows of the tenements on the avenue began to glow like dull red eyes in the dusk, Father Ambrose went down to her, and with him was another guest, the shadow of whose dark wing lay over the low, mean bed on which a saint was lying. From behind every door on his upward way through the house came the sounds of talk and laughter, the clatter of dishes at the evening meal, and the incessant click of the sewing-machine; for the very poor have not time even to eat. But in Mary's room there brooded a peaceful quiet, filled as it was with the "peace that passeth understanding," and for the first time the lamp was unlit.

She smiled up in the priest's face. "I knew you would come. Light Andy's lamp, father, and pray for the soul of him."

Late that night Andy came. Far down the deserted avenue he had caught the friendly glow of the light that was leading him to more than a home. He was perfectly sober, for travelling in a freight-car, hidden safely in the heap of ill-smelling hides from the far West, was not conducive to conviviality. Now, heavy-eyed and chilled, he crept up the narrow, greasy stair, pushed open the frail little door and walked in.

But there were people there! Three or four women sat around and dozed in their chairs.

There was something in the middle of the floor, something long and narrow and black.

One step more, and he looked down on a still, white, peaceful face. Never would those eyes look love into his eyes again; never again would the thin, worn fingers let the brown beads slip through them for him; never again would the stilled heart throb in fear as his unsteady step stumbled up the stair.

With a dreadful cry he flung his arms across the coffin, and implored the dead lips to speak to him, the dead ears to listen to his promises; for, shocked into perfect possession of his senses, Andy made vows over Mary's coffin that she would willingly have died to hear. Like many another, Andy gave to the dead what the living craved for; but who shall say that Mary did not hear his words of penitence, his promises of amendment?

Hers was a glorious death, for by it she purchased eternal life for a most repentant brother.

To-day in an obscure corner of Calvary is a long, low, grass-covered grave with a simple cross at its head, which reads—

MARY MCGONIGAL,
AND
ANDY,
HER BROTHER.

Below there is no provisional "*May* they rest in peace," but, with firmer faith, Father Ambrose has written

THEY SLEEP IN CHRIST.

WHY NOT?

BY REV. F. G. LENTZ.

A FEW friends sat chatting one evening, when a discussion arose over missions to non-Catholics.

The talk was friendly enough till it was proposed by one of the company that those present should utilize what time could be spared from necessary work connected with their respective charges to begin a series of missions in their own neighborhood.

We were all, however, rather startled by one of the company who rose and denounced the whole project as "visionary, ridiculous, absurd." The more we tried to argue with him the more angry he became. That man once belonged to one of the noblest preaching orders in the church.

We have often, however, been surprised at the amount of heated opposition that the mere suggestion of this idea has produced in some. Sometimes it is amusing, sometimes provoking; more often it is sad. In considering this opposition we are tempted to ask, What kind of an idea of the Catholic Church can these men have? Do they regard her as a *close* corporation from which all but those claiming an inherited membership are excluded? Surely, if so, hers is not then the mission that she has always claimed to have received from Christ himself, the evangelizing and civilizing of the *world.*

We do not read in the Gospel, at least *explicitly*, that Christ ordered the people to go to the Apostles, but we do read that he said to the latter, "Go ye into the whole world; preach the Gospel to *every* creature." Are the Catholics of this country, then, alone to be excluded? Non-Catholics may not be disobeying God in not coming to the church to hear her teaching, but we are absolutely failing in our duty and in charity, as well as disobeying God's explicit command, in not carrying to them the saving gift of faith, which alone brings joy, peace, and life everlasting.

Where is the nation which does not owe its faith to the missionary work of apostolic men? Does not the church's history in the past read like a glorious epic which tells of heroes who

went forth to conquer and to die in a grander cause than ever knight or warrior of old was sworn to. Did the Apostles or their successors sit down in the courts of the temple, or lounge within the sanctuary waiting for the people to come and hear the word of God? Did Augustine or Patrick or Boniface wait even to be asked before they carried the light of faith into those lands that have since called them blessed?

But we are told, "Oh! that was different." Unquestionably. But the difference lay only in the will of the men who received this divine commission to "Go and teach *all* nations." They were not deterred by difficulties or unpropitious outlooks. They did not view the field from afar and pronounce the task impossible. They did their duty. "Paul preached, Apollo watered, and God gave the increase."

Men who have proposed to take part in this evangelization have been hooted, scorned, and spoken of by some as if they advocated something strange, something before unheard of. However, this is a good sign.

St. Francis of Assisi was scorned, but his work was blessed of God, and it prospered. St. Dominic went out to preach to the Protestants of his day and founded a great order of missionaries for this purpose, but, we presume from want of a field, his followers have had to seek other employments. St. Francis Xavier travelled far and wide under the burning sun of eastern lands to win for Christ, not the flower of the human race, not the white man with his God-like faculties of heart and mind, but the darkened souls of those children of the Orient. For these he left house and brethren and lands for "His name's sake," and thought it worth while doing. Had he lived in our day we might have taught him an easier way, viz., to build fine churches, and sit down at the portals to wait for the poor heathen to seek an entrance there. In our pride and human respect we cannot stoop to such old-fashioned ways. Is this the spirit of the followers of Him who was ever kind and patient to the poor and humble and ignorant? The only words of scorn He spoke were to those who had the true faith, but so vilely used it.

IS IT VIS INERTIÆ OR IS IT PHARISAISM?

Whence comes this repugnance to the work of converting the American people? From whom has arisen this opposition to the very spirit of Catholicity?

Why is it quoted at us, when the idea of going out to preach to our separated brethren is proposed: "Charity begins at home," "I was not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel," "It is not good to take the bread of the children and cast it to the dogs."

Verily has the spirit of the ancient Pharisee arisen amongst us when such texts are interpreted against this work. With the Jew of old, again the scornful finger is pointed at the meek Nazarene, with the words, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

One good mission to non-Catholics will do more good for the Catholics themselves than all the other kinds of missions, sermons, or instructions that any priest can give.

This may seem an almost paradoxical statement, but it is easily explained. The moment this work is begun in a community the charity of Catholics is on fire. They take a keen delight in the work, are anxious to do all they can to help on the good cause. Their *amour propre* is aroused, and they feel that they must give good example; stand by the priest and see that he wants for nothing. Men who would never come near a mission to Catholics suddenly awake to the realization that they are Catholics, and are eager to come to the non-Catholic mission, to assist, as it were, at the death-bed of Protestantism. They pay more attention to the sermons, and to the ceremonies of the church, than they have done for years. Their pride in their faith is aroused. It pleases them to witness the intellectual superiority of their priests; and the favorable comments of those outside the church make them love and understand better the religion they have so long neglected

The youth too will be saved. How often has not this hide-and-go-seek policy been in vogue! A poor little church hidden away in some obscure corner of the town, where low Mass is said only occasionally; where, either from neglect or necessity, the instructions are few and far between; the priest scarcely known, never appearing in public to take part in anything concerning the public welfare either temporal or spiritual, utterly indifferent to the world outside and the needs of its teeming thousands —how often has not all this begotten an indifference which it is all but impossible to overcome! Of that ancient and mighty organization instituted by Christ for evangelizing the world they know nothing, or at most it is but a figure of history to them, a myth of the dead and buried past. Presently comes

the non-Catholic mission. Before their wondering eyes, too, are spread the ever-ancient yet ever-new treasures of the faith they would have cast away as a worn-out garment. Is this living, concrete, active thing the religion they were ashamed of? Are they indeed members of this mighty organization? Is this church, so full of light and love and vigor, theirs—their very own? Will they ever more be ashamed of her, untrue to her? Ah, no! This palpitating, glorious, exulting, energetic faith thrills them with new life, and under the genial glow of its charity they are roused into new and supernaturalized beings.

Losses to the church are rare in those congregations where the priest is the foremost man in his community; having the weal of all at heart, and showing that enlarged charity which makes him realize that he will have to answer to God for the souls of all within his jurisdiction, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. An inert body moves nothing, neither can priest or people rise higher or beget spiritual life among the people confided to his care if they be not awake to every uplifting influence.

THE PREACHERS THE SAVIOURS OF THE CHURCH.

What saved Catholicity in the sixteenth century? The governments? They were a stumbling-block. This or that reform? What good would have been all the reforms in creation if this one had not become all powerful, viz., missionary activity to combat, overthrow, and destroy the errors of Luther, Calvin, *el al.?* Through various causes the church had become inert. She had not only ceased to carry the torch of faith to others, but, and on this account, failed to hold her own. Then came the reawakening. Compelled to fight for existence, the missionary life within her was revived. Awakened into renewed activity it encompassed the whole world in its efforts; and not only were the ravages of Protestantism stayed, but new nations and peoples were brought into the fold. Those countries in which the effects were kept up are to-day returning, and this age is reaping where it has not sown. It was that work which turned the tide and saved the rest of Europe.

When all else fails these enemies of non-Catholic missions, they demand, as a final argument against us, that we show them results of the work. Have they become blind entirely to the ways of God? The *sang froid* with which they ignore all

history is amusing when it is not contemptible. Do they expect the errors and prejudices of three hundred years to be removed in a day? Would any one with the least bit of common sense, not to speak of justice, expect that people who are totally ignorant often of the first principles of religion, nay, who in their conception of it are farther removed from the truth than the pagans of old, should learn in a few days and accept unquestioningly those deep and wonderful doctrines which must be believed without doubting by every child of the church?

We take years to instruct children in the faith, and in them there is no false teaching to be removed, before their hearts are ready to receive the good seed.

How much patience, then, is there not needed by the tillers in these neglected fields outside the church in weeding out the roots of error, and making fertile the soil for the growth of the precious flower of truth!

The duty of a true religious in this country is not the importing of national prejudices, contentions, and singularities, and the fostering of sectional differences, for which we have no use here, but in the upbuilding of the grand, spiritual, *united* kingdom of God in this great Republic; in the elevating of our civilization and bringing the truth to those who know not God; and lastly, in allaying the strifes and harmonizing the differences of the many and various elements cast upon these shores into *one homogeneous*, religious people.

THE TIMES ARE RIPE FOR THE WORK.

The decay of sectarian influence, the inability of evangelical Protestantism to any longer hold the masses, the eagerness of the more educated to ape the forms of the Catholic ritual, the rapid dissolving and disintegrating of the various sects, the breaking down of the non-Catholic's belief under agnostic and materialistic blows, and the eagerness and anxiety of all thoughtful men as to the outcome of all this, show us that the time is ripe for us to present our cause and to display our treasures. Why then any longer should we leave to feed on husks these children of a rich and heavenly Father? Why not bring to them the Bread of Life? Why allow them to starve for want of that nourishment which alone gives spiritual life, and hope and peace? If you want them in your churches this is the

only way to get them there. Remember the parable of the marriage feast: "Go out and *compel* them to come in, that my house may be filled." Go out into the highways and by-ways and invite these people to the tables of the Lord; and many will come who otherwise would feel that they were intruding.

You will no longer then complain of decaying faith, of difficulties in maintaining Catholic discipline, of mixed marriages, of the falling away of Catholics, of disrespect to ecclesiastical functions, of the running after strange gods; but you will wield a greater influence than ever, your words will reach farther, you will find less trouble in maintaining discipline; your influence over the morals of the community will be stronger, and even those who do not cross the Rubicon will be elevated to a higher moral and intellectual plane from which new advances may be made. It may be a long pull and a strong pull, but in the end our gain shall be such that at no distant period we shall see the dawn of a better day, and shall rejoice in the glorious triumph of our holy Mother Church, who knows neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor barbarian, but shelters them all within one fold, which is in the Lord Jesus Christ.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY JOHN MORRIS, M.D.

THE literary life of Washington Irving is little known to the present generation of readers. A new order of men and women have come to the front (not, I am pleased to believe, to stay) who have created new tastes and new sentiments. Several biographies of Irving have been written, one by his nephew, but none of them present to us in an analytical way his true nature as a man or his peculiar gifts as an author.

Irving's early life was simple and uneventful. Like Sheridan, Patrick Henry, and many other great men, he was esteemed a dunce in his youth. When he was about eight years old he one day came home from the school kept, or rather *ruled*, by the "school marm" of that day, and said to his mother, "The madam says I am a dunce; isn't it a pity?" The truth is Irving never could succeed in mathematics, which, of course, involved arithmetical problems—a defect very common to men

of poetical temperament; but he had a taste for languages and a great aptitude for their acquisition.

INTRODUCTION TO WASHINGTON.

Irving was but five years of age when he was introduced to the Father of his Country. He used to describe the interview in this fashion: "There was some public celebration going on in New York and the general was there to participate in the ceremony. My nurse, a good old Scotchwoman, was very anxious for me to see him, and held me up in her arms as he rode past. This, however, did not satisfy her; so the next day, when walking with me on Broadway, she espied him in a shop; she seized my hand, and darting in, exclaimed in her bland Scotch: 'Please, your Excellency, here's a bairn that's called after ye.' General Washington then turned his benevolent face full upon me, smiled, laid his hand upon my head, and gave me his blessing, which I have reason to believe has attended me through life. I was but five years old, yet I can feel that hand on my head even now."

The amount of reverence and faith shown by this great and simple-minded man is pleasant to contemplate. "*He laid his hand on my head and gave me his blessing, which I have reason to believe has attended me through life.*" If a Catholic were to say this concerning the blessing of some good bishop or priest, he would be esteemed credulous and superstitious by his Protestant friends. But the stronger and simpler the mind, the more beautiful the faith. However, Irving never lacked faith—the very nature, the very constitution of his mind forbade such an unhappy condition. The thread of reverence runs through every line of his writings. Whilst not demonstrative in his belief, he was ever mindful of the respect due to religion as well as its forms, ceremonies, and sacraments. The description of Christmas in the *Sketch Book* is a striking and beautiful evidence of this spirit of reverence. "Of all the old festivals," he says, "Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring; they dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement; they gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and

good will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony."

REBOUND FROM CALVINISM.

Irving's religious character and liberal views were the result of the severity of the church in which he was born and the nature of his early training under the parental roof. His father was a deacon of the Presbyterian Church, and most rigid, if not severe, in his system of domestic government. Irving was a bright, vivacious boy, full of spirit and given to all sorts of boyish freaks. The father, a sedate, conscientious, God-fearing man, with all the hard qualities of the old Scotch Covenanters, had little sympathy with the amusements of his children and endeavored in every way to give their thoughts a serious turn. They had two half-holidays during the week; one of these was devoted to catechism. On Sunday they were compelled to attend three services, the remainder of the day being given up to the reading of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the adventures of which they enjoyed, but scarcely took in the spiritual graces to be conveyed. This kind of religious training tended to give a character to their plays and amusements. One of their favorite plays was preaching and taking the sacrament. Irving's mother was formed in a different mould. Her nature was ardent, impulsive, vivacious, and she easily won the loving confidence and sympathy of her children. She was an Episcopalian, and though she attended the Presbyterian service with her husband from a sense of wifely duty, her cheerful nature and liberal judgment never fully harmonized with her husband's rigid views. Irving stood in awe of his father, but was tenderly attached to his mother. She was oftentimes pained to see that he did not take kindly to religion (not knowing, poor woman! that it was her husband's severity that led to his lukewarmness). In the midst of his sportive and witty outbursts she would look at him, half proudly, half reproachfully, and exclaim: "Oh! Washington, if you were only good!"

IRVING AS A YOUNG MAN.

Irving must have been an exceedingly agreeable man in his youth, for we find him making friends everywhere and mingling in the very highest circles of society. He was but twenty-one years of age when he left America for Europe. At Genoa,

one of the first cities he visited, he formed the friendship of Lady Shaftesbury, Madame Gabriac, and other distinguished people. Lady Shaftesbury became exceedingly attached to him, and gave him letters of introduction to the nobility of Florence, Naples, and Rome. An amusing incident happened to him with Torlonia, the banker, at Rome, to whom he took a letter. Mr. Cabell, of Virginia, who was his travelling companion, urged him not to present this letter, as he said it would receive no attention. Such had been Mr. Cabell's experience on another occasion. Irving, however, presented the letter, and was received with the greatest warmth. Torlonia invited him to all the balls and routs at his palace, and presented him to his noble friends. Irving was delightfully surprised, and only discovered the secret of this hospitality when he was about to leave Rome. He called to pay his parting respects to Torlonia, and the great banker, pressing his hand, warmly said: "Êtes vous, monsieur, *parent* de George Washington?" A descendant of Torlonia invited everybody to his palace, but it is said that his major-domo would call the next day to demand a napoleon for his services, which honorarium, wicked people declared, he shared with his master.

Another anecdote is told concerning Irving's name. Two ladies walking in the Strand, London, were heard discussing George Washington. The elder of the two, the mother, exclaimed, "Who is George Washington?" "Don't you know?" replied the daughter; "he is the author of the *Sketch Book*."

ATTACHMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

One of the sweetest, tenderest, and most lasting friendships of his life was formed in his early youth on his first visit to Abbotsford. Irving loved Scott with almost filial love. He thus describes him:

"He is a man that, if you knew, you would love; a right honest-hearted, generous-spirited being; without vanity, affectation, or assumption of any kind. He enters into every passing scene or passing pleasure with the interest and simple enjoyment of a child; nothing seems too high or remote for the grasp of his mind, and nothing too trivial or low for the kindness and pleasantry of his spirit. When I was in want of literary counsel and assistance, Scott was the only literary man to whom I felt I could talk about myself and my petty concerns with the confidence and freedom that I would to an old friend; nor was I deceived. From the first moment that I mentioned my work to

him in a letter, he took a decided and effective interest in it, and has been to me an invaluable friend. It is only astonishing how he finds time, with such ample exercise of the pen, to attend so much to the interests and concerns of others; but no one ever applied to Scott for any aid, counsel, or service that would cost time and trouble, that was not most cheerfully and thoroughly assisted. Life passes away with him in a round of good offices and social enjoyments. Literature seems his sport rather than his labor or his ambition, and I never met with an author so completely void of all the petulance, egotism, and peculiarities of the craft;—but I am running into prolixity about Scott, who I confess has completely won my heart, even more as a man than as an author; so, praying God to bless him, we will change the subject."

Scott's affection for Irving was almost paternal. From the very first moment of their acquaintance he showed a deep interest in his young friend, an interest that never lagged during his life. He interposed his good offices in every way to assist Irving. When the publisher of the *Sketch Book* failed and Irving's great hopes from the publication were dashed to the ground, Scott negotiated with Murray, the then fashionable publisher, and though he had declined the work before, at Scott's solicitation he readily undertook it. Murray ever afterwards remained Irving's publisher, conducting himself, as Irving says, in the most liberal spirit, and earning for himself the well-merited appellation of the Prince of Booksellers.

IRVING'S ADMIRATION FOR BONAPARTE.

Irving, like a great many young men of his day, was an ardent admirer of Bonaparte. At the time Napoleon was sent to St. Helena he was in London, and thus writes concerning the event: "I must say I think the cabinet has acted with littleness towards him. In spite of all his misdeeds, he is a noble fellow, and I am confident will eclipse, in the eyes of posterity, all the crowned wiseacres that have crushed him by their overwhelming confederacy.

"If anything could place the prince regent in a more ridiculous light, it is Bonaparte suing for his magnanimous protection. Every compliment paid to this bloated sensualist, this inflation of sack and sugar, turns to the keenest sarcasm; and nothing shows more completely the caprices of fortune, and how truly she delights in reversing the relative situations of persons, and baffling the flights of intellect and enterprise—than

that, of all the monarchs of Europe, Bonaparte should be brought to the feet of the prince regent.

> "'An eagle towering in his pride of place
> Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.'"

IRVING'S VISIT TO BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON IN 1811.

"I remained," he writes, "two days in Baltimore, where I was very well treated, and was just getting into very agreeable society, when the desire to get to Washington induced me to set off abruptly, deferring all enjoyment of Baltimore until my return. While there I dined with honest Coale (the bookseller). At his table I found Jarvis, who is in great vogue in Baltimore, painting all the people of note and fashion, and universally passing for a great wit, a fellow of infinite jest; in short, "the agreeable rattle." I was likewise waited on by Mr. Zezier, the French gentleman who has translated my history of New York. He is a very pleasant, gentlemanly fellow, and we were very civil to each other, as you may suppose. He tells me he has sent his translation to Paris, where I suspect they will understand and relish it about as much as they would a Scotch haggis and a singed sheep's head."

He thus describes his visit to Mrs. Madison's drawing-room, the centre of fashion and gentility at that day: "Here I was most graciously received; found a crowded collection of great and little men, of ugly old women and beautiful young ones, and in ten minutes was hand-and-glove with half the people in the assemblage. Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like two merry wives of Windsor; but as to Jimmy Madison—ah! poor Jimmy, he is but a withered little apple-John."

This extract shows the strong Federal prejudices of that day, from which Mr. Irving with all his liberality of opinion on political subjects was not entirely free. It is true he was then a very young man, and it was the fashion of the time to speak of Mr. Madison as Jimmy, and to ridicule his personal traits for the purpose of bringing him into contempt. On his return from Washington he was invited to dine with Miss Sprigg, a prominent society lady of that day. The following letter, never before published, accepting the invitation, will show the vivacious character of Irving's mind at this time:

DEAR MADAM: My friend General Kemble arrived in town last evening, to depart to-morrow morning. Presuming upon the flattering sentiments you have repeatedly expressed towards him, I have ventured to tell him of your dinner-party, and that I was sure he would be a welcome guest. If I have not been too presumptuous in this matter, I should be happy to have my suggestion ratified by a message from yourself. There is some magnanimity on my part in this intervention, knowing that the formidable Miss Sherlock * is to be present, and that through her charms and machinations I may run the risk of losing my last and most cherished of old bachelor allies.

Begging every indulgence for the liberty I have taken, I remain, dear madam,

Very truly and respectfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Miss Sprigg, ——, Friday Morning, March, '12.

P. S.—Should the addition of Mr. Kemble crowd your table too much I am willing to take my place at a side table, provided I may have some young lady to keep me company.

MATILDA HOFFMAN.

The circumstance that gave most coloring to the life of Irving, and perhaps in some degree shaped his destiny, was the death of his betrothed, Matilda Hoffman. This event occurred on the 26th of April, 1809, in the eighteenth year of her age. Irving was a pupil in her father's office and they were thrown together in childhood. She was not a striking beauty, but is described as being lovely both in mind and person, and united great sensibility to marked grace of mind and playful humor. The cause of her death was consumption. Irving never alluded to this part of his history, nor ever mentioned Matilda Hoffman's name. In a memorandum found in his desk after his death he thus feelingly, pathetically describes her last illness and the sorrow which weighed upon his heart:

"The ills that I have undergone in this life have been dealt out to me drop by drop, and I have tasted all their bitterness. I saw her fade rapidly away; beautiful, and more beautiful, and more angelical to the very last. I was often by her bedside, and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural, and affecting eloquence that

* Miss Sherlock was the richest heiress in Maryland at that time, and afterwards married Governor Thomas Swann.

was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career and hurried her off in two months. Her dying struggles were painful and protracted. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; all the family were assembled round her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon. I have told you as briefly as I could what, if I were to tell with all the incidents and feelings that accompanied it, would fill volumes."

The mental anguish that Irving suffered at this time must have been very great, judging from his own description of it

IRVING'S HOME.

given in the memorandum already referred to. He, however, plunged into work and endeavored to dissipate his sorrow by constant labor. Of a nervously sensitive nature, he felt the need of combating grief by applying himself to literary occupation. There is no doubt that this early disappointment gave a saddened expression to the whole of Irving's after-life. That he appreciated the marriage state and the blessing of family ties is very evident from the whole tenor of his writings. In writing to a friend he thus gives his views in regard to matrimony:

"Your picture of domestic enjoyment indeed raises my envy. With all my wandering habits, which are the result of circumstances rather than of disposition, I think I was formed for an

honest, domestic, uxorious man, and I cannot hear of my old cronies snugly nestled down with good wives and fine children round them but I feel for the moment desolate and forlorn. Heavens! what a haphazard, schemeless life mine has been, that here I should be, at this time of life, youth slipping away, and scribbling month after month and year after year, far from home, without any means or prospect of entering into matrimony, which I absolutely believe indispensable to the happiness and even comfort of the after-part of existence. When I fell into misfortunes and saw all the means of a domestic establishment pass away like a dream, I used to comfort myself with the idea that if I was indeed doomed to remain single, you and Brevoort and Gono Kemble would also do the same, and that we should form a knot of queer, rum old bachelors, at some future day to meet at the corner of Wall Street, or walk the sunny side of Broadway and kill time together."

MATILDA'S BIBLE.

A visitor to Irving's home thus touches upon this story of his life. "It happened not long ago," he says, "that during a visit to Sunnyside while Mr. Irving was absent I was quartered in Mr. Irving's own apartment, and very deeply it touched me to notice that upon the table which stood near the bedside, always within reach, there was lying an old and well-worn copy of the Bible, with the name in a lady's delicate hand on the title-page, 'Matilda Hoffman'; more than fifty years had elapsed, and still the old bachelor of seventy-five drew his daily comfort from this cherished memento of the love of his youth." This is a tender and pathetic incident, and evidences better than any other fact the constancy and strength of Irving's affection.

Afterwards, during his long career, his name was associated with that of many ladies both at home and abroad, notably that of Miss Gratz, of Philadelphia; but all the rumors were evidently idle and groundless. They served the purpose, however, of employing the minds of the quidnuncs and gossips of the day.

A very strange story appeared in the August number for 1826 of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and as the last news from Italy. This was a report of the engagement between Washington Irving and the Empress Maria Louisa. It is needless to say that this wedding did not come off. The empress evidently failed by her charms to dissipate the memory of the sainted Matilda,

and, it may be presumed, in despair married the poor Italian doctor as a *dernier ressort*. Next to marrying a poor author a poor doctor is the best alternative. If Irving's residence in Italy gave rise to this story his stay in Granada did still more, for it conferred lasting honor and distinction on his guide, Mateo Jimenes, and also on Mateo's son, José. A traveller who recently visited the Alhambra was immediately taken possession of, upon his arrival at Granada, by a youth of the town, who produced his plenipotentiary powers over English-speaking strangers in the following card: "Granada—José Jimenes (son of Mateo Jimenes, guide to Washington Irving), a native of the Alhambra, respectfully offers his services to accompany strangers, travellers and visitors to the Palace of the Alhambra and the environs of the above-named capital; for which his intimate acquaintance with the antiquities and beauties which distinguish Granada eminently qualify him." It is scarcely necessary for me to add that José Jimenes, son of Mateo Jimenes, guide to Washington Irving, became a very distinguished man, and proved himself not only a guide but a philosopher and friend to every American and English tourist visiting Granada.

IRVING AS A LAWYER.

Irving was admitted to the bar in 1806 after a very desultory course of study. Josiah Ogden Hoffman and Martin Wilkins, a witty advocate, were the examiners. Hoffman said, turning to Wilkins, as if in hesitation, although intending all the time to admit him, "Martin, I think he knows a *little* law." "Make it stronger, Joe," was the reply—"*d—n* little"; an emphatic declaration which Irving always said was just and well merited. Irving's success at the bar was not very great. As a speaker he was nervous and timid. He was apt to become embarrassed and hesitating, though in private he conversed with ease and fluency.

Referring to this timidity Mrs. Howe says: "I met Irving at the house of John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor family in New York. The most prominent feature in his personal appearance was a wig, for in those days Balder was not the god of beauty. I remember very well how he failed in an effort to make a speech at a public dinner given by some distinguished gentlemen of New York in honor of Dickens, who was then on a visit to this country. I was not a distinguished gentleman, but some of us ladies heard the speeches at the dinner from an adjoining room, after a custom that was preva-

lent at the time. Irving was a very timid man, and he disliked very much being called to preside over the dinner. When the speech-making rolled around he started to say something, but very soon remarked, 'I can't go on,' and took his seat. The trouble was that he had not learned to speak his piece, a trouble that all of you can overcome early in life if you'll only try. Charles Dickens covered up Irving's failure by getting up and telling how much the American writer was beloved in England."

THE TRIAL OF AARON BURR.

The only legal case of great importance in which he was engaged was the trial of Aaron Burr. Irving was the assistant counsel in this remarkable case, and his sympathies were greatly enlisted in behalf of Burr.

He thus writes from Richmond during the trial:

"I have seen traits of female goodness while at Richmond that have sunk deeply in my heart—not displayed in one or two individual instances, but frequently and generally manifested; I allude to the case of Colonel Burr. Whatever may be his innocence or guilt in respect to the charges alleged against him (and God knows I do not pretend to decide thereon), his situation is such as should appeal eloquently to the feelings of every generous bosom. Sorry am I to say, the reverse has been the fact—fallen, proscribed, prejudged, the cup of bitterness has been administered to him with an unsparing hand. It has almost been considered as culpable to evince towards him the least sympathy or support; and many a hollow-hearted caitiff have I seen, who basked in the sunshine of his bounty when in power, who now skulked from his side, and even mingled among the most clamorous of his enemies. The ladies alone have felt, or at least had candor and independence sufficient to express, those feelings which do honor to humanity. They have been uniform in their expressions of compassion for his misfortunes, and a hope for his acquittal; not a lady, I believe, in Richmond, whatever may be her husband's sentiments on the subject, who would not rejoice on seeing Colonel Burr at liberty. It may be said that Colonel Burr has ever been a favorite with the sex; but I am not inclined to account for it in so illiberal a manner; it results from that merciful, that heavenly disposition implanted in the female bosom, which ever inclines in favor of the accused and the unfortunate. You will smile at the high strain in which I have indulged; believe me, it is because I feel it; and I love your sex ten

times better than ever. The last time I saw Burr was the day before I left Richmond. He was then in the Penitentiary, a kind of State Prison. The only reason given for immuring him in this abode of thieves, cut-throats, and incendiaries was that it would save the United States a couple of hundred dollars (the charge of guarding him at his lodgings), and it would insure the security of his person."

Irving's description of the meeting of Wilkinson and Burr at the time of the trial is very graphic: "Wilkinson is now before the grand jury, and has such a mighty mass of *words* to deliver himself of, that he claims at least two days more to discharge the wondrous cargo. The jury are tired enough of his verbosity. The first interview between him and Burr was highly interesting, and I secured a good place to witness it. Burr was seated with his back to the entrance, facing the judge, and conversing with one of his counsel. Wilkinson strutted into court, and took his stand in a parallel line with Burr on his right hand. Here he stood for a moment swelling like a turkey-cock, and bracing himself up for the encounter of Burr's eye. The latter did not take any notice of him until the judge directed the clerk to swear General Wilkinson; at the mention of the name Burr turned his head, looked him full in the face with one of his piercing regards, swept his eye over his whole person from head to foot, as if to scan its dimensions, and then coolly resumed his former position, and went on conversing with his counsel as tranquilly as ever. The whole look was over in an instant, but it was an admirable one. There was no appearance of study or constraint in it; no affectation of disdain or defiance; a slight expression of contempt played over his countenance, such as you would show on regarding any person to whom you were indifferent, but whom you considered mean and contemptible."

IRVING'S LOVE OF POETRY.

In his later days Irving would read no poetry that was not written by the great poets of his youth—such as Byron, Scott, Moore. In his early years he had himself attempted verse, but he soon discovered that this was not his *forte*. His friendship for Campbell began when he was a very young man and continued during the life of the poet. He endeavored to aid Campbell by having his poems published simultaneously with their appearance in England, and he also got up a subscription for a course of lectures on rhetoric to be delivered in America;

but the plan fell through, owing to the fact that Campbell was unable to make the voyage.

When Irving was in Edinburgh he met at Scott's table, in Castle Street, the Ettrick Shepherd, Hogg, who amused the company not a little by the ease and freedom of his manner in the presence of his social superiors. Quite a number of the *literati* had been asked to meet the rustic poet at dinner. When Hogg entered the drawing-room Lady Scott, being in delicate health, was reclining on a sofa. After being presented, he took possession of another sofa opposite to her and stretched himself on it at full length; "for," as he after said, "I thought I could do no wrong to copy the lady of the house." The dress of the Ettrick Shepherd at that time was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-shearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel use to which her chintz was exposed. Hogg, however, remarked nothing of all this; dined heartily and drank freely, and by jest, anecdote, and song afforded great merriment to all the company. As the wine circulated his familiarity increased and strengthened. From Mr. Scott he advanced rapidly to *Shirra* (Sheriff), and thence to "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," until at length he convulsed the whole party by addressing Lady Scott as "Charlotte."

Irving was a great admirer of Charles Dickens. "Dickens," he was fond of saying, "is immeasurably above his contemporaries, and *David Copperfield* is his master production"—a judgment, I think, which will meet with acquiescence on the part of many people of good taste and sentiment.

IRVING'S HUMOR AND PATHOS.

A story told by Irving to a visitor while they were munching apples in the orchard at Sunnyside is a happy illustration of Irving's kindness and humor:

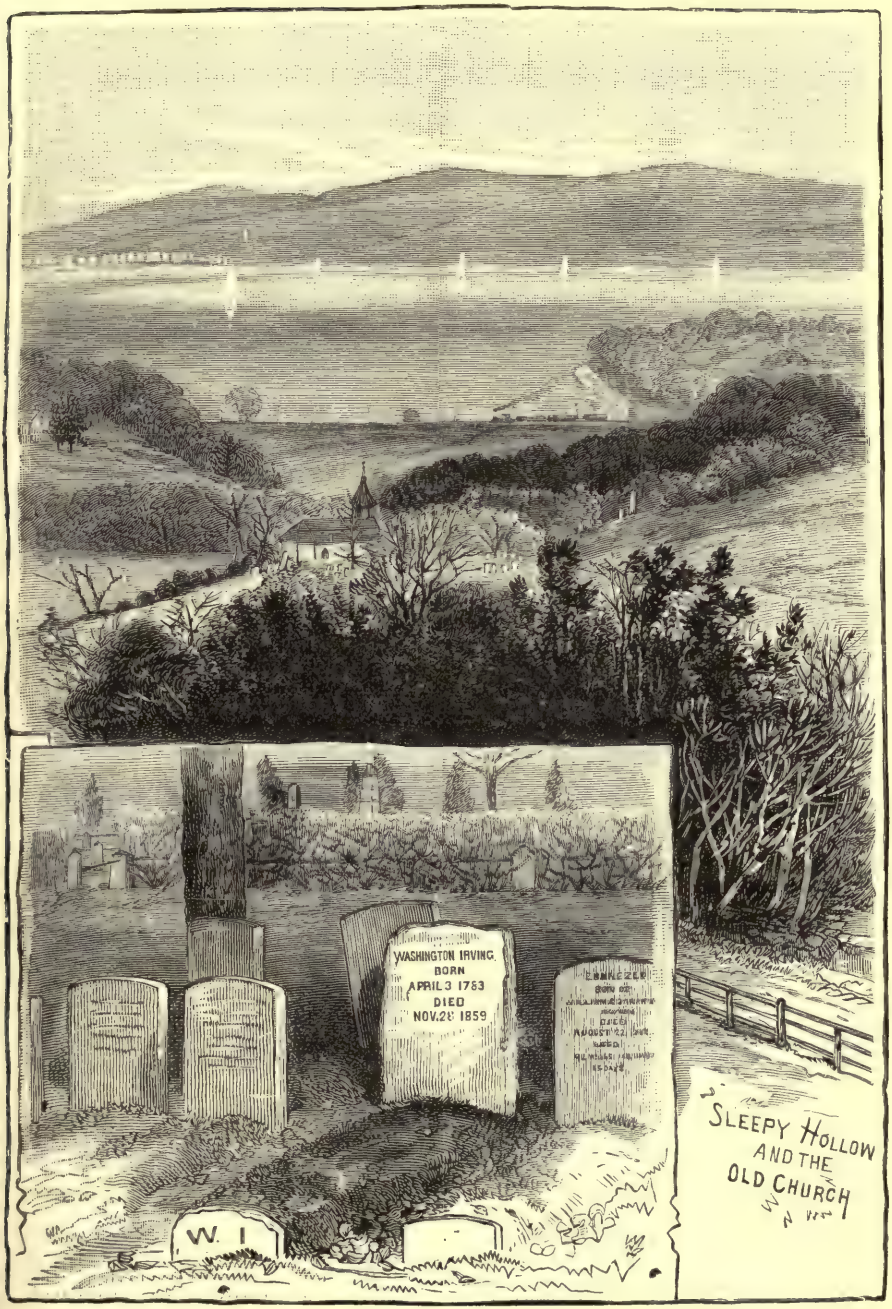
"I was watching the workmen, directing this one and that one, lest the idea of my fancy might not be realized, when, on turning, my eye caught this apple-tree, loaded with its fruit (just as your eye did). It was a day like this, one of our October days—our Highland October days, such as one lights on nowhere else in the world, and this apple-tree bore that year as it does not bear every year, yet just like this. Well, I left my workmen and my talk (just as you did), and ate one of those wind-falls (just as you did), and liked it (just as you did),

and then I tried to knock some down (just as you did). Now, while I was enjoying these fine apples (it was for the first time) a little urchin—such as infest houses in building—a ragged little urchin, out at the knees and out at the elbows, came up to me and said, *sotto voce*, 'Meister, do you love apples?' 'Ay, that I do,' said I. 'Well, come with me, and I'll show you where some are better than these are.' 'Ah!' said I, 'where are they?' 'Just over the hill there,' said he. 'Well, show me,' said I. 'Come along,' said the little thief; '*but don't let the old man see us.*' So I went with him—and stole my own apples."

Many, perhaps all, of my readers have witnessed the play of "Rip Van Winkle," and the singularly effective acting of Mr. Jefferson in his personation of the old sleeper of the Catskills. This personation has touched us all; but to reach the true tenderness, simplicity, and charm of the story one must read the tale as told by Irving himself. No one can peruse it with dry eyes or fail to be moved by its wonderful pathos. The picture of old Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels—puzzled, bewildered, confused, crying out in his despair—"God knows, I am not myself—I am somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they have changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I am changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am," is inimitable. The only circumstance that lightens the melancholy of this scene is the drop of comfort communicated to him by the intelligence that his wife was dead—that she had broken a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England pedlar.

CONCLUSION.

Irving's life was uneventful, and its calm course is reflected in his writings: smooth, sedate, and serene; impelled by no passion, obstructed by no misfortune, and if the inspiration of those who "learn in suffering what they teach in song" was wanting, he did not miss and still less did he regret it. His aspirations in literature were rather simple than ambitious, but if they were not lofty they were pure. He gave pleasure by being pleased himself, and he wrote as the lark sings, for the mere delight of the occupation. He has left us no verses, while he essayed history; but he was more a poet than a histo-


WASHINGTON IRVING.
BORN
APRIL 3 1783
DIED
NOV. 28 1859
W. I
SLEEPY HOLLOW
AND THE
OLD CHURCH

riographer, a chronicler more in sympathy with Froissart than with Prescott or Bancroft. He was a student, and prepared himself for his work with conscientious researches; but to him tradition was more seductive than statistics, and he would wander out of his course to follow a legend or record a myth. His genius was epical. He loved to pursue the fortunes of heroes, and he cared for no history that was not also romance. Isabella, the Cid, Boabdil, Cortez, and Columbus; Ponce de Leon, seeking the Fountain of Eternal Youth amid the bright blooms of Florida—such were the beings he loved to delineate and to live with. Even his most perfunctory work, the *Astoria*, had the same inspiration of adventure and the exploration of the remote regions.

His *Knickerbocker History* is in its way a masterpiece, and its quaint chronicles supply the only poetry in our annals. Its delicate humor and benevolent satire, its *vraisemblance* and local color, are all equally charming. What a proof of the power of genius! to give immortality to heroes humble as the simple burghers of this unromantic story—Wouter Van Twiller, William the Testy, Peter the Headstrong, and the rest. Its might amounted to royal prerogative almost, and bestowed the only patents of American nobility. The title "Knickerbocker" applied to a family is synonymous with aristocratic. Is there not something of the irony of fate in the fact that the more energetic Puritans, the more gallant Virginians, have been relegated to the second rank in our social consequence because it pleased Irving to evolve a commonwealth out of his inner consciousness and dub it history?

But the more fantastic creations of his genius—the naïve, original, and lovable or laughable creatures of his imagination will remain the most enduring. The warm-hearted host of Bracebridge Hall will go down the centuries with Sir Roger de Coverley; pretty Katrina, grotesque Ichabod, and tipsy Rip Van Winkle will live in literature that is already becoming classical.

These legends have done for the Hudson and the Catskills what it has taken unnumbered poets to accomplish for the Rhine and the Tiber. Their tender witchery—like moonlight—lends poetry to every-day scenes, and exalts the commonplace to the ideal, and by the interest they have given to localities and persons have cultivated the love of humanity and inspired patriotism.

HOW THE CHURCH HONORS THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

BY REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.

THE body is so intimately connected with the soul and exercises such influence over its development and the exercise of its faculties, that the profession which is occupied with the study of man's physical nature and its infirmities must necessarily rank second only to the priesthood instituted for the cure and safety of man's spiritual nature. The physician, however, can never outrank the first. The soul is the form of the body; the soul is of a higher nature than the body, and therefore faith and morals are more important than surgery and drugs. Yet surgery and drugs are often very beneficial, and sometimes necessary to man's spiritual progress and to the exercise of spiritual rights and privileges. The church often looks to the physician rather than to the priest as a means of carrying out her laws and her discipline. The physician's authority is recognized in many of her most important laws. She adds her own sanction to the precept of the Bible to "honor the physician for the need thou hast of him" (Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 1).

She has honored him from the days of St. Luke the physician, who wrote one of the four gospels; from the Christian physician who saved the life of the Emperor Galerius Maximus and afterwards induced him to withdraw an edict of persecution against the Christians; from the physician who helped to convert St. Augustine; to Alexander Petroni, the physician and friend of St. Ignatius Loyola; to St. Bordegato, a Roman physician and benefactor of the poor, who died A. D. 1737. Even those who have performed acts of heroism in cases of disease, although they were not physicians, the church has specially honored. Thus, she has declared John Colombini blessed for his virtues and kindness to the sick. On one occasion he carried on his shoulders to his own house a half-naked leper from the door of the Cathedral of Siena. To Peter Claver, the Jesuit who, as a volunteer hospital nurse, dressed the wounds and sores of lepers, she has also given a place of honor on her altars.

In her laws the physician is specially honored. It is sometimes impossible for the candidate for holy orders to receive them without the authority and the aid of the physician. He who is to officiate as a priest must be free from certain physical defects which would either prevent him from properly discharging his duties, or which would excite the wonder or the disgust of the people or be a cause of scandal to them. The twentieth title of the first book of the Decretals of Pope Gregory IX. speaks of this irregularity or corporal defect which is an impediment to the reception of Holy Orders, and sometimes supervenes as an impediment to their exercise after ordination. This defect may be in the eye, in the ear, in the tongue, in the hands, limbs, or in the whole face and person, and may be natural or the result of accident or disease. The blind, the one who stutters or stammers, the mutilated, cannot in certain cases be ordained, when the defect is substantial or very great. One whose face is scarred with leprosy or deformed from some other cause; one who is so lame that he would require the use of a stick to say Mass, cannot be ordained. A grossly deformed nose or mouth, or a defect in the thumb and index finger of the right hand, prevents ordination. Hunchbacks, if notably deformed by their hump, cannot be ordained except by dispensation. Of course the required dispensation is often granted. But the law is clear against ordaining those who suffer from irregularity on account of bodily defect, or of permitting them to say Mass if the deformity arises after ordination.

Hence the physician is of the greatest importance in all these cases. By his skill and knowledge he may be able to remove the defect and thus render the aspirant to Holy Orders fit for the ministry. On the physician therefore, as much as on the bishop or the pope, frequently depends the right to be a priest of the Catholic Church.

In her laws of fasting and abstaining the authority of the physician is a sufficient reason for dispensation or exemption. The Catholic who has the physician's certificate that observance of the law of abstinence or of fasting would seriously injure his health is permitted to eat meat or three meals a day when he wishes, even on Good Friday. The physician's authority is sufficient to excuse a Catholic from the obligation of going to Mass on Sunday. The same authority exempts a priest from saying it on the days when the law orders him to do so, and even from the daily reading of the breviary. The physician can often dispense the layman and the priest from the observance

of church laws, although they cannot dispense themselves. The only authority in a diocese which the bishop is bound to respect is the authority of his physician. Even the pope obeys his doctor.

The church will not canonize a saint without the sanction of the physician. The miracles of healing alleged as proofs of sanctity are not accepted on ordinary testimony, no matter how good it may be. Expert and special testimony is required. The cures are examined by physicians of the best standing in the profession, and no cures are accepted as supernatural which can be shown to be the result of natural causes. The most thorough examination takes place in all such alleged cures, and no court is more severe in the sifting of testimony or in the cross-examination of witnesses than the Court of Canonization of the Catholic Church. Thus, the physician very often makes the saint.

The necessity of giving the last sacraments, and the propriety of giving Holy Communion to the sick, are frequently decided by the physician. Whatever doubt or hesitation the priest may have in these cases disappears before the doctor's certificate. The least zealous or the most tardy priest runs to the bedside of the sick when the physician calls. The magic of his name signed on a scrap of dirty paper will open the door of every parochial house at midnight, and send every one of its priestly inmates flying from comfortable beds out into the stormy night to the bedsides of the sick and dying.

In the sacrament of baptism the physician often takes the place of the priest and gives the sacrament when no one else could do so with propriety. In this case the physician, as the representative of Christ and the church, purifies the soul of the babe from original sin and makes it worthy of angelic association. How holy, then, is the office of the physician, how serious his duty, how noble his work!

In the sacrament of marriage we again meet the physician as an essential agent and witness in one of the most important diriment impediments of marriage—the impediment arising from impotency. As a question of fact this impediment, which nullifies marriage and gives legitimate cause for divorce, is decided chiefly by the physician. He either removes the cause by his skill and thus renders the marriage possible, or he declares that the cause cannot be removed and testifies to the facts which form the basis of a declaration of nullity by the ecclesiastical judge. The fifteenth title of the fourth book of the

Decretals gives most interesting details on this important subject. It is worthy of note that a large percentage of the cases tried in the Roman matrimonial court and recorded in the *Actæ Sanctæ Sedis* deal with this peculiar impediment. The testimony of the medical profession invoked in this case always ranks the highest. "*Impotentia*," says Grand-Claude commenting on the above-named title, "*plene* probanda est exploratione *medicorum* et matronarum honestarum, a judice ecclesiastico, cujus vicem agunt, electarum, suumque testimonium dant juramento firmatum."

Thus the physician is the priest's brother. Both look after the welfare of humanity. They meet at the cradle and at the grave. The one gives spiritual relief and strength, while the other gives physical relief and strength to the sick man. The physician does not find the soul at the end of his scalpel, but he finds a mysterious something greater and stronger than matter in the human being. Reason and the priest call that mysterious something a soul, and prove that it is immortal and was created for eternal happiness. The priest and the physician work together in the way of benevolence, beneficence, and courage. When the plague comes all fly but the priest and the doctor. With courage greater than that of the soldier who, stimulated by the exciting environment, storms the battery, they calmly face death in the perils of the pest in hospital or hovel; in the dreary hovel of the poor where the sick are dying from typhus or cholera; where there is nothing to excite courage, but all tends to depression and despair. In such cases the physician rivals the priest in self-sacrifice. A good priest never deserts, and who has ever heard of a good physician deserting his post under such circumstances?

A HOMELESS CITY.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

NEW YORK is a unique city. It lives very much up in the clouds, in a way for which its very tall buildings are not entirely responsible. Possessing the richest class in the world, the density or indifference of this class to the condition of the great mass is out of all proportion to the normal stupidity and callousness of a plutocracy. Of course New York has some philanthropists among those rich men. Many noble monuments of their large-heartedness exist in the city. But all this is but as a drop in the ocean. Compared to the resources of the millionaires of New York, what their class has done for the mass is the merest iota. When we know that there are several whose millions reckon by the hundred, that there are many whose millions may be reckoned by tens, and an army of lesser millionaires, we must confess that they have done little toward making return to the people by whom their millions were obtained, speaking broadly, and trying to make the paths of life less thorny for those who toil.

New York is the one city where the paradoxical becomes the true. It stands as a city at the head of civilization, and yet in the veriest elements of civilization it occupies the lowest plane of any city. Freedom is of its very essence, yet there is no place on earth where there is more absolute slavery for a whole working population. A merciless system of extortion, from which they have no possible means of escape, encompasses them all around, a veritable wall of brass. At the head of this legalized mechanism of plunder stands the rent-screw. Search the whole world over, and there is no place to be found where the conditions are so favorable for the continuous and inevitable fleecing of the masses in the name of rent as in this vast and splendid-looking city. Its size and configuration all seemed designed by nature as a mountain-fastness for a feudal robber, to facilitate the operations of a vulture landlordism.

A VERY HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

A long, narrow strip of territory, closed in by two great rivers, and cut off from the mainland by a belt-river—what site could be less favorable to natural civic expansion than Manhattan Island? Its advantages as a point of debarkation for the stream of immigrants from the Old World, whose coming was as much a matter of certainty as the succession of the seasons, made it an absolutely reliable investment for the land speculator content to wait for a few years for his returns. The absence of any responsible local government furthered the most ambitious schemes. In all urban history there is hardly to be found any parallel to the case of New York, whose affairs, as a great trade emporium and the intellectual capital of the American continent, are looked after by a body of legislators sitting a hundred and fifty miles away, and who for the most part are conversant not with urban but bucolic life and needs. The anomaly is almost grotesque in its absurdity.

It did not require the very shrewdest of speculators to comprehend the advantages here offered for judicious investments. The nature of the ground, the tendency of redundant populations abroad, the law of social gravitation, and, above all, the peculiar conditions of State constitution in America, affording a guarantee of permanency in the relations of the cities to the States, were conditions that offered themselves nowhere else to the prophetic vision of the land-shark and the usurer. Hence that tribe settled down in force in New York, as soon as the direction of the European outflow began to be defined, and now they have got themselves fixed upon its shoulders as securely and quite as unpleasantly as the old gentleman whom the foolish mariner Sindbad was unfortunate enough to pick up at sea.

The old city grew up haphazard, but the modern one displays the highest science in its maladroit arrangement. To secure uniformity, the planners of the ground annexed, when the city jumped over the banks of its canal boundary, parcelled out the land in blocks of twenty-five feet by one hundred feet each. This decision proved to be the curse of the people, the blessing of the land-sharks and speculating builders. It absolutely insured the unsanitary character of the houses to be erected, and it enabled the builder to crowd two buildings where it was intended there should be only one. Out of this monstrous blunder sprang the New York system of "flats" and

tenement-houses, the worst examples of human lodgment to be found amongst the great cities which come under the category of civilized. Yard and playground are unthought of.

AN APATHETIC LEGISLATURE.

It is greatly to be regretted that no means have been taken by the Legislature either to remedy this condition of things or to enable public opinion to get light on it. It is only occasionally that the average citizen finds his attention called to it as by a lightning flash, when he sees a pile of household lares and penates blocking the sidewalk, and perhaps a weeping woman and children watching the heap. This reminds him that there is not only a rent grievance in New York, but an eviction law as merciless as the shears of Atropos. The system of rent is in nearly every case payment by the month, and in advance at that; and if the tenant fail to pay this rent, which is in the nature of a tribute, inasmuch as it is exacted for no value as yet received, out he goes promptly. A five-days' notice is all that is necessary to evict him. In the winter humane magistrates have often interposed between the landlords and their victims, by declining to grant ejectment decrees. Nothing could more forcibly exemplify the infamy of the system than this action. When the hand of Pity is habitually laid upon the sword-arm of Law, surely there must be something organically wrong in the system under which the mechanism of the law is set in motion. If we look into the causes we shall easily find, in the vast majority of such cases, how truly applicable to-day is the ancient maxim, "Summum jus, summa injuria."

It is true that in a report of the Department of Labor for the year 1894, which has just come to hand, some statistics are given with regard to the housing of the poor. But this is only a small branch of the subject. The report deals only with the slum population of New York, enabling us to contrast their circumstances and burdens with the slum population of three other large cities—namely, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. It is not those who live in the slums merely who suffer from rapacious landlordism and ignorant house-building; all the working and middle-class population of New York are equally exposed to the dangers of disease and the danger of fire from the same defiance of the laws of hygiene and the laws of architecture, the difference being only one of degree.

Two articles relative to this vital subject are to be found in a book just published by the Messrs. Scribner. One is from the pen of an eminent architect, Mr. Flagg; the other by Mr. William I. Elsing, non-sectarian minister. Both these articles throw much light on the dark ways of New York tenement-house life, but Mr. Flagg's is the more interesting inasmuch as it advocates practical immediate remedies, and describes their nature. Mr. Flagg is not content with mere principles in the formulating of his remedy. He goes into the most careful estimates and details, and shows how by the adoption of his new style of dwelling a positive gain of no inconsiderable amount would be effected in the erection of the buildings, while those advantages of light and air and sanitary accommodations which are under the present plan of building almost impossible of attainment, can unquestionably be secured.

ANTEDILUVIAN METHODS OF BUILDING.

Agriculturists are credited with being the most conservative people in the world with regard to the adoption of improved methods. It is to the architects of the flat system of New York that the palm of obstinacy in adherence to ancient ways really belongs. The stereotyped character of these dwellings is of a uniformity which defies all rivalry. The vast majority of the houses are so identical in appearance, dimensions, and internal arrangements that they suggest the idea of the bullet-mould. The stupidity of this construction is not the only thing which amazes the true architect when he studies their wonderful features. The stupidity is far more costly than a common-sense plan of construction could possibly be, as Mr. Flagg clearly shows. A vast deal more building material is consumed in the exclusion of light and air, and the making of the buildings genuine death-traps in cases of fire, than the adoption of an enlightened plan would entail. Mr. Flagg's diagrams and estimates prove this fact home.

NO HOME-LIFE POSSIBLE UNDER THE SYSTEM.

Under the present system of construction there can be no real home-life in New York. What makes the real charm of home is the sense of perfect security and seclusion that hedges it about. The architectural derangement of the New York flat makes home in this regard utterly out of the question. With two and three families stowed away on the

floor, there is no privacy such as there should be for any family. The narrowest of passages and the thinnest of partitions are the only separation. The arrangements for seclusion on board an ocean steamship are far better in many cases than those in a New York flat. Hence there is no city in the world which is so destitute of that most refining of all the influences of modern life—the charm of the domestic hearth. And as a corollary, there is none where the pernicious influence of the life which is the foe of the home, that of the saloon and the drinking club, can at all compare with New York. The evil is of so appalling a magnitude, and apparently so deep-seated, as to be well-nigh incurable, so long as the City of New York is practically cut off from its natural easements, the riparian lands of Long Island and New Jersey.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THE SUNLIGHT.

Mr. Elsing is responsible for the statement that into the bed-rooms of three-fourths of the inhabitants of New York the sun never shines. It is difficult at first to grasp the full significance of this fact, but every medical authority comprehends it perfectly. The sunshine is no less necessary to human life than it is to plant life; and when we know that three-fourths of the people whom we meet in the streets pass their nights in places which are simply dungeons above ground, we need not wonder at their anæmic and etiolate looks. But it is not alone that every precaution has been taken by landlords and builders that the people shall have no free sunshine; free air is equally barred out by a tariff to which the McKinley scale was only a make-believe. The density of the population in the tenement region of New York touches the spring-tide mark; it is twice that of the most crowded part of London, to which the high-water record has hitherto been ignorantly accorded.

NO CHILDREN WANTED.

Landlords have a repugnance to people with families. Children will not be accepted as tenants in most of the better class of tenement-houses; hence those who have large families are driven to the poorer districts, where the landlords are not so fastidious, but these make up for their easy good nature by their indifference to the requirements of decency, convenience, and health in the care of their precious "property." In the hot

months of summer and autumn the misery which these hapless multitudes endure, packed into those sardine-boxes of tenement-houses, is little short of the horrors of the slave-ship. It is little wonder that the doctor and the undertaker have a busy time in such mephitic districts. Were it possible to have an earthquake like that of Lisbon, or a fire like that of London, without any heavy reckoning to pay, the extinction of this vile tenement-house system would be the greatest boon that fortune could bestow upon New York.

MULCTED FOR RUNNING RISKS.

There is a grim irony in the fact that in proportion to the danger to health and the danger from fire inseparable from those barbarously constructed dwellings, so in proportion is the tenant called upon to pay for incurring it. In no place, says Mr. Flagg, do the poor pay such high rents as in this city, and the additional premiums which the insurance companies charge for dangerous construction are placed ultimately upon the shoulders of those who have to run the risk of injury or loss of life —the tenants. It is extremely difficult to get statistics on the general subject of rent, as every street has its own scale, and every division of a street as well. But it would not be too risky to say that the average rent for the lodgment of a decent mechanic in the more convenient portions of the city is fifteen dollars a month for four so-called rooms. If the family be so large that it requires a six or seven-roomed flat, he will certainly have to pay as high as twenty-five dollars. This estimate is in all probability much under the mark, rather than in excess of the truth.

IMMENSITY OF NEW YORK'S RENT-DRAIN.

The magnitude of this tax upon the industry of the people can hardly be realized all at once. It represents an enormous sum constantly wrung from their earnings—a sum out of all proportion to the accommodation given, the need for which it is paid, and the just economical relation of rent-charge to income. There is no justification whatever for the extortion save the topographical conditions. In the disparity between the city's dimensions and the residential needs of a great population the primary element which makes for successful extortion is found. A secondary condition is provided in the desire of the industrial classes to live close to the central portions of the

city, which is naturally the greatest focus of industrial activity; and in the inadequacy of the means of speedy transportation from the extremities to the centre the most irresistible condition of all is discerned. In the overpowering need of accommodation, owing to the phenomenally rapid growth of the city, excuse is sought for the adoption of hasty and ill-considered systems of domestic architecture; but no moral justification whatever can be pleaded for the frightful mulcting of the people for the right to live in structures which in many cases are but the preparatory wards of the public cemeteries. Famine prices in time of dearth are intelligible in view of the natural greed of mankind, but those who extort them are regarded not as the friends but the foes of humanity.

PASSIVE AND ACTIVE PATERNALISM.

What is the cause of this evil? Respect for the much-abused shibboleths, the principles of freedom of contract and right in private property, is the sole reason why the landlords of New York are suffered to practise this monstrous extortion. Any suggestion of interference with their sovereign will and pleasure in the matter of rent-tax would be sure to be denounced by the capitalist organs (which are neither few nor uninfluential) as Socialist legislation. But it may seriously be questioned whether abstention from such interference is not as clearly Socialism as protective action would be. The immunity which is accorded to the classes to fix whatever tribute they please upon the masses can hardly be regarded otherwise than as passive Socialism. No one can deny that there is a higher principle than private right, however sacredly that may be regarded—the right, namely, of the community to the enjoyment of life, of earth, air, and water. Transitory and accidental circumstances may be suffered for awhile to impede and curtail the enjoyment of these elemental essentials; but wherever it was sought to make the restriction permanent, wise governments have never been frightened by shibboleths when called upon to do their duty by the people.

LONDON SOLVING THE PROBLEM.

We may instance the case of London, which is perhaps the slowest and most conservative of great cities. Over that vast human hive an almost magical change has come within the past few years. It has been found necessary to in-

terfere for the housing of the people, and the interference has been on the scale of a revolution. The city has been wrested from the grasp of the capitalists and speculators, and its entire public control placed in the hands of the people. As a consequence wide areas are being devoted to the erection of proper dwellings for the industrial classes at the lowest remunerative rents, public reading-rooms, gymnasia, play-grounds, schools, colleges, and museums are springing up in every division. The taxation of the city is now devoted to the buying up of great tracts of territory for building homes for the people, providing public parks, and laying down railway and street-car lines. For these purposes ample powers of borrowing have also been provided by recent legislation. What a benefit this means to the people, in the present and still more in the future, can hardly be estimated. But it may afford a faint idea of what this quiet social revolution means to state that the money now handled by the local government of London for the benefit of the people of London, all raised on taxable property, amounts to the enormous total of about a hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars.

We have but touched upon the fringe of a great subject; in the near future we may have some more to say upon matters of closer detail in the same connection.

THE STORY OF CONSOLATION JONES.

BY PAUL O'CONNOR.

IT was a standing wonder in the community in which she lived how she had become possessed of so inapposite a Christian name, as a more disconsolate woman never breathed than Consolation Jones. But they had no business to wonder, as Consolation would have lost no time to emphasize upon their short-ribs by a vigorous poke of her umbrella—a weapon of defence with which she could punch and parry with the address of a fencing-master.

And what a singular name it was to give to a girl at her christening! Consolation, however, was not very much of a girl. To use her own words, she was "no spring chicken," as she would demonstrate to your satisfaction with an action unpleasantly suggestive of a decidedly vigorous and aggressive old hen.

This disagreeable woman lived in a sequestered part of what particular community is of no interest in the ravel and tangle of this story. Her domicile was a shabby little building resembling herself in appearance, for Consolation went about in shabby black, suggesting rather dismally the idea of a burned-out sun's dying effort to shine in a sputtering sunset. The house stood in a scattering cluster of trees, the like of which for libels upon nature was never seen elsewhere. They had scarcely more sap in them than could have been squeezed out of Consolation's umbrella. The birds were ashamed to sing in them, preferring the bushy-headed elms in the park of Stephen Grayson, across the way—of Stephen Grayson, the money-baron, too proud to look down, too mean to look up, but staring ahead between the walls of gold lining the vista of the future, and ending in the mountain of Mammon which shut him in in the distance, forbidding him to look beyond.

The cistern-box was the mouth-piece of an assemblage of imprisoned echoes which never slept. All through the night it would rumble with noises that might have been a mile away.

Her dog, a starved-looking terrier which slept all day and barked all night, was a snappish thing with three legs, no tail,

and one ear. It had the most villanous-looking eyes that ever snapped in a dog's head, and was appropriately named "Snarl."

Over a mantel-piece in the front room, and concealed by a blue veil, hung the picture of a beautiful young woman, whose face held the gaze by a tender light in almost tearful eyes, which saddened while they brightened it. The words, "I have suffered," might have been written under the shapely bust instead of the inscription, "Lucy Laine"; for sorrow wept in the drooping head above it.

Night looked in at the windows from a fire-dotted sky, and a smoky lamp burned upon a table, while near by crouched Consolation. Snarl sat beside her, looking up into her face as if inquiring what she was thinking about.

She had been thus for some time when she suddenly rose and went to the picture over the mantel. Raising the veil she peered at the beautiful face as it gazed sadly yet sweetly down at her.

What a fascination it had for her! But what a change came over her as she gazed up at it, and—yes, smiled! Dropping the veil, like one stung in a moment of good nature, she screamed at the picture, while Snarl whirled and yelped about her to fly up at it.

The storm subsided as suddenly as it had begun, when she dragged an old chest from under a bed in a corner, and, opening it, drew forth a roll of parchment and a bundle of papers.

These she read at the lamp, pressed them to her bosom, and, having replaced them, shoved the chest back under the bed with a look of satisfaction. Then noiselessly opening a rear door, as if fearful of disturbing the echoes in the cistern, which would have been sure to have one ready, she stole into a back room.

Compared with the outer, the inner apartment was a cozy little boudoir. A lamp hung from the ceiling, its light turned low, but illuminating the face of a beautiful girl asleep on a couch, while a double picture of the Sacred and the Sorrowed Heart looked benignly upon her from the wall. A golden image upon an ebon cross, encircled with a mother-of-pearl rosary, hung over a holy-water vase within reach of her hand, revealing that the fair occupant of the chamber was that most beautiful of human beings, a pious girl—how attractive to angels and good men!

As the light was turned up one was struck by the closeness of resemblance between her face and that of the picture

in the outer room. Either she was the lady whose portrait smiled yet looked sad, behind the blue veil, or she was the woman's child. A smile played about her lips like a sunbeam round an opening rose, as she lay dreaming; and innocence was so enwreathed with her beauty that the angels, stooping over her, might have whispered "Sister!"

Consolation gazed upon the snowy girl, and then, murmuring "Darling," bent over her and imprinted a kiss on her temple. But this was set apart to be a night of interruptions. There came a knock at the front door, resounding through the house like a dead echo returned to life by way of the cistern-box. Snarl appeared to recognize the coming of a friend, and, instead of bounding to the door as if fired out of a catapult, frisked about the room with every canine demonstration of welcome.

The next instant the door creaked open to admit a young man. He had a pleasant, good-looking face, an eye bright with the light of constant thought, and flashing with that high sensitiveness of soul which poverty so loves to puncture. In manner he was easy and graceful, joyous with the enthusiasm and hopefulness of youth, and displaying a confidence and courage which betokened him no mean adversary in a question of either brain or brawn. That pleasing and sensible combination of characters, the student and the athlete, stood out all over him. His hair was brushed from the brow as by a habit of the hand, and he was neatly, although plainly, clad.

The visitor was one James Morton, a disciple of Blackstone, reading last wills and testaments in the office of Fidge and Fee, attorneys-at-law.

"How do you do, Consolation?" cheerfully saluted the young man, taking her hands in his, and wringing them as if to hang them out to dry. And, before she could formulate a protest, he impudently snatched a kiss from her horrified brow.

"That's how I do!" she answered, dealing him a slap which set his ear ringing like a volunteer fire-bell at night.

"Cross, as usual, eh!" he exclaimed, rubbing his ear to take the sound out.

"Sit down, Jimmie," said Consolation, setting the example by dropping into a chair, "and tell us what you learned in law to-day."

"I learned," began Morton, "that there is a flaw in the deed which conveys to Stephen Grayson the property whereof he is seized—a very material flaw."

"Aha!" What a world of meaning was in the tone in which that little exclamation was shot from her lips; and what a look flashed in her eyes!

"In other words," concluded Morton, "I learned that the property is not his."

"Jimmie!" almost screamed Consolation, "study hard; we'll run the quarry to bay at last. What else did you learn?"

"I learned," he resumed, "that there is in existence a will made subsequently to that under whose provisions Grayson holds his estates, although where it is, is unknown."

Again that "Aha!" Again that look flashing in her eyes, with what a world of meaning! as she glanced at that old chest under the bed. "Go on, Jimmie."

And "Jimmie" went on. "I further learned that Stephen Grayson had been married previously to his wedding Lucy Laine, by which union he came into possession of his property; but that his former, as his latter wife is dead."

"It is a lie!" screamed Consolation, while the umbrella, half opened, shook like a tree with a gust of wind in it. "She is no more dead than I, who am only too much alive for him."

"I learned also," said Morton, "that he has discovered little Lucy to be his daughter, that he is informed as to her whereabouts, and that he has taken legal steps to gain possession of her to rectify that flaw in the will."

"Let him dare it," cried Consolation, "let him attempt to take her from me, and a prison shall close him in for ever!"

There was a slight appearance of the sublime in the little woman as she said this—so slight, it might have been, as to cause Morton to think of the ridiculous in connection with her declaration, and to smile accordingly. A little woman like her imprison the mighty man of money—how sublimely ridiculous!

She was about to say more, when the girl within stole into the room like a moonbeam, the traces of sleep still upon her, as they might naturally be upon a moonbeam, as it were a ray from the lamp of slumber turned low.

If beautiful when wrapped in sleep, what was she now when her eyes were opened from under her snowy temples like windows in the sky? How deeply blue those apertures of light were! They were more luminous than those of the picture behind the blue veil, for these had the light of life in them—yes, and of love, for they glanced tenderly at young Morton, who stepped quickly toward her with the exclamation:

"God bless you, little Lucy, how pretty you look!"

"Dear James," said the girl, as drowsily as if but half way out of her dreams, and with just the faintest appearance of a yawn about her pretty mouth, "how pale and worn you look. You must not study so much, dear." And she chidingly patted him upon the cheek as if proud of him.

Just then, feeling a fit of the "flares" coming over her, Consolation screamed at the girl:

"Get back to bed! Ain't it enough for me to owl it as I do, without you ghosting around at this hour?"

"Now, dear Miss Consolation," pleaded the girl, putting her arms round the queer creature's neck, "you will not scold me to-night?"

"Yes, I will," cried Consolation, in a tone which plainly said that she would not, although she did. "Miss!" she exclaimed with an attempt at vivacity which a one-legged bird might have made at a hop, or the dog at a dance on all threes; "Stephen won't think me much of a *Miss* when I *hit* at him."

"Stop, Consolation," interrupted Morton; "you must not speak harshly to Lucy. You know she will be my wife one of these days. I mean when I shall have ferreted out your case," he added; "although as to just what you are driving at in pitting James Morton against Fidge and Fee in a legal dog-fight, I confess I am in a dense fog in mid-ocean, with Blackstone overboard."

"You will know what I am driving at soon enough, and so will he, fog or no fog, with Blackstone at the helm," she answered, with a mixture of the legal and the nautical which would have made a marine lawyer sea-sick.

At that moment, startling into active life a few sleepy echoes among the trees over the cistern, came a knock at the front door, which was pushed open without further ceremony to reveal four men in the door-way.

The first was a gaudy gentleman, who had one of those hard-looking money faces which may be seen in Wall Street, but never elsewhere, except the bad place. He had eyes of the color of soapstone, and avarice was enwreathed in his visage like the garland on a dime. The second was an uneasy little person unable to rest long in one place. Another was a large gentleman, who had a habit of working his fingers as if handling money. These two were the respective members of the firm of Fidge and Fee. The other person was an officer of the law.

"Miss Jones, I believe?" began the soapstone gentleman,

bowing to Consolation, as Snarl, after one glance at his face, darted under the bed. "And," he went on, as his eyes fell upon the girl, "the young lady known as Lucy?"

"You seem to be well informed," snapped Consolation.

"Miss Jones," he inquired, "how long have you had this girl in custody?"

"She is not in jail, sir," again snapped Consolation.

"I mean, how long have you had her in adoption?"

"Ever since her mother, whose heart you broke and whom you robbed, Stephen Grayson, as you had robbed Marion Mount, died in my arms," answered Consolation, with all the venom she could throw into her tone, "when that child was three months old."

The man recoiled, and stared at her as if his gaze would have burned her. But the brave little woman was not to be awed by a stare.

"What do you know of Marion Mount?" he demanded, stepping toward her.

"More than may be conducive of good health to your conscience," said Consolation, pointing her umbrella at him. "Another step, Stephen, and I'll poke this into your ruffian ribs."

"Woman," said Grayson, clutching her by the shoulder, "I am not here to waste words with you, but to take that girl as my child from your wretched den."

"She shall not stir from this house," said Consolation, throwing his grasp from her as if it had been the touch of a toad. "Dare but lay your hand upon her to take her from me, and the penitentiary shall entomb you!"

"What do you mean?" he demanded, staring at her.

"I'll show you," she answered; and the chest under the bed was dragged out on the floor and thrown open.

"Do you see this?" she asked, unrolling the parchment. "It is but a piece of scribbling, yet it strips you of all you possess. It is the last will and testament of Daniel Laine, devised one year after that which left his wealth to his only child, Lucy, to be picked and plucked by you."

Fidge moved uneasily, and looked at Fee; Fee worked his fingers, and looked at Fidge; both exclaiming—"The missing will!"

"Herein," said Consolation, "he wills his property to his daughter with the proviso that, if she wed you, she is to receive, for her natural life, but an annuity from the estate, which is devised, in that contingency, to her issue when of

legal age; she failing of such issue, his possessions, at her decease, to escheat to the state. He has provided even against your obtaining control of his property in any manner, by appointing a trustee of the estate and guardian of his heir at law, in the person of an old friend of his, Father Bertrand, of this parish, who has taken care of her soul as I of her body; this will to be withheld from probate till his legal heir shall have attained the age of seventeen years, which that child will attain on her next birthday. So you will be compelled to make restitution of every dollar you have diverted from the moneys of the estate of Daniel Laine for the past seventeen years. And I'll take care, Stephen Grayson," she emphasized, with a shake of the will in his face, "that you pony up every dollar of them."

How majestic that little woman grew as she stood before him in the consciousness of her power, defiantly holding him at bay with that truncheon of a will!

"From whom did you receive that rigmarole?" cried Grayson, making a movement as if to snatch the document from her grasp.

"From Daniel Laine, when he was dying, on the day after you induced Lucy to elope with you, unmindful of the very important fact, unknown to the poor girl at the time, that you were a married man—married by every law of Heaven and Rome to Marion Mount," answered Consolation, smiting him in the face with the weapon which smote him in purse.

"But Marion Mount was dead," stammered Grayson.

"It is false!" cried Consolation. "She was no more dead than I. And you, sir, are a bigamist. Do you not see the penitentiary opening for you now? Listen, and you will hear the doors creak as they yawn to enclose you."

She unwrapped the paper bundle, and now read, now spoke to him the following:

"Dying statement, while very much alive, of Consolation Jones.

"On the 20th of September, in the year of our Lord 18—, at the parish church of L——, State of ——, was married Stephen Grayson to Marion Mount. Marion Mount, reputed to be a beauty, was heiress to a large fortune, which fell into her hands upon the death of her father, on the day of her marriage. Shortly after their union he induced her to place her property entirely in his hands, in order, as he solicitously phrased the pleadings of his cupidity, to manage it the more

profitably for her. He managed it. That is to say, he squandered it at the gaming-table; after which he drove her into the world with nothing to shelter her poor head but the wreck of a home that is now the habitation of Consolation Jones.

"Having become acquisitive by deprivation, as the profligate does at last, and wishing to replenish his purse by a second marriage, he hired an assassin to make away with the wronged woman, little suspecting that he was dispatching upon that errand of blood her own brother. Are you listening, Stephen?" she asked, glancing from the manuscript at the handwriting which conscience made legible in the workings of his countenance.

"Her brother," she went on, "had run away to sea when a boy, and was supposed to have been lost in a shipwreck. She knew him at once, however, by a birthmark—a red blotch on one of his eyes. She made herself known to him, and thus saved her life. But he was a mercenary scoundrel, betraying the unbrotherly villain in all his depravity; and insisted upon a counterplot whereby he would receive his blood-money, with the addition of a few pieces from her as the price of his duping Grayson into the belief that Marion Mount would trouble her lord and master no more in this world, whatever she might do in the next. To color his story she disappeared, allowing the second marriage to be consummated in order to have her husband securely in her power.

"This!" she exclaimed, striking herself upon the breast in the deepest remorse, "my consent to the second marriage when I should have withheld it, is my sin—the curse which is following me down to my grave.

"It was not long after this when Dick Mount, better known as Rankin the Rogue, mysteriously vanished. What became of him, Stephen? Is he sunk in the river, where you hired him to sink her? You killed him to remove the witness of your guilt."

Fidge stood stock-still. Fee forgot to work his fingers. Both looked at the wonderful little woman as if considering her eligibility as a member of the firm.

"These are serious charges, Mr. Grayson," said the officer, "and circumstantially suspicious. I know that Rankin the Rogue was supposed to have been murdered. Before I can proceed in the premises I must consult my chief. In the meantime it is my duty to place you under nominal arrest."

But Grayson did not hear him. His ears were deaf to

aught save a terrible voice which emanated from his conscience, as if its depths had found a tongue.

"Following the rogue's disappearance," she continued, tightening her merciless coil, "came your marriage to Lucy Laine. It proved to her as it had to Marion Mount. When you thought you had her property securely in your grasp, you drove her from your door. I sought her out. She died in this room, before the door of the home of which you had robbed her. This is her picture."

She drew the veil aside from the portrait on the wall, pointing to the beautiful, sad-eyed face, which looked accusingly down at the villain, who cowered as he gazed.

"When she discovered," she went on, "that she was only in name your wife, the shock of shame broke her heart. The sanctity of her child's name left you in possession of her property, which you had enwebbed in law as a spider a fly in its tenacious entanglement. But the old man was wiser than you thought. I saw his distrust of you, and fed fuel to it till it burst into a blaze, and from that blaze I plucked this will—a will which shall be religiously guarded for Lucy's child as long as Lucy's memory or Marion Mount shall live."

"But Marion Mount is dead," said Grayson.

"The river has given up its dead!" cried Consolation. "Look!" she exclaimed, stepping up to him and staring him in the face, "and behold in this withered woman the beauty at whose feet you once knelt—for her money. Yes, Stephen Grayson, in all that you have left of her, I am Marion Mount."

"You are," he assented, staring at her as out of eyes of fire. "But, hag!" he exclaimed, drawing a revolver, "you have revealed your identity too soon."

He aimed the weapon at her head and fired. A cloud of smoke obscured his vision for a moment. There was the sound of a heavy fall which shook the house; and when the air cleared, the woman was sitting on the floor with Snarl under her, and the officer lying at her side. The dog had darted from under the bed and caused its mistress to stumble, and the bullet had found lodgment in the heart of the officer.

With a bound the athletic Morton was upon Grayson, whom he flung to the floor and disarmed.

"Now, sir," he cried, flinging wide the door, while he

pointed to the girl, who stood wringing her hands over the dead officer, "as her father, you are given this chance: Fly! You have long stood in the shadow of the penitentiary. Look to it that you ascend not the scaffold!"

One glance at the dead man on the floor, and Stephen Grayson darted through the doorway into the night. At a wild bound, with Snarl holding on to a leg of his trousers, he cleared the front fence, almost taking the dog with him, and was gone.

A neatly kept grave invited the eye to a grassy spot in the churchyard, a beautiful cemetery lying to the rear of Grayson, now Morton, Park. At the head of the grave, under a willow, a wreath of flowers hung from a stone cross bearing upon it the simple inscription, "Lucy." Need it be said that the cross had been placed there by the hand of her who had a flary temper but a good heart, or that the wreath had been hung upon the mother's grave by a tender child whose love gave sweetness to the flowers?

The grass was growing green, very green. The peach and apple were in bloom. The flowers were out, the birds singing in the trees. The sun was shining among the fleecy clouds in the afternoon sky, everything peaceful there—except the man who stood, with blood-shot eyes, at the foot of the grave. He was a tramp.

For some time he had stood looking, like an animal thinking, at the grave, when suddenly he heard the sound of voices. Glancing over his shoulder with a start, he beheld three persons and a dog coming toward him.

In advance, and chatting with the lightness of hearts in love, were James Morton and his wife. Following them came a lady whom we shall still call Consolation. At her side, on its three legs, every one of them, hopped Snarl.

When he saw them coming the man gave a yell; and, snatching from the ground a bundle tied in a soiled red handkerchief, bounded into a clump of bushes near by. Snarl took after him upon the instant, as if recognizing an enemy by its unerring optic of instinct or sense of smell. He glared back at them as he was going, paused long enough to throw a clod of earth at the dog; and then was gone like a wild man, munching a fistful of bread.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Lucy Morton, as she gazed after him, "who was that man at mother's grave?"

"Your father and my husband," cried Consolation, bursting into tears, the first that she had shed since he had turned her from her home—now homeless, indeed, himself.

The evil end as they have doomed others—how often homeless, hopeless, and abandoned of God and man!

"Heaven have mercy upon him!" cried Lucy, as she sank at the grave. "I forgive him, and I know, dear mother, that you do with God." And she bent low, in tears, and kissed her mother's grave.

"And I do, also," murmured Consolation, sinking at her side, while Morton stood by with bowed head, his hat in his hand.

Dusk crept through the graveyard, and over the river whose waters murmured in the distance, as with the voice of a life which was going out. As night deepened an egg-shaped moon came out in a clear sky over the stream, and looked down at its reflection in the silvery mirror below, as if seeking a peace which was not there.

Not a sound was heard but the light beating of the waves on the shore, or the solemn peal of an eight o'clock bell in a monastery upon a distant hill ringing to prayer with the sweet summons of the Angelus—not a sound save these, and the crackling of brambles as hurried feet passed them, and a wild-looking man with a bundle tied in a red handkerchief, parting some bushes which grew upon a jutting crag overlooking the river, stepped into view in the moonlight. It was the tramp.

The reflection of the moon shone immediately below him, now wrinkling and dancing as a wave passed over it, and dripping with serene light as in a wet sky, in a deep spot on which his eyes became fixed as with a supernatural fascination.

He threw the bundle into the river, and watched it as it floated away, as if it had been a part of his being going from him for ever. Then he returned to his charmed gazing at the reflection of the moon below him.

"Rankin!" he cried, placing his hand to his ear as if to catch an answer from the depths beneath, while the waves in their subdued ripplings seemed to babble to the moon, "are you there? Why do you not speak to me? Is it because I killed you, and sank you there? It was such a night as this, and—listen! the bell was sounding. Did you pray, Rankin? You made an outcry, I know; but I muffled it. Ah! I cannot pray, but I will not cry out. Look! it is a peaceful spot, serene

as an infant's dream. I long to be with you. This fire within me is burning me up. We shall drink together, and drink deep—sing ho, laddie, hi, ho! Ha, ha! escaped the deep to perish in a puddle! Rankin, I say, Rogue! do you not hear me? Make room for me; I am coming."

Again the crackling of brambles disturbed the night as hurried feet pressed them. Again the bushes parted. Then the sharp yelp of a dog smote upon the air, and the body of pursuers stepped out upon the crag, guided by a three-legged dog. The animal made an attempt to stand upon two legs on the edge of the crag in an attitude of listening by lifting a fore-member, as if forgetful of the absence of a hind one, and fell over into the water. The men crowded upon the rock to seize the fugitive, but were too late.

There was a plunge into the river, a hat floated down stream, followed by Snarl in confused quest of the sunken man. A head rose to the surface a moment after. A terrified face was turned up to the moon with an appealing look and a gurgling cry for help in an awful struggle to live. Two dripping arms were stretched to heaven for mercy. Something beneath him seemed to pull the man down; and as the last tones of the monastery bell died upon the whirring welkin, head and arms sank to rise no more to the sweet sound of the Angelus on earth, leaving only a whirlpool where they had disappeared, which turned round and round with the swimming dog in the moonlight, and floated silently off with the current from the last resting-place of Stephen Grayson and his victim, Rankin the Rogue.

JOPPA (NOW JAFFA).

THE CITY OF REDEMPTION.

BY REV. R. M. RYAN.

OF no city that is or ever was has so much been said as of Jerusalem. Hence, treating of it must seem superfluous, and would be so, perhaps, if its past alone were dwelt upon, or even its present; but that some changes have recently taken place that have varied the otherwise stolid immutability characterizing all Oriental cities. Strange as it may sound, this unprogressiveness has been the greatest of blessings to the whole Christian world; and as those immediately concerned are perfectly satisfied, the reformer, philosopher, and philanthropist have to be content; the archæologist and historian, as well as the hagiologist, are more than delighted therewith; at least as far as Jerusalem and its sacred places are concerned.

The terrible possibility that the horrors of Zeitun, Bitlis, and Van may at any moment be repeated in Palestine, gives a special interest to anything relating to it. But, apart from this, it will be freely admitted by all, that as long as time itself en-

dures, towards no other city can the eyes of the human family be so tenderly turned.

CHOICE OF ROADS TO JERUSALEM.

There are two routes which pilgrims usually take when going to Jerusalem: one from Jaffa, the more common landing-place, and thence in a south-easterly direction by carriage, horseback, or railroad (the only one in Palestine) a distance of fifty-four miles. The other from Haifa, a little farther north, and thence eastward to Nazareth, twenty-three and a half miles. Three days' travel southward from thence brings one to the Holy City. How many miles? the reader may ask It is hard to tell. Besides, the knowledge would import little, as distances are—very properly—not thus estimated in the East, but by the time required to traverse them.

A brief reference to the principal places encountered on each route will help to a better understanding of the whole.

THE GATEWAY OF THE EAST.

If the Nazareth route be selected, the traveller landing at Haifa can hardly quit this first Eastern city without spending a few hours investigating the many new and, to him, odd features everywhere apparent. The flat-roofed, small-windowed, mud-made houses; the flowing robes of both sexes; the turbaned men and face-shrouded women; the narrow, crooked, ill-kept streets; the absence of vehicles, the abundance of donkeys and presence of some camels, are the first things that will strike him in the native portion of the town, although it is more European than any other place he may visit in Palestine. Should he turn to the right after landing, keeping close to the shore, and towards the high hill overlooking the town, he will imagine himself in a German-American, rather than an Asiatic town. A wide, clean, tree-bordered street, with fine comfortable houses, most of them embowered in shrubs and covered with flowering vines and occupied by a decidedly Teutonic-featured race, will be noticed. Farther on, extensive olive-groves, vineyards, and well-cultivated fields add to the delusion. These are the property of a German colony who settled here some years ago, when this place was a barren waste. They have demonstrated that a country which Mohammedan Arabs have made a wilderness could easily be made again "A land flowing with milk and honey."

THE GERM-PLACE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Ascending the hill—it is the far-famed Mount Carmel—a fine Carmelite monastery will be found where once abode Elias and Eliseus and the "School of the Prophets." The cave where dwelt these holy men, and unnumbered others since their time, is situated beneath and behind the high altar of the church, in about the same condition the prophets left it, when, departing for the journey to the Jordan, which ended for Elias in heaven and for Eliseus in the possession of wondrous supernatural

STATION OF THE CROSS.

powers, inherited with the former's mantle. The blood of unnumbered martyrs has soaked this soil since and served to sanctify still more a spot always considered, and still regarded, even by the Mohammedans, as most sacred. Hither even they come to pray at stated periods, and to carry away whatever they can lay hands upon—through veneration, of course, for the place and its possessions. Welcome hospitality is afforded all pilgrims in the monastery.

What else would a pilgrim find on Carmel to interest him? A verdure and richness in variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers not to be met with elsewhere in Palestine, owing to its being surrounded on three sides by the Mediterranean Sea; many hermits' grottoes, amongst them that of St. Simon Stock, which is now a chapel; also the one that served for the "School of the Prophets," wherein the Holy Family is said to have dwelt for some time after returning from Egypt; numerous crystal clusters and melon-shaped petrifactions with which an interesting legend is connected.

If one venture along the top of the ridge, a beautiful grove of fig, lemon, almond, and olive trees will be noticed in the valley below, where forty martyrs suffered. A little farther on is the fountain of Elias, which was found in the year 1238 filled with their bones. The history of Carmel contains accounts of the periodical martyrdom of its holy dwellers. God grant that such another period is not now upon them! There are those still dwelling there, both Mussulmans and Druses, as capable as their ancestors of any atrocity.

SOUVENIRS OF CHIVALRY.

Beyond the beautiful bay on the north, whose shore is strewn with shells that yielded the famous Tyrian dye, and across which is a sail of only an hour and a half, is the renowned St. John d'Acre, the headquarters of the Knights of St. John and of the Christian Kingdom of the Orient up to 1291. In it and in Haifa are two Franciscan churches and three other Catholic churches, in connection with each of which is a school. A little farther south—eight or nine hours' ride—is Cæsarea, and ten hours more Jaffa. Above Acre is Tyre, ten hours, and seven hours farther north is Sidon. Every step of all this way abounds with historic interest; and, were the Turk but civilized, accommodation could hardly be found for the multitudes that would annually throng hither, and the still more historic and picturesque shore of Asia Minor west and north of it.

A ROUGH ROAD.

Descending Carmel, and leaving Haifa behind, the traveller faces eastward for Nazareth. Unless he can swim with his clothes on, it is better not to attempt this route during the "early or later rains," for the Moslems thousand years' possession has not enabled them to bridge three little streams that must still be forded by the ramshackle spring-wagon, the only

available conveyance excepting a donkey, camel, or horse. Some ruins—they are encountered everywhere in Palestine—are passed, and four or five miserable native and two Druse villages, composed of flat-roofed, windowless, mud huts huddled together, and as dirty within and around as they could be, where dark-haired, dark-skinned, black-eyed, half-naked little Arabs

TOWER OF THE FORTY MARTYRS AT RAMLEH.

gambol in true Turkish *négligé* fashion. They and their mothers look at you indifferently, and if time will permit approach you with outstretched hand crying "Bakhshish!" Horrid sound! It haunts one everywhere, under all circumstances, times, and places. The babe will let go its mother's breast and lisp it at you; the boy's piping voice ejects it at you; the coy maiden flashes her

jet-black eyes on you—if she be not suffering from ophthalmia, as most of them are—repeating it whilst you remain in sight; the man with whom you conclude a transaction is sure to make it the last word; the aged will pass the crutch or stick to the other hand, to hold one out, croaking this detestable "Bakhshish." It means "Give me something!"—and when you do they all either turn away thanklessly or begin over again.

On the way Japhia of the book of Joshua, the home of Zebedee, is passed, where there are two Catholic churches and an excuse for a Protestant school. Over the plain Kishon, where barley and wheat are growing, and past many an olive-grove; up and down and around many a sinewy turning winds the neglected road until, after a considerable ascent has been topped, Nazareth is sighted.

NAZARETH THE TRANQUIL.

There it lies embosomed in hills and surrounded by fig, olive, orange, and pomegranate trees, a picture even to-day of restfulness and repose. This quiet that ever seems to have characterized it—for it was hardly known or heard of until the Holy Family's residing there made it for ever famous—fitted it specially for the childhood of Him who "would not contend or cry out," who was so gentle and unobtrusive that he would, as it were, so guide his foot as "not to tread even upon the broken reed." It is as still and as undisturbed by the busy hum of traffic, or the rattle of machinery, as in the days of Mary's maidenhood, or when the quiet Boy Redeemer, in her company and that of gentle Joseph, ascended the hill leading into it on the sultry summer evenings to inhale the cool sea-breeze from the Mediterranean, or gaze upon the stars that peeped out in the cloudless azure immediately after sundown. From thence they could see, as the modern traveller may notice from the same spot, the gradual slope leading to the precipice whence His ungrateful townsmen sought to "cast him down headlong." On its top are now the ruins of a chapel, with an apse cut out of the rock and the remains of an ancient mosaic pavement. Spreading out from its base is the great plain of Esdralon, which in spring-time is covered over, as far as the eye can see, with growing crops and little flocks of sheep, goats, and cattle, in charge of children; for fences or hedges are unknown in Palestine. This plain, the greatest and best in the country, seems bordered on the south by El Touleh, to the left of which is Lesser Hermon, which is connected by a chain of hills (one

of which is Gilboa, where Moses died) extending parallel to the Jordan from Lake Tiberias, a little to the north-east, to the Dead Sea, south-east of Jerusalem. On the northern extremity of this range is Great Hermon, and farther north Lebanon, both perpetually snow-capped. Quite near the town, a little east of the precipice, is beautiful flower-bedecked Thabor, only two and

"THE STEEP AND NARROW STREETS."

one-half hours' ride distant. Naim is only about one hour east of it.

All these are visible from the hill overlooking and leading into Nazareth. Descending it and past the Convent of Clarisses, and the hospitable Franciscan Convent, and into their church, we perceive in front of the altar three flights of steps, the centre one descending, the two outside ones ascending to the high altar; the former leads to a cave-chapel against which stood the Holy House, transferred on May 10, 1291, by angelic hands, to Loretto, in Italy. Here it was that Mary and Joseph dwelt;

here the mystery of the Incarnation took place; here lived the Saviour of the world for over twenty-five of the thirty-three years of his mortal life. How holy must this spot be! "Verily this is the House of God."

THE HOLY HOUSE.

Three little apartments connected by one wide and one narrower opening, and called respectively the chapels of the Angel, of the Annunciation, and of St. Joseph, compose all that is left now of the Holy House in Nazareth. In the centre one, beside the altar, are two pillars, one twisted and broken and depending from the rocky roof, the other, one and one-half feet distant and two feet high, resting on the ground. The latter marks the position of the Blessed Virgin Mary when she received the angel's message; the former that of the angel. No power of the Mussulman spoiler, though often exerted, has been able to wrench it from its place.

It is hard to imagine how a Christian could bid farewell to this hallowed spot, with all its sweet memories, otherwise than with regret. Not a little reluctance also is experienced at parting from the good Franciscans, who keep an open house for all comers, and who, as the custodians of the Holy Places in Palestine, are above all praise for their fidelity. Not only do they lovingly tend them and minister to pilgrims, but conserve all the traditions clinging to them. About two years ago they discovered the exact foundations of the Holy House, whose dimensions correspond precisely with those of Loretto—"Murray" and "Baedeker" and all the other flippant guide-books to the contrary notwithstanding. They also discovered, about the same time, the foundations of the church built by St. Helena on the site of Joseph's workshop; although the oracles quoted it as merely mythical.

HOLY GROUND.

Heading for Jerusalem, the next noteworthy thing encountered is "St. Mary's Well," the only one ever known in Nazareth, and that from which the Virgin Mother, and, doubtless, also the Divine Child, many a time drew water. It is probably in the same state now it was in their day.

The Lake of Tiberias is left behind to the north-east about seven hours' journey. The city of Naim, where the first rest is made, consists of a few wretched clay huts. Passing under the shadow of Mount Thabor, which rises abruptly from the

Plain of Esdralon, like a mighty truncated cone, the journey to Jerusalem lies through places abounding with interest for every reader of the Bible. It is with regret that I feel compelled to pass them by without mention, the Holy City being the principal subject of this paper.

At last the top of the rocky ridge of Mount Scopus is gained, and lo! Jerusalem, once the holy, the lauded and admired of all the cities of earth, comes into view. Holy of the holiest was it to the Jew, who still venerates its stones and weekly weeps over them; holy is it still to the Christian, for there were fulfilled all the figures and promises of the old dis-

THE SHORES OF THE DEAD SEA.

pensation; holy must it ever be, for it was sanctified by the life, labors, miracles, preaching, blood-shedding of the Man God. No wonder that a strange sensation comes over one on gazing at its two glittering domes, its lofty minarets, flat-roofed houses, circumscribing walls, and singularly striking surroundings. These latter consist, except on this northern side, of valleys that have a significance that no others can have; Josaphat, on the east, where one day before all assembled humanity every one's fate, for eternity, will be decided. Gehenna, now called Hinnom, and Kidron, a part of Josaphat. No wonder that speech fails, and the long, wistful gazing of part curiosity and part wonder ends in a bowed-down attitude. The knees instinctively bend, the hands

clasp, the heart throbs, and pent-up feelings find vent in tears and sighs rather than in words.

Away in the south, on the other side of the city, in the not-distant horizon and along on the left, are the Mountains of Moab, of a remarkably hazy blue appearance, owing to the extraordinary evaporation, ever going on, from that hottest of valleys, whose lowest part is the Dead Sea. The Jordan, like a thread of silver, may be seen meandering into it, where it is swallowed up for ever, there being not one solitary outlet for the escape of a single drop of water; ominously expressive of the fate of the wicked inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah and the other cities of the Plain, there swallowed up after Lot's escape. In the nearer east—to the left, looking south—is Mount Olivet, separated from the city by the Kidron Valley, through the centre of which a rivulet flows in winter and in the rainy season; south of the city and westward is the Hinnom Valley. These two are U-shaped and enclose a kind of irregular plateau composed of four hills, whereon Jerusalem is perched. Volumes have been written on their names and exact location, but the city has been so often wiped out that it is extremely difficult now to decide on either. It will be sufficiently accurate, and in accordance with the general opinion, to state that Bezetha was on the north-east, Akra on the extreme south-east, and Sion between them, on whose northern part, called Mount Moriah, was located the glorious temple of Solomon, of which there now "remains not a stone upon a stone."

The city and Tower of David were on the lower part outside the present city wall, and being cultivated, in verification of the prediction of Jer. xxvi. 18: "Sion will be turned up like a ploughed field." Opposite Sion, on the east, and outside the walls, is Olivet. On the other side of Sion is Mount Gareb, inside the walls, with the Tyropœan Valley between them. Mount Calvary, formerly outside, is now and since the Crusades enclosed by the city walls. It may be said to be part of the long hill extending along the whole western side of the city. Much confusion about the topography of the place results from there having been so many cities of Jerusalem built in the same place, the walls of which varied in each. A considerable portion of the present northern part is now included, whilst the whole unoccupied part on the south down to the valley had once been part of the city. Another cause of the confusion is the designating of the four sides by the terms N., S., E. and W., when, in reality, the eastern wall is the only one partially true

to this appellation. The so-called N. wall runs N. E., and the S. the same. Part of the W. wall turns out to meet the N. wall and forms an angle pointing due W. It is in the re-entrant angle of this portion of the wall with the other portion that the famous Jaffa Gate is situated. If a line were drawn from this gate eastward, across the city, and it were intersected by another in the centre at right angles, the four quarters would mark the location of the four races now inhabiting the

SPOT WHERE JESUS MET HIS MOTHER.

city, Mohammedans on N. E., Jews on the S. E., Christians (Latins and Greeks) N. W., Armenians on the S. W. There are two irregular streets thus crossing, and thus, in a rough way, marking off these quarters. That leading from the Jaffa Gate eastward is the only one having any resemblance to a European street; the other and all the remaining "streets" are mere divisions, lanes, alleys, labyrinthine convolutions, without beginning, and sometimes without end, as they return into themselves; but too often also terminating in a dead wall. This makes it dangerous for strangers to wander from the two

principal ones unaccompanied, or without a guide, especially near or into a portion occupied by a black Moslem colony, called "Moghrebins."

Of course every race in the world is represented in the motley crowd now occupying Jerusalem, but never is there any sign of intermingling either in language, dress, customs, and, least of all, religion. Excepting in the Christian quarter, indescribable dirtiness and raggedness, and a total setting at naught of all sanitary and hygienic laws, characterize the habits, habiliments, and habitations of the others. As to order, the treatment of the camel who "pokes his nose against your back or past your cheek to have you make way for him, as he patiently plods along the narrow thoroughfares, ascending or descending the 'stair-steps' sometimes composing them, or beneath the archways covering them, stopping to rest, if he cannot crush through, or lying down, if the (too often cruel) driver that keeps a perpetual sore on his under jaw to torture him into action will permit, and then, when goaded, rising with a groan, is fairly typical of that prevailing in Jerusalem. Whilst there is most rigid enforcement of everything pertaining to taxes (legalized "Bakhshish") and whatever can bring them, all else is 'go as you please,' and, of course, sublime adherence to the motto of the other poor beast of burden, the donkey, 'Everybody for himself,' etc.," predominates. But the limits prescribed forbid reference to a thousand other things of interest, and necessitates that only the principal, the Christian associations, be touched upon.

The history of Jerusalem from its foundation by Melchisedech (concerning whom letters have recently been discovered amongst the Tel-el Amarna tablets), in 2023 B.C., to the destruction of it and of its glorious temple in A.D. 70, and its multitudinous vicissitudes since, would fill many volumes. A description of it even as it is to-day would require one to itself; accordingly, only to the Holy Places in it can reference now be made. To see and understand and be persuaded that the memory has indeed been truly kept of them; but, above all, to realize, with a vividness not otherwise to be had, the wondrous mysteries associated with them, one must abstract from their strange and repulsive surroundings, and look with the mind's eye enlightened by faith beneath all of it. Now, this is impossible in a flying visit of a few days, such as the itineraries of travelling caterers provide. Leisurely, prayerfully, as well as intelligently, each sacred spot must be visited, and this is just

what modern American rush will hardly brook; hence so much disappointment amongst "tourists," so many contradictory reports of returned travellers; none such are found amongst true pilgrims' reminiscences.

Entering through the crowd of Arab or Bedouin wanderers, who may be found tenting outside the Damascus Gate, the first

OLIVE-TREE, GARDEN OF GETHSEMANI.

one encountered after descending Mount Scopus, or, better still, going around to the eastern side, to St. Stephen's Gate (outside of which the first Christian martyr was stoned), one can make the Stations of the Cross along the *Via Dolorosa*, which commences a little way on, after passing the famous Pool of Probatica, which is just inside this gate. A few steps beyond it, and a few minutes' walk to the left, give a view of the Temple

Area, the court-yard, or great terrace, whereon once stood man's grandest structure to the living God, Solomon's Temple, and the others that replaced it. Two infidel mosques now desecrate the sacred site—that of Omar, over the very outer court of the temple proper, beneath whose dome is the rock on which Abraham was about to sacrifice his son, and on which countless hecatombs of victims were offered up, until the Divine Victim, whom they all prefigured, fulfilled them, by his all-sufficing single sacrifice of himself on another rock, not far distant. Behind—that is, farther south—at the extremity of the terrace, is the mosque el-Aksa, beneath which are vast subterrean colonnaded courts, called Solomon's Stables, and strange caverns not easily described. Than this spot there is no other on earth so abounding with mysterious underground passages, vaults, etc.

No Christian is allowed beyond the terrace gate, except at certain times, and with a Turkish official, and one from his nation's consulate. No Jew dare enter under any circumstances at any time; but, even if permitted, he would not lest he tread on the site of the "Holy of Holies."

This terrace extends to the south wall 518 yards on east side, and 536 yards on west side; its boundary on east and south being part of the city wall. It is 309 yards in width on the south and 351 yards on the north, where the reader is supposed to be standing. In the corner, to his right, stood the Prætorium of Pilate, where our Lord was condemned and where the "Way of the Cross" commences. Instead of endeavoring to describe in words—a very difficult thing—the various points in our Lord's painful pilgrimage to Calvary, illustrations of them are given, which very correctly represent their present state. The places of the Scourging, Crowning with Thorns, *Ecce Homo* are in or near what is now a Turkish barracks. Every Friday the Christians gather near it in the narrow street and publicly perform the stations, the various points being marked by an easily recognized symbol; for example, the mark of the stairs our Lord descended is still in the barrack wall. Again, after descending the hill leading from the arch where he was exhibited and condemned, and turning a corner, there is a convent chapel, in which the footprints of his Blessed Mother are represented in mosaic, indicating where his meeting with her took place.

No one wonders, going over the ground, that he fell coming down this hill; for it is hardly possible that a cross

sufficient to bear a human body could be carried down it without the bearer stumbling and falling. Nor is it otherwise than most likely that he fell again trying to ascend the next incline, which was much more steep then than now, as excavations have revealed. It is thought that the structure pointed out as Veronica's house is the identical one the heroic woman inhabited. A piece of a pillar encrusted in the pavement indicates it. The eighth and ninth stations are hard to be got at except by one who knows the way around, owing to the road being impassable directly leading to them. The last five are within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

There is no such church in the world as this. Within it are included the veritable Calvary whereon the Redeemer expired, and the very sepulchre in which his mangled body reposed until the moment of the resurrection, when, glorious, immortal, and impassible, he passed through that very stone within which and on which—oh, privilege of privileges!—his pilgrim priests to-day can offer the very same sacrifice he consummated on the neighboring height. But to this sacred place and the many tender memories clinging to it, and the various sites of great events, whose remembrance his faithful followers *could not* possibly forget or be mistaken about, justice could not be done within the limits of this article.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND CHARITIES UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

BY JOHN T. McDONOUGH,
Member of the Constitutional Convention.

IT is interesting to learn what the legal status of Catholic schools and charities is since the adoption of the new organic law for the State of New York. Prior to the year 1894 no general revision of the Constitution of this State had been adopted since that submitted to the people by the convention held in 1846. Although the convention of 1867 was composed of some of the ablest men in the State, including Horace Greeley, Samuel J. Tilden, George William Curtis, Sandford E. Church, William M. Evarts, Charles J. Folger, Francis Kernan, Martin I. Townsend, John E. Devlin, and William Cassidy, and although they spent twice as much time as our late convention in preparing their revision, their work, except the judiciary article, was rejected by the people.

Because of this failure to revise the Constitution, the election of delegates to the convention of 1894 attracted unusual attention. Those persons and organizations, and they were not few in number, who contemplated radical changes in the organic law took a most active part in the campaign with a view of electing delegates who would be likely to favor their schemes.

Two associations were noted for their aggressive efforts in this direction during the canvass, one commonly called the "A. P. A.," and the other "The National League for the Protection of American Institutions." The circulars, appeals, and pictures sent out to voters by the former association were of the rude and vulgar kind. One of these pictures represented a fierce-looking tiger, labeled "Romish Influence," apparently in the act of clawing "Liberty" and tearing "public schools" all to pieces, and underneath it the words, "The pet from the Vatican jungle makes its own wilderness." Another illustration, sent broadcast, pictured the fable of the farmer and the frozen snake. The huge snake was labeled "Catholic Church," and when thoroughly warmed was represented in the attitude of swallowing "public schools," "state money," "judiciary," and even "Uncle Sam" himself.

These things had the effect, of course, of stirring up religious prejudice and bitterness, particularly among ignorant and bigoted voters.

The electioneering of the National League for the Protection of American Institutions was conducted on different lines, and while no special appeal was made against "Romish Influence," the alleged facts and figures sent out by the League were so false and misleading that the majority of those who read them must have reached the conclusion that Catholics were plundering the State as well as its principal cities. The League sent to all the candidates a circular letter asking them to give specific answers to nine questions—among them questions relating to separation of church and state; to the protection of public schools; to the prevention of payment of public funds to sectarian institutions; to placing all elementary schools under the supervision of the State; to the question as to whether the words "all mankind," in the provision of the Constitution relating to the freedom of worship, gave convicts the right of choice as to the form of public worship; and also as to whether the candidate thought it wise to pass the law relating to freedom of worship, and the law providing for the commitment of juvenile delinquents to institutions of their own faith.

The support of the League depended, as the candidate well understood, upon whether the answers to these questions were favorable or not, and this support, in many doubtful districts, must have been effective.

The League also freely distributed tables of figures purporting to give the amount of money appropriated by the city of New York for the support of inmates of charitable institutions, during a period of ten years, ending in 1893. The payments were divided into four classes, viz., to Roman Catholic, Hebrew, Protestant, and undenominational institutions. In these statements it was alleged that Roman Catholics received, during that period, the sum of $5,526,733.06; the Hebrews, $1,106,363; Protestants, only the paltry sum of $365,467, and undenominationals, the sum of $4,770,809.

The great majority of the people who received this circular believed it, and must have been startled by the difference between the sum paid to Catholics and that paid to Protestants. The statement was taken as a text in Protestant churches; stirring sermons were preached on this subject, and many pious people were worked up to a state bordering on mutiny and rage. But this statement was false, fradulent, and misleading, in that the classification was without foundation in fact, as was

clearly shown to the convention when the hearing on that subject occurred. The wrong done was in classifying sectarian institutions as undenominational. In truth, with few exceptions, the institutions classified by the League as undenominational were really under Protestant control and management, and if the truth had been told and the institutions properly classified, the statement would have shown that the Protestant institutions received in those ten years $4,598,330, instead of $365,467.

On account of all this sentiment stirred up by the opponents of the Catholic charitable and correctional institutions, it is not surprising that the friends of these institutions were somewhat alarmed lest injustice should be done them in the convention.

That body met May 8, 1894, and promptly organized by almost unanimously electing as its president that eminent and eloquent lawyer, Joseph H. Choate. In his opening address Mr. Choate mentioned many questions of importance to be acted upon by the convention, among them the school question. "Gentlemen," said he, "there is one other subject of universal concern; I mean the subject of education: the protection, the fostering, and permanent establishment of our common schools, and the discussion and perhaps the decision of that other and difficult question, whether due protection requires, and how far it requires, the retention of all public moneys from all rival sectarian institutions of learning."

Shortly after the convening of the convention the committees were appointed. Seventeen delegates were assigned to the Committee on Education, and a like number to that on Charities.

Frederick W. Holls, one of the delegates-at-large, was made chairman of the former committee, and Edward Lauterbach, also a delegate-at-large, was placed at the head of the Committee on Charities.

Mr. Holls claimed the honor of offering the second proposed amendment to the Constitution, and this was the amendment prepared by the League for the Protection of American Institutions.

Here is a copy of this proposition:

"Add to Article VIII. of the Constitution as now in force, at the end thereof, the following:

"SEC. 12. No law shall be passed respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; nor shall the State, or any county, city, town, village, or other civil division, use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation or otherwise, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining or aiding, by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or in any other manner, any church, religious denomination, or religious society; or any

institution, society, or undertaking which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

In fairness to Mr. Holls it is proper to state here, that in conversation with other delegates he disclaimed any intention of doing injustice to Catholic institutions, and professed not to see in this amendment any hidden meaning which might be construed as discriminating against them. It is just possible that he did not then see the "joker," which was subsequently exposed to view.

The thirty-four members of the two above-named committees, and the seventeen members of the committee on powers of the legislature, met in the Assembly Chamber, in the presence of a large audience, on the 6th of June, to listen to the arguments of Rev. James M. King, General Secretary of the League; William Allen Butler; Right Rev. William C. Doane; Rev. General Thomas J. Morgan; Rev. Dr. Baker; ex-Judge William H. Arnoux; and ex-Judge Henry E. Howland.

Dr. King opened the discussion by reading a carefully prepared paper, in which he professed to strongly favor the separation of church and state, and took the ground that the Catholic Church was encroaching on the financial and political affairs of the State, and therefore that it was the duty of the convention to adopt the Holls amendment. In support of his position he reiterated the false and misleading figures and classification of institutions contained in the circular sent out by the League.

One of the delegates who had, during the campaign, received from the League a copy of this amendment, gave some attention to its ambiguous wording, and came to the conclusion that it was capable of, and if adopted would be likely to receive, a construction which would enable all Dr. King's so-called "undenominational institutions" to draw public money for their support, but would prevent Catholic or Hebrew institutions from receiving a dollar. To satisfy himself and others on this point, he asked the doctor to explain the meaning and intended effect of the words "wholly or partially under sectarian or ecclesiastical control," and to tell the committees when an educational or charitable institution could be said to be under such control. The doctor hesitated as if he did not wish to frankly give his views on this question, and he finally evaded it by stating that five eminent lawyers of the League, William Allen Butler, Wheeler H. Peckham, Henry E. Howland, Dorman B. Eaton, and Cephas Brainard, had prepared the amendment after examining the constitutions of other States, and giving the

matter consideration for a period of a year or more, and that he would prefer to have one of these gentlemen answer the question. This reply did not seem to satisfy the committees, for they took it for granted that the doctor knew what he wanted to accomplish, and some of the members expressed surprise at his attempt to conceal his real purposes. Fortunately the next speaker was one of the lawyers who framed the article, William Allen Butler. In his advocacy of the amendment he followed on the lines laid down by Dr. King, false figures and false classification included, but he was outspoken and frank where the doctor was silent and evasive; for, when the aforesaid inquisitive delegate asked Mr. Butler to answer the following question, the response was given promptly and concisely.

"Mr. Butler," said this delegate, "I have in mind an orphan asylum containing children committed by the public authorities. The trustees of the institution are all laymen of different religious belief. Children of any denomination are received. No particular creed is taught to them. The religious services consist of readings from the Bible, singing of hymns, and addresses from clergymen and others, telling them to be good and they will be happy, or words to that effect. If this proposed amendment should be adopted, would this institution be prohibited thereby from receiving public money in payment for support of those inmates?"

"I should think not, sir," was the answer.

"Now, Mr. Butler," said this delegate, "let us go a step further; suppose a Catholic priest should enter that institution and instruct the inmates or some of them in the Catholic religion, and say Mass for them, would that have the effect of preventing payment?"

"I should say, sir, that it would."

These answers exposed the duplicity of the amendment, for they showed clearly, what Dr. King evidently did not want the committee to know, that if several Protestant denominations should unite in establishing asylums or schools, having lay trustees chosen from the various churches, receiving children of every denomination—Catholics particularly welcomed—and teaching only doctrines common to all, such institutions would be able to draw public money, whereas institutions in which the inmates received Catholic instruction, or took part in Catholic worship, would be held to be wholly or partly under sectarian or ecclesiastical control, and would on that account be prohibited from receiving public money.

If any doubt as to this construction existed in the minds of those who heard Mr. Butler's answers, the doubt must have been dispelled when they heard his reply to a question asked by Mr. Roche, a delegate from Troy.

"We have in Troy," said Mr. Roche, "an institution called the Troy Hospital. It is not a public institution, but receives the city's public patients. These patients are permitted freedom of worship. The city pays the hospital a weekly stipend for their maintenance. The trustees are all women, members of the order of Sisters of Charity, who have the care of the patients and management of the institution. I would like to know, Mr. Butler, if under the words 'payment for services' in this amendment the City of Troy would be prevented from paying for the support and care of its sick poor sent to that hospital?"

"I should say certainly it would," answered Mr. Butler, "provided the Sisters of Charity have the exclusive management and control of the institution."

This last answer showed that it was not only intended to cut off institutions in which Catholic worship was allowed, but also those which were managed exclusively by Catholic women wearing a religious garb.

Right Rev. William C. Doane, of Albany, was the next speaker. Dr. Doane is a very able and eloquent clergyman, and his words were listened to with much interest. He departed somewhat from the beaten track of the other speakers, but it was evident that he had not paid much attention to the construction or effect of the language of the amendment. He urged its adoption for the reason that it would make it impossible for any public money to be used under the direction of any ecclesiastical body or for the dissemination of any particular tenets. He praised Catholics for their religious zeal and their charitable works, but begged them not to put their hands into the treasury of Cæsar. "I am bound to say that if I were a Roman Catholic," said the doctor, "I should go to the extremest length that any Roman Catholic in the world goes in saying that my child, or cripple, or particular sinful relation, or friend, or my sick shall not be ministered to where the counsels of religion do not go with mercy to the body. I respect them for it. But I should be ashamed of myself if, having these convictions, I do not say I must pay for my convictions out of my own pocket and not out of the public purse."

The doctor's position struck the above-mentioned inquisitive

delegate as somewhat inconsistent, in that the doctor himself was a beneficiary from the public purse, and so he sought light again.

"Doctor," said he, "you have here in Albany a magnificent cathedral and a most excellent school—St. Agnes'—for which you deserve praise, but permit me to ask are these properties exempt by law from taxation?"

"They are, sir," was the answer.

"Do you favor exempting such property from taxation?"

"I do, sir," replied the doctor.

"Is there any difference in principle, doctor, in receiving money from the public treasury for services rendered the public, and the receiving an equal sum by way of the remission of taxes on church or school property?"

"The difference is this," said the doctor. "The church or the school is doing police work, reformatory work, and it relieves the State of so much work in punishing criminals by preventing crime, and therefore I believe it is service done by the church or school which earns a wage of exemption from taxation."

"All the parish schools and charitable institutions in the State are doing that same kind of work, and therefore earn public money," was the reply of the delegate as the doctor finished, without explaining the difference in principle above mentioned.

Judge Arnoux followed, but said little in favor of the amendment he came to support; in fact he repudiated it, for he said that Bishop Doane was wrong on the question; that there was no difference in principle between receiving a given sum of public money and having the State remit taxes to the same amount. He suggested an amendment providing for taxing church property, and paying money to such charitable institutions only as were owned and controlled by the State.

Dr. King was not pleased with this proposition of the judge, for he knew that if only public institutions were permitted to draw public funds his "undenominational" bodies would be placed on a par with those he called sectarian. This discussion and the questions and answers caused even Dr. King to admit that "there would have to be some change in the phraseology of the amendment," and Judge Howland also stated that the phraseology would have to be changed.

At this announcement, Mr. Moore, the good-natured delegate from Plattsburgh, remarked to his next neighbor that it seemed exceeding funny to him that five eminent lawyers

should spend two years preparing an amendment that "hayseed attorneys" knocked all to pieces in two hours.

Even before the opponents of the measure had been heard, it was evident that it was badly damaged by the revelations and admissions of its friends. The veil of duplicity and ambiguity had been lifted, and the true meaning of the amendment exposed to view.

It was reserved for its opponents to give it the finishing stroke at the next hearing, June 20. The eloquent and wise words of Frederick R. Coudert, supplemented by the sledge-hammer blows of Colonel George Bliss, had the effect of driving the friends of the measure from every position taken by them. The colonel not only demonstrated the falsity of Dr. King's figures, but showed beyond a doubt that, with very few exceptions, the large number of institutions designated by him as undenominational were "so far Protestant as to have Protestant officers, Protestant trustees, and a general Protestant management."

The final hearing, July 11, was made interesting by the calm, scholarly, and logical address of Elbridge T. Gerry, in opposing the amendment. When he finished it was tacitly understood that the amendment, as offered by Mr. Holls, was dead. But to satisfy the public clamor the majority was constrained to take some action. Each committee went to work in its own way. That on education began to examine the reports from the departments showing expenditures for schools, and the charity committee began to visit the charitable and correctional institutions. This work interested the members very much. The number, the extent, and the efficiency of the hospitals, orphan asylums, foundling asylums, correctional institutions, and houses for dependent children in New York City simply astonished the delegates from the rural districts. These were hard-headed, practical, sensible men, who desired to do right according to their best judgment, and it did not take them long to reach a correct conclusion, when they saw these institutions, and others like them up the State, and when they learned that it cost the public about $250 per year for the care and support of each inmate of the House of Refuge on Randall's Island, with surroundings nothing to brag about, whereas in the Catholic Protectory, the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, and similar institutions, the inmates were better housed, better clothed, better educated, and better cared for at a yearly cost of only $110 each. The committee speedily and unanimously reached the conclusion that public instead of pri-

vate care meant an increase of millions in public expenditures annually. This financial argument had more effect on members than the eloquence of a Choate, a Doane, or a King. This personal investigation and visitation had another good effect. It had been asserted during the discussion of the Holls amendment that Catholic institutions received so much public money for the support of inmates committed, that they were able not only to maintain these inmates but also were able to accumulate a large surplus, which was used by priests and pastors for the purpose of propagating the Catholic religion. When the delegates ascertained that it cost twice as much to maintain a boy in a public institution as was received for one in a private institution, the conclusion was inevitable that there could be no surplus. In justice to Mr. Choate it should be said that he stated to the convention, a few days before it adjourned, that he had been misinformed on this point, and that he became satisfied that no such surplus was accumulated.

Members of the education committee were somewhat surprised to learn, from reports submitted to them, that, aside from asylum schools, the only public money paid to sectarian schools was the small sum of about five thousand dollars a year, a part of the income of the literature fund distributed by the Regents of the University among thirty-four sectarian academies—nineteen Catholic and fifteen Protestant. Thus it was ascertained that, notwithstanding the alarming statements sent out by Dr. King's society to the effect that the school funds were being diverted to sectarian schools, not a dollar of public money was paid to a parochial school. The charge that such money was paid to parish schools at Poughkeepsie, West Troy, Plattsburgh, and Lima was answered by the fact that those schools were really public schools, leased by the boards of public instruction, and controlled by these boards.

During almost half a century the law provided for schools in orphan asylums—Catholic and Protestant. It was believed by several members that the first draft of the education article, prepared by the majority of the committee, would have the effect of doing away with these asylums schools, and so to save them the article was amended, but not without opposition, by adding a proviso to the effect that the article should not apply to schools in institutions subject to the visitation and inspection of the State Board of Charities.

It was also noticed by a member of the committee that the prohibition against the use of property or money for sectarian schools was so sweeping that it would cut off many of the

academies from receiving the Regents' examinations, and at his suggestion the section was further modified by prohibiting payment to such schools *other than for examination or inspection.*

In August the education committee made its report to the convention, and when their article was taken up for discussion it had the closest attention of that body. Little opposition was encountered until section 4 was reached; then the provision exempting schools in charitable institutions from the prohibition against payment met with earnest opposition from such men as Choate, Root, Holls, Gilbert, Cookingham, and Durfee, and was just as earnestly defended by Lauterbach, Peck, Cassidy, E. R. Brown, and others. Mr. Choate frankly expressed the real reason of the opposition when he stated that if the inmates of these institutions were to receive their tuition under the supervision of a religious body, or if it is to consist in whole or in part of religious tenets, the religious body that proposes to instil these tenets into the minds of those children shall pay for their education.

On the other hand, it was shown that it was safer, cheaper, and better to teach these children in the institutions than to send them out to public schools; and that no one wanted pay for teaching catechism or prayers, but that the State owed these little ones secular education.

It was also shown that, instead of taking from the people vast sums of money for school purposes, the Catholics, by maintaining their own schools, saved the public millions of dollars each year. The United States census for 1890 shows that the Catholic parish schools of this State educated that year 108,152 children. About forty thousand of these received instruction in the city of New York. The average cost for each child in the public schools is $30, so that if the city had to educate those parish school children it would be necessary to raise an additional sum of $1,200,000, and the interest on the capital necessary to provide additional school buildings would be $175,000 more. The 68,000 children educated outside New York City at $15 for each child would require $1,020,000, and interest on the cost of buildings $50,000 more, making a grand total saving of $2,445,000 per year to the public, and besides this the Catholics contributed their share of taxes toward the maintenance of public schools.

The discussion was continued during two days, and finally that part of the article which provided for schools in asylums and correctional institutions was struck out by a vote of 77 ayes against 60 noes.

This result, apparently a triumph for those opposed to asylum schools, did not discourage the minority voters, for, whilst a bare majority of those voting was enough to pass a measure through committee of the whole, it required 88 votes, or a majority of the delegates elected, to submit the article to the people.

During the discussions several delegates, who had voted with the majority on this measure, conceded that some provision should be made for the education of these children, but they thought it ought to come from the charity committee. At this time, however, the charity committee had not reported, and no one knew what their article would contain. This being the state of affairs, it became evident that the proper thing to do was to compromise, and this was done by a sort of tacit agreement that substantially what was struck out of the school article should be inserted in the charity article, and, therefore, when that article came from the committee, it not only provided for the care, support, and maintenance of inmates of orphan asylums, homes for indigent children, and correctional institutions, but also for *secular education.*

As finally adopted and ratified by the people, the provisions of the Constitution relating to these subjects are as follows:

ART. VIII.—RELATING TO CHARITABLE AND CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Section 13. Existing laws relating to institutions referred to in the foregoing sections, and to their supervision and inspection, in so far as such laws are not inconsistent with the provisions of the Constitution, shall remain in force until amended or repealed by the Legislature. The visitation and inspection herein provided for shall not be exclusive of other visitation and inspection now authorized by law.

Section 14. Nothing in this Constitution contained shall prevent the Legislature from making such provision for the education and support of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and juvenile delinquents as to it may seem proper; or prevent any county, city, town, or village from providing for the care, support, maintenance, and *secular education* of inmates of orphan asylums, homes for dependent children, or correctional institutions, whether under public or private control. Payments by counties, cities, towns, and villages to charitable, eleemosynary, correctional, and reformatory institutions; wholly or partly under private control, for care, support, and maintenance, may be authorized but shall not be required by the Legislature. No such payments shall be made for any such inmate of such institutions who is not received and retained therein pursuant

to the rules established by the State Board of Charities. Such rules shall be subject to the control of the Legislature by general laws.

ART. IX.—RELATING TO EDUCATION.

Section 4. Neither the State nor any subdivision thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used, directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance, other than for examination or inspection, of any school or institution of learning wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught.

The effect of the charity article is practically to continue payments in the same manner as before the convention met, except that payments cannot be compelled by the Legislature against the will of the local authorities. The article provides for "home rule" in these matters. It was deemed wise to prevent the Legislature from directing any civil division of the State to pay a gross sum to an institution whether it had inmates committed to it or not.

And now, looking over the whole ground, and considering the excitement and danger which threatened Catholic institutions during the campaign and at the opening of the convention, it can be safely said that these institutions have not only not lost by the work of the convention, but have positively gained; for after a most thorough examination and investigation, not an abuse or defect worth mentioning was found in any of them. One of the delegates said to the writer that he came prejudiced against these institutions, but went home satisfied that they were almost entirely free from fault. He said he found what he considered a gross wrong committed in an institution in Rochester, but it was not in a Catholic one. He said he found several Catholic children in a Protestant asylum or home. He asked the matron if she instructed these little ones in their own religion; she replied that she did not, and would not. He then asked if she intended to send them to an institution of their own faith, and she said she did not; that they were committed to her institution, and there they would remain until bound out. He next inquired whether she intended to bind them out to Catholic families, and she promptly answered that she had no such intention.

So far as Catholic schools are affected, little or nothing is taken away from them. No money was paid to parochial schools before the convention met, none can be paid now.

The really objectionable feature of the school article, and one which seems to affect all churches alike, is its implied condemnation of the Christian religion. It leaves the impression on the mind of the reader that a school under the control of a religious denomination, or in which denominational doctrines or tenets are taught, is something dangerous to the State—so dangerous, indeed, that it must never be encouraged by public aid. There seems to be nothing in section 4 of the school article prohibiting the Legislature from voting millions of money to the Ingersolls for founding and conducting schools in which religious denominations and tenets may be reviled or ridiculed, but not a penny for that religion which has been held to be a part of the common law of our State. If, however, our Protestant brethren can stand this state of affairs, simply for the sake of spiting others, Catholics can undoubtedly exist under them until such time as the good people of this State discover that the best way to encourage and propagate the growth of anarchy and nihilism, as well as public and private peculation, is to exclude religious teaching from the schools.

It was stated above that Catholic schools had lost nothing, but how about the Catholic academies that had shared in the income of the literature fund at the hands of the Regents? The answer is that the Constitution makes little or no change in the status of Catholic and Protestant academies. They cannot now receive attendance money, or money from the library fund, but they can receive, as usual, the money distributed for "credentials" earned, owing to the exception in section 4 permitting payment for "examination or inspection." At a recent meeting of the Regents this construction was given to the article, and the sectarian academies are to share in this fund for 1895, and future years.

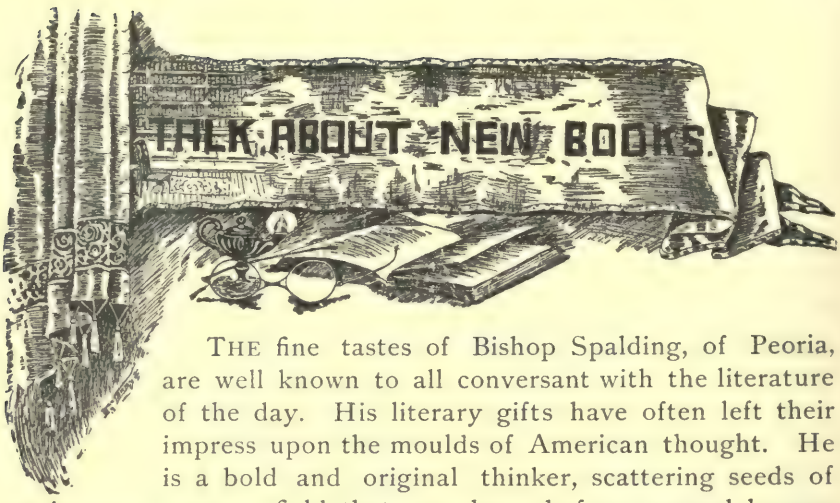
There is undoubtedly much in section 4 needing the construction of the courts. What constitutes a school "wholly or partly under a religious denomination"? What is meant by any "denominational doctrine or tenet"? The scholarly Mr. Holls gave the convention no definition of these words, although he did say it was not intended to cut off all religion from the schools. If this be so what may be taught? Take away the distinctive doctrine of every religious denomination, and what is left? Who is to determine? The Court of Appeals, of course; and then we shall have, in the schools, a court-made religion, a state religion, a sort of union between church and state, just what Dr. King professed not to want.

AVE, GRATIA PLENA.

Toronto Public Library Ontario.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THE clinging mist—
Wan smoke from lamp extinct uprist—
Drifts thin along the cold dusk land,
And caught therethrough are star-sparks flung
Smouldering from the white-flamed moon.
Night-noon,
And Gabriel slants to the round world's rim,
Dim face and grave of him
Transfixt in rapt love's stare;
His rayonnant hair
In sharp lines meshed athwart Mars' essonite
Behind his shoulder swung.
Beyond brown Carmel the Midland Sea
Quaps jet-silvern ceaselessly.
Come! Come! Come!
Longs yon lone nightingale with upper green of olive leaves athrill
Against her heart-leaps,—Come, strange Love!
Death-still
The maiden Mary kneels, red lips disparted for a questioning
At plaint insistent of the Ghostly Dove.
Then lo! the lit gold air,
And there
A voice made wonderful by old God-converse face to face:
"Hail, full of grace!"



THE fine tastes of Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, are well known to all conversant with the literature of the day. His literary gifts have often left their impress upon the moulds of American thought. He is a bold and original thinker, scattering seeds of genius over many a field that may have before seemed barren, and spurring on perhaps many a halting worker by his presentations of high incentives and attainable goals. We know him chiefly as a master of virile prose; yet our own pages have often reflected the flashes of the gentler beam of his lighter studies. What verses he has published revealed a power of expression in metrical numbers not inferior to that familiar to us in his nervous prose. We have now a volume of poems from his pen which confirms the impression.*

In the varied field of German literature the author has found a delight which he endeavors to impart to others not so conversant with the Teutonic tongue as he. We ought to feel grateful for the boon, for the treasures of modern German literature are as yet but little known here, except to the very favored few. There is a crowd of lyrical poets whose works are full of tender fancy and rich appreciation of nature, yet the average English reader knows nothing of any German poetry but that of Schiller, Goethe, Heine, Freiligrath, and a few others. In the odes and ballads of the multitude of modern German singers we get a much more luminous view of the emotional side of the German character than in the loftier epic or tragedy of the great masters. If that side of the German mind present to us sometimes views of nature which seem far-fetched and conceits which appear trivial or infantile, they reveal to us also an ingenuousness and a healthy natural sympathy far more delightful to contemplate than the polished and perfect productions of the more classical schools of Italy and France.

* *Songs, chiefly from the German.* By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. Chicago: A. J. McClurg & Co.

Bishop Spalding's work may be regarded somewhat as that of the late James Clarence Mangan, who was perhaps the greatest master in this field that ever appeared. His renderings are adaptations rather than translations. In some he has rejected the rhymed ending, no doubt with a view of imparting the spirit of the original with greater effect. His choice of verbal vehicles leads him sometimes to the more intractable and unplastic elements of English, things that do not readily fall into the drill-step of the rhyme-master; but if we can realize the effect, the seeming irregularity by which it is sometimes wrought must be accepted as part of the design.

Some of the shorter lyrics in this volume are gems of poetic crystallization. What could be more tenderly pathetic than this brief last will and testament of some moribund singer, entitled

"O Friends of Mine, uphang when I am Dead.

"O friends of mine, uphang when I am dead
This little harp, above the altar there,
Where hang so many wreaths just overhead
Of gentle maids who died when spring was fair.

"The sexton then to travellers will show
This little harp with ribbons red entwined,
Which fall and float in peaceful rhythmic flow
Beneath the golden chords in evening wind.

"And oft, so he shall tell, at sunset hour
The strings with tenderest melody do thrill,
And children playing near in fragrant bower
Behold the wreaths tremble and then grow still."—*Holtz.*

A piece entitled "A Battle Hymn," after the gallant and gifted Körner, gives an example of a peculiar form of rhyme, as well as an evidence of the nobility of motive which fired the heart and nerved the arm of the patriot poet who died so very young, but not too young for fame. The hymn is a fine companion ode to the "Song of the Sword."

"A Battle Hymn.

"Father, on thee I call!
The smoke of battle rises like a cloud
And roaring cannon make the heavens loud:
Thou battle-leader, thee I call;
Father, lead thou me on.

"Father, lead thou me on:
Lead me to victory, lead me to death,
Thou art my God, of thee I hold life's breath:
Lord, as thou wilt, lead thou me on;
My God, thee I confess.

"My God, thee I confess:
As in the awful rush of the cyclone,
So in the storm of battle's thunder-tone,
Fountain of good, thee I confess;
Father, uphold thou me.

"Father, uphold thou me:
Into thy hands my life I freely give,
Thou may'st it take, as thou alone mak'st live;
Eternal God, uphold thou me;
Father, thee I do praise.

"Father, thee I do praise:
It is no battle for mere earthly good;
The holiest defend we with our blood,
Then dying, conquering, thee I praise;
God, thee myself I give.

"God, thee myself I give:
If death come now to me in battle's storm,
If on the plain be cast my lifeless form,
To thee, my God, myself I give;
Father, on thee I call."

We would fain go on reproducing examples from this fascinating volume of little-known anthology, but it is better to recommend lovers of good poetry to get the book itself and spend a couple of hours in the gracious company of the gifted bards whom Bishop Spalding knows so well. The typography and production of the book are worthy of the contents.

The name of Louise Imogen Guiney shows from two title-pages just to hand. A tiny bundle of sonnets inspired by her recent travels in England reveals her cunning hand and quaint taste. The book is all printed in Oxford black-letter, and therefore looks very mediæval or Early English. In the poems the same rich play of fancy and bold imagery with which the poet's previous work has made us familiar display themselves throughout.

The other work is a small volume of prose with an odd title —*Lovers' St. Ruth's.** It embraces four tales with entirely dif-

* *Lovers' Saint Ruth's, and Three Other Tales.* By Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Copeland & Day.

ferent themes. The story which gives the title to the book is an idyll of English country life—a tragic one too. In other hands the tale must have seemed repulsive in its main features, but the author's treatment of it is that of the skilful surgeon dealing with the boldness of a master with a deadly sore or monstrous growth of bone or flesh. The second story, which is called "Our Lady of the Union," is a wonderful effort to reconcile the practical world of a soldier's life in the great Civil War here with the mysticism of such romance as that which fired and transfigured the Maid of Orleans. The story is a great tragic poem, high-toned, solemn, weird, and perfect in its unity. "An Event on the River," which is the third of the stories, is a finely conceived domestic drama, with an Italian youth as the central figure, and a development that would serve for the theme of a romantic opera of the old "Bohemian Girl" school. The last of the series is an Irish story called "The Provider." It is not true to its subject, and is utterly unnatural. To picture an Irish boy, even though of a poetical tendency, deliberately planning suicide and the murder of a little sister, for the purpose of bringing some physical comfort to a suffering, poverty-stricken mother, is to strain the artistic licenses beyond all legitimate bounds. There is no Irish boy so dull as not to know that the suffering such a deed must bring to a mother's heart would be far beyond anything which poverty and sickness could ever bring. Besides this false conception of character, the additional blemish of the outrageous Irish dialect adopted by *Puck* and other scoffers at Celtic ways is found in Miss Guiney's dialogue—such as the spelling "phwat" for "what," and the utterly pointless "bhoy" for "boy." Nobody in Ireland says "toime" for "time," nor "Oi" for "I." These things are all Saxon abominations. Other grotesque things occur in the course of this story, such as the locating of an "Anti-Sassenach Bank" in Belfast (the one city in Ireland where the Sassenach has any real foothold), which must cause the initiated to smile. No *technique*, however skilful, can hide such blots as these or obscure the glaring radical defects of the story. But it is amply atoned for by the merits of the other three.

The style cynical may be tolerated in a tract or a story that may be galloped through in some interval like the *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner, to sharpen one's appetite. But the cynicism which ventures an exhibition in a thirty-four-chaptered

story, and pervades every sentence in every chapter, is more likely to banish appetite than intensify it. Such may be said to be the case with regard to a novel called *A Pitiless Passion*, whose author is given as Ella MacMahon. As there is a lady of that name whose work is well known to Catholic readers, and admired very justly, it would be well to have the point settled at once whether or not the author of this book and another called *A Modern Man* is the lady known to us or another bearing or assuming her name.

A Pitiless Passion treats us for the multi-millionth time to the weary story of the love of one person for the wife or husband of another. In this case it is the husband. This husband has married a woman for whom he thought he entertained a proper affection, but finds that he has been deceived by her and her mother about a terrible failing of hers. The young girl whom he thought all perfection turns out to be an habitual drunkard, and when he makes the discovery he loaths her, and then proceeds to fall in love with her cousin, while this lady has been for years secretly in love with him.

To do the impossible is the task of a fool; to believe it the faith of an idiot. Yet this is just what the author of *A Pitiless Passion* endeavors to achieve in the chapters devoted to the excusing of those two unhappy persons for getting themselves into this dilemma. Both are altruists in theory, so that while they are madly impelled to the gratification of their unlawful passion, altruism urges them to save each other from such a sinful culmination. There is a dreadful war between altruism and egoism, and the result is a drawn battle, since only the death of the man puts an end to his misery, after the woman had heroically made up her mind that to marry another man for whom she did not care was preferable to becoming a mistress. This is the whole story which occupies the thirty-four chapters of this book. It is discussed in the plainest and most forcible terms, and with a great deal of power at times. All through there runs a current of cynical sayings, mingled with scattered texts of Scripture and Shaksperean quotations, indicating that the writer has at all events made some study of the two great authorities, whether she (if a she) had profited by the teaching of the greater one or not.

To make this woman—Magdalen Ponsonby—struggling with a guilty passion for a man who made no such struggle but did his best to conquer her,—to make her appear as really actuated by unselfish motives is what the author in many passages en-

deavors to do. About the thing which is called love in such cases there can be no doubt or confusion in honest minds. It is the basest of human instincts, and the culmination of all human selfishness. The discussion of it in the labored analytical way in which it is treated in this novel reveals a curious bent of mind. Why such subjects are selected by women as themes for painstaking expatiation, is one of those inexplicable things about the sex which establishes it as a contradiction and an enigma.

The title *A Modern Man*, which is also a production of Ella MacMahon's, suggests a type. It is likely enough that there are such persons as Merton Byng, the character which the writer has selected—a man whose affections easily travel from one enchantress to another, and can return just as readily to his former love when repulsed by the latter. There are fickle men, and men base enough to lie about their fickleness; and yet they are not typical men, if we consider the matter fairly. But even if they were typical, it is hard to discover what good is to be done by writing about them in the cynical, jesting way which Ella MacMahon adopts. The book is a Mephistophelian sort of production—a prolonged sneer at mankind, and at some types of womankind too. It does not stand upon trifles when describing its characters or their acts or language. Although there is nothing actually immoral in its situations or suggestions, its tone is bold, and a spirit of mock levity pervades it throughout. Books of this class warn us against the danger of living in a fools' paradise. Some people had thought that the wave of erotic and decadent literature, to which women contributed so large a quota, had spent its force. It would appear only to have changed its color and form somewhat, and taken a different direction.

A republication of Theodore Roosevelt's *New York*, written some years ago as one of the "Historic Towns"* series, edited by Professor Freeman and Rev. W. Hunt, seems to have been determined on with a view to enable the author to subjoin a chapter covering the present crisis in the city's history. There may not be the best of wisdom in such a determination, if the new edition be really due to it, as the crisis is by no means a thing of the past, and little, therefore, can be drawn from it either as moral or example in the perplexing problem of muni-

**Historic Towns. New York.* By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

cipal government in great centres. In his present official position Mr. Roosevelt, though doing a world of good in insisting on the enforcement of law, is not favorably placed for the acquisition of the "historical temperament," whatever be his facilities for gaining possession of the facts. His postscript deals almost exclusively with recent developments in the city, and runs in the lines of the numerous public utterances of the author since he was called upon to assume the responsibilities of Chief Commissioner of Police. While we may give credit to the official for the public spirit in which he has discharged his duty, we cannot concede that the historical value as such of his history of New York is enhanced by a discussion in which he is so noted a participant. With this reservation, we can gladly hail the reissue of the volume. Its literary merits are high. He sketches the early history of the settlers with an easy and picturesque pen.

When the burning questions of religion come forward for treatment amongst the others he preserves the most evident desire to be impartial and to treat all parties fairly. His chapter dealing with the acquirement of constitutional privileges under the Catholic governor, Thomas Dongan, gives every credit to the liberality of his administration; but it must be owned, for one who has rightly laid such emphasis on the necessity of obedience to enacted laws, that his excuses for the lawless uprising of the German Williamite, Leisler, and the Orange partisans, against the lawful authorities of the city in 1689, outstrip the limits of generosity. Furthermore, it is to be noted that whilst Mr. Roosevelt does not hesitate to classify James II. as a stupid and cruel bigot, he uses no such term toward his successor, whose first present to New York was a governor who deprived the Roman Catholic citizens of the liberty of conscience which was granted to every one by King James. The anomalous position of these two monarchs is thus clearly illustrated. King James may have been a bigot in theory, but his practice did not show it. King William posed as the champion of "civil and religious liberty," but his acts toward his Roman Catholic subjects were more like those of the Pagan Roman emperors toward the early Christians than those of a mere despot blinded by unreasoning hate and childish passion. The constant reiteration of shibboleths is, however, a strong thing, as we find when even men like Mr. Roosevelt, striving to be thoroughly fair, are insensibly coerced by them into sins of omission and commission like these.

A new work on elocution,* by Rev. Philip Williams, O.S.B., and Ven. F. Celestine Sullivan, O.S.B., the professors of that art at St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, deserves the attention of orthoëpists and teachers. It is for the class of beginners chiefly that the work is written and compiled, and the methods recommended to embryo orators seem to be sound. A good selection of examples for recitation has been made. It includes some American Catholic writers of the present day, including Professor Maurice F. Egan, Father Alfred Young, and Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly; but lest these and others should be inflated with vanity at finding themselves bracketed with Shakspere and Milton, it is explained that no offence to such great names is intended. The book has been produced at the printing-office of the college of St. Benedict's, and it deserves unqualified praise for its typography and binding.

Although there is an antique flavor about some of the reflections contained in the book, the advice and admonitions of the late Bishop of Montpellier, Monseigneur Le Courtier, addressed to ladies in retreat,† and now republished in an English dress, have still as forcible an applicability to women who are in the world as when they were first given out. These sober appeals to consciences crusted over with worldly anxieties and social vanities must in their time have stirred some sluggish pulses. Society and custom are the tyrants of to-day no less than in the year in which the words were penned. There are many very estimable persons who imagine that to be "in society," and to be a little tolerant of its follies, is by no means incompatible with the keeping up of a decent show of pious living. It was to such easy, self-complacent people that the bishop's words were originally addressed, and the somewhat pessimistic tone which pervades much of his work shows that this class formed the stiffest soil of any for the spiritual plough. The style of these admonitions has little to remind one that it is French. It is neither emotional nor exclamatory, but resembles rather good solid English of the last century, and there is much serviceable and practical suggestion embodied in each of its chapters.

Of hand-books and manuals of English literature there be a multitude, and yet to the judicious mind there is room

* *Elements of Expression, Vocal and Physical.* By Rev. Philip Williams, O.S.B., and Ven. F. Celestine Sullivan, O.S.B. Atchison, Kan.: Abbey Student Print, St. Benedict's College.

† *Thoughts and Counsels for Women of the World.* By Monseigneur Le Courtier, Bishop of Montpellier. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

for more. The want of methodical arrangement and scientific aim in most of those already existing is painfully apparent. We owe it to Brother Noah, of the Christian Schools fraternity, that some effort has been made to rectify this slovenliness. He has just published a manual* which can confidently be recommended as useful. The grouping and classification of the authors follow an intelligent system, and the relationship between literary work and the active life of the various times at which it was produced is clearly demonstrated. By this method the student gets practical help in the acquisition of historical knowledge, somewhat resembling that gained by the use of physical charts in the study of geography. There is room for another volume of a similar kind wherein the work of American *littérateurs* may find adequate recognition, for as yet but scanty justice has been done them by their own country.

In the *Cathedral Calendar and League Annual* for 1896 a pleasing record of work done for the promotion of organized worship of the Adorable Sacrament will be found, besides much information of the work of the League of the Sacred Heart and the Cathedral Library Association. The annual serves a double purpose—that of an ecclesiastical almanac and a stimulus to pious deeds and increased devotion to the Sacred Heart.

In the annual report of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa there is an extended account of the fifth yearly meeting of the organization, from which we gain an idea of the substantial good effected through its operations. One of the most striking material results achieved during the year was the immunity which Ottawa enjoyed from the visits of the professional escaped nuns and "converted" priests who had previously found a happy hunting-ground in the city. The less manifest blessings of enlightenment silently but not the less surely flowing from the constant diffusion of Catholic truth, in print as well as orally, furnish the strongest incitement to the continuation of the work of the Catholic Truth Society, in Canada and elsewhere. Much stress is laid, in the report, upon the grievous loss the Ottawa society has sustained in the death of Sir John Thompson, who had been a most active member and promoter of the society.

"Leprosy, and the Charity of the Church to its Victims," by Rev. L. W. Mulhane, gives us, within the limits of a pam-

* *English Literature: A Manual for Academies, High-schools, and Colleges.* By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. New York: P. O'Shea.

phlet, a vivid picture of the ravages of the horrible plague to which Father Damien fell a willing victim, and the mighty efforts of the Catholic Church to mitigate the lot of its unhappy victims. There is something profoundly impressive in the recital. It gives one a new view of things. It opens to our eyes a realm of horror outside our daily ken, lighted up by the fires of unconquerable self-sacrifice and noblest charity. The pamphlet is published at Mount Vernon, Ohio.

Rev. Dr. Zahm's address on "The Necessity of Developing Scientific Studies in Ecclesiastical Seminaries," delivered at the Brussels Scientific Conference, has been printed by Polleunis & Cruterick, 37 Rue des Ursulines, Brussels. It is a masterful and scholarly discourse, needless to say, and its tone eminently hortatory throughout.

"Catholic School Chimes" is the title of a choice collection of hymns, with music, suitable for little people in parochial schools. The compiler, G. Fischer, has made a good selection, and his work has been well helped out by the printer, in excellent notation and typography. A tasteful collection of secular songs is embodied in the work, whose publishers are Fischer & Brother, New York and Toledo, Ohio.

Just before going to press we received a copy of the annual *Report of the Commissioner of Education*, vol. i., for the year 1892–93. The volume is a massive one, containing 1,224 pages of closely-printed matter, including many valuable statistical tables. The report gives not only a comprehensive view of the position of educational progress in the United States, but deals exhaustively and in a most luminous way with the chief European systems. Amongst the criticisms embodied in it is the following on the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago, by Will S. Monroe, in the Boston *Journal of Education:*

"The Catholics of the United States, England, and France have made a very large educational exhibit—too large in quantity for purposes of study, the same lines of work being duplicated over and over. Needle and art work constitute a very large part of the exhibit. The former bears evidence of great skill, but the latter does not take high rank as art work, the works being too often copies and these stiff and mechanical. Most of the teaching orders of both men and women, representing every grade of instruction, exhibit their work, that of

the Brothers of the Christian Schools and the Sisters of Notre Dame taking highest rank. If the Blessed John Baptist de la Salle could know the widespread influence of his teachings, and the reverent consideration of his memory at this time, he would indeed realize that his great life-work had not been in vain. The Brothers of the Christian Schools exhibit some very good work, more especially in English. The altar constructed by the pupils of the St. Joseph's Orphan Home, Columbus, Ohio, is a fine piece of work in manual training. St. Benedict's Academy, Chicago, submits some excellent pen-drawings, as does also the Institute of our Lady at Longwood. For 13-year-old boys, the plumbing sent by St. Francis' Industrial School at Eddington, Pa., is very superior. It is interesting to find in the Catholic educational exhibit the introduction of elementary science in the lower grades. The St. James' and the St. Stanislaus' schools, Chicago, have done some creditable work in this line. In the exhibit of the Diocese of Covington, Ky., one finds a number of pieces of creditable water-color paintings. Some well-written compositions come from Manhattan College, New York, and the history charts made at the Ursuline Academy, Pittsburg, show considerable ingenuity. The needlework throughout the Catholic exhibit is excellent; it is one of the strongest features of the exhibit. The garments from the Colored Industrial Institute, Pine Bluff, Ark., are well made. Rock Hill College, Maryland, makes an interesting collection of woods, and the schools of Philadelphia show good wood-carvings."

I.—THE ROMAN COURT.*

It must be evident that much ambiguity and ignorance exist, even among Catholics, on the subject of the origin, organization, scope, and procedure of the Court of Rome, in its capacity as Central Executive of the Church Universal. When the Papal Delegate first arrived in the United States the confusion in the lay mind regarding his official status and the scope of his mission gave rise to some curious misapprehensions. There is no reason for wonder that such should be the case. Hitherto the literature on the subject of the Papal Court was to be found only outside the pale of the English language. English-speaking Catholics have reason to be grateful to the Rev. Peter A. Baart, S.T.L., who has removed this obstacle to the acquisition of au-

* *The Roman Court.* By the Rev. Peter A. Baart, S.T.L. Milwaukee: Hoffmann Brothers Company.

thentic knowledge on the subject. In a single-volume treatise, which he has just published, we get all the information that is needed on the growth of offices and titles in the church, the antiquity of these offices, the sphere of duties attaching to them, the legal procedure of the various departments of the church government, the powers of nuncios, legates, ablegates, delegates, and other functionaries on whom power is devolved in settling questions in which the church is concerned in every part of the world. We may remark that one of the most useful portions of this valuable treatise is that in which the scope and design of the Congregation of the Index are set forth, and we would commend it to all those who have derived their notions of the subject from the vague immemorial *gobemouche* stories which have come down to us concurrently with the fee-faw-fum legends about the terrible Jesuits. In the concluding chapter of the book Father Baart throws light on the origin and etymology of the officials called protonotaries. In the very beginning of the church protonotaries were men appointed in the various dioceses by the bishops to note the proceedings against Christians, and keep a record of their speech and acts while under examination before the pagan tribunals or undergoing martyrdom. When the persecutions ceased the office was perpetuated, the duty assigned to it being the recording of all decrees and enactments affecting the church—an historical registry office, so to speak. Many changes in the duties and privileges of the office have taken place in the lapse of ages, and the rules now applying to it are very exact. They will be found most minutely set forth in this most luminous work.

2.—MEMOIR OF FATHER DIGNAM, S.J.*

We have very great pleasure in turning to the pages of this memoir from the hours wasted in reading the inflated puerilities of a book with the absurd title, *Christ's Idea of the Supernatural.* It is breathing the healthy air from the sea and mountain or over broad uplands, with an infinite height of sky above them, after choking in a fog. We gather from the preface, which is written by Father Purbrick, a member of the same illustrious order as the subject of the memoir, that the latter is the work of a leading member of the Institute of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God.

With this lady Father Dignam was associated "in the

* *Memoir of Father Dignam, S.J.* Printed for the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, the Convent, Brentford, London.

creation, organization, and construction" of a new congregation of religious women. She therefore had exceptional opportunities of observing the principles upon which he acted, as well as of obtaining a knowledge of the various phases of his character. In turn she was associated with him in the revival and establishment of the Apostleship of Prayer in England, and, as Father Purbrick well expresses it, "in this all-absorbing interest of his on behalf of the Divine Master she had anew every opportunity of knowing him most thoroughly."

We have in the insight of this lady into the character of Father Dignam means of knowing how he stood in the judgment of a holy woman of organizing and administrative talent. This insight would of itself afford abundant material for one of those charming monographs in which we see a living man in whom we have a vital interest; and not a bundle of qualities, or a corpse in process of dissection. But there is more than that here, for the author of the memoir had before her Father Dignam's correspondence with his sister for over forty years. The bond between him and this sister was the most intimately perfect we can have on earth. It has conditions which, for the development of intellectual or spiritual culture, are more advantageous than those of parent and child, of brother and brother, as well as being free from certain restraints of these relationships besides. She it was who had first influenced him in taking the step to enter the Society of Jesus; and from the time of his being a scholastic in the order he poured out to her his soul until the last moment when the good and faithful servant was called upon to enter into the joy of his Lord. We shall transcribe one letter to this sister:

During the Exposition at the Triduum in 1865 he wrote her: "I recalled your words, 'What a happy year it has been for you.' Yes, the year had passed, and I knelt before the same Lord as I did last year at the Forty Hours, and thought of all he had given me—all he had rescued me from; the graces only to be estimated in eternity into that one short year. Oh! my heart echoed your words, 'What a happy year.' And yet the year gone is a serious thought." All these chapters breathe the same spirit, and are so natural, with here and there little characteristic touches telling of the family tie, common modes of thought, the intricate network of associations binding heart to heart, soul to soul.

Thank God, we can sometimes inhale a Catholic atmosphere even in the nineteenth century!

3.—SERMONS FOR ALL SEASONS.*

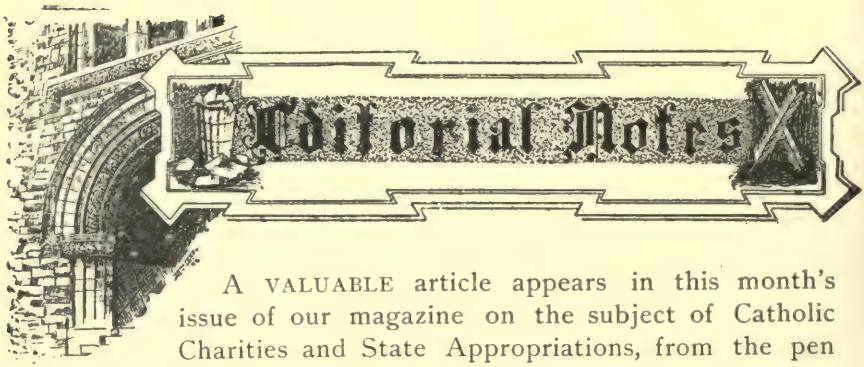
The issue of the concluding volumes of Hunolt's Sermons (vols. xi. and xii.) brings to a close an undertaking of a very onerous character, and one which reflects much credit on the publishers, the Messrs. Benziger. The Rev. Francis Hunolt, of the Jesuit order, was the preacher of the Cathedral of Treves for many years. In his official capacity he was called upon to expound the word of God and the law of the church upon every phase and problem of the religious life. He did so with a fulness, a clearness, and a harmonious ease of expression which entitle him to rank among the foremost exponents of the Christian doctrine, of modern times. The body of sermons which he has left as a monument is an encyclopædic work. The work of translating these discourses into English was undertaken by the Rev. J. Allen, D.D., a missionary priest now stationed at Queenstown in South Africa. The labor was a herculean one; what it really amounted to may be remotely guessed from the number and size of the volumes. A dozen tomes, each containing over five hundred pages of the same size as those of this magazine, meaning a total of about a quarter of a million of words—a monument of learning and patience of a verity! Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the Messrs. Benziger for the care evinced in the typography of this great work; and the excellence of the printing is matched by the solidity and appropriateness of the binding.

Vols. xi. and xii. are devoted as a whole to the general subject of "The Christian's Model." This embraces seventy-four sermons, adapted to the Sundays and holydays of the year. Many of them contain eloquent panegyrics of the ancient city of Treves and its glorious army of martyrs.

A complete index of all the sermons, classified under their different headings, is given at the end of vol. xii.

As models of style these sermons may not be of special service to the English-speaking student. But as examples of soundness of doctrine, copious explanation, and heartfelt fervor of eloquence of another country and a former school and style, they cannot but afford a profitable result to the diligent student.

* *The Christian's Model; or, Sermons on the Life and Death of Christ, the Example and Virtues of Mary, and other Chosen Saints of God.* By the Rev. Father Francis Hunolt. Translated by the Rev. J. Allen, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.



A VALUABLE article appears in this month's issue of our magazine on the subject of Catholic Charities and State Appropriations, from the pen of Mr. McDonough, one of the delegates-at-large to the Constitutional Convention of last year. The delegates-at-large, while they count but for one vote each at such conventions, when questions come to a division, represent the general constituency and not any particular district or locality. It will be seen that in Mr. McDonough's recital of the convention's proceedings over the schools and charities' appropriations, the position we contended for in our article on the subject last year was fully sustained.

Lurid and ominous indeed was the opening of the year 1896. War-clouds, conjured up as if by magic in both hemispheres, seemed ready to burst in several quarters. But the immediate danger has passed, although no one can say whether or not it may reappear at any moment. The proximate cause of war in each case was the inordinate rapacity of Great Britain in the pursuit of new territory.

Mr. Cleveland's message to Congress with regard to the Venezuelan boundary seemed at one time like the blast of the war-bugle, awaking martial echoes on both continents. The appointment of a commission to examine the historical evidence on the boundary-line gave no assurance of any more than time for deliberation on both sides. The tone of the press in this country and Great Britain was in the main warlike, but events have occurred since then which have moderated the bellicose mood of Great Britain at least.

Like a bolt from the blue came a war-note from no less a personage than the Emperor of Germany, Queen Victoria's grandson. This entirely uncontrollable and irresponsible monarch startled the world one morning by despatching a telegram to the President of the Dutch Republic in South Africa, congratu-

lating him on the victory of the Boers over a Scotch adventurer, Dr. Jameson, who had led a filibustering party from British South Africa into the Transvaal. The Dutch sharp-shooters met the band at the frontier and doubled the invaders up, as they did the British regulars under Sir George Colley, at Laing's Nek, some score of years previously.

It is claimed by the British that they hold a suzerainty over the Transvaal, and this is why the Emperor's telegram was taken as a thunderclap. The words of the message plainly intimated that if Great Britain intended to make a grab at the Transvaal again, she would find German needleguns facing her.

This was regarded as unkind and uncalled for in Great Britain, but Mr. Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary, for all that found it desirable to repudiate Dr. Jameson and his raid, and hasten to assure the Boers that it was all a mistake to think England wanted the Transvaal. But it is said that since then the Boer government has come into possession of evidence showing that Dr. Jameson acted with the connivance of the British South African Company, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and, indirectly, of the home government. These discoveries may prove very embarrassing to Great Britain, but they may have a good result on the Venezuelan question.

Amidst these various distractions the sufferings of the wretched Armenian people have been overlooked. Nothing suits the Moslem better than angry controversies between the European powers. These enable him to go on in his career of cruelty unchecked. He is indulging his natural propensities at the expense of the Armenians, on a scale which seems to surpass all his former exploits in massacre and brutality. Horrifying accounts come in daily, telling of whole districts devastated and strewn with corpses and smoking ruins, and women and children carried off by the thousand to become Moslem slaves. The cry of a martyred people ascends to heaven, and it seems to fall unheeded on Christian ears.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AS KING OF ENGLAND.

(*From the Literary Digest.*)

THE following communication is likely to create widespread interest. Disputes about royal succession have before now convulsed great nations with civil war, and as Albert Edward, the present Prince of Wales, is very unpopular with staid and sober Englishmen, and only tolerated as the Queen's son in English society outside of the "fast set," it is not impossible that there is trouble in store for Great Britain when Queen Victoria dies. The *Frankfürter Zeitung*, Frankfürt, says:

"We receive from a European capital (not London) the following communication. It has been sent to us in a way bordering on mystification, and its contents have been noted with much astonishment. We would regard the matter as a belated or advanced April-foolery, were it not that the form and tone of the manuscript prove that the writer is very much in earnest. Besides, we know that some most curious political sects in Great Britain and elsewhere uphold the most remarkable ideas. The Jacobites, for instance, who to this day defend the rights of the Stuarts against the usurpers of the Hanoverian-English dynasty, are no single exception. We give the communication as a curiosity, but wish to point out that it may possibly indicate the existence of a deeply hidden current, whose aims cannot yet be determined. The communication runs as follows:

"'Many people will be astonished to hear of an English Succession question, yet it exists. The Prince of Wales was born in 1841; his sister, the Empress Frederick, was born in 1840. As a rule it is thought that sons have precedence of daughters in the heirship of thrones. But in England this is *not* the case. The laws of succession in the Royal Family, as far as there are any, make no difference between sons and daughters, but speak of children only. This sensational discovery must be credited to the late historian Froude, and the most enthusiastic defenders of this idea are, in England, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Methuen, and last, but not least, the celebrated writer and publisher, William T. Stead, of *The Review of Reviews*. The latter points out that England has ever been greater under her queens than under her kings, and Victoria II. would be very popular.

"'Curiously enough, however, the Princess Royal is likely to decline the honor, probably because, after her death, the crown would go to her eldest son, *Emperor William II.*, and because she thinks it impossible to unite the two gigantic empires. She has, therefore, declared that the crown should go to her younger son, Prince Henry of Prussia. Emperor William II., however, will insist upon getting his rights as eldest child of the eldest child, and as such he is the legitimate heir, and no one else. He is convinced that a union of the two empires would be of advantage not only to Great Britain and Germany, but to the whole

world. Emperor William is certainly not the kind of man that will allow his rights to be infringed, but he has tact enough not to mention the matter during the life of his grandmother. Perhaps it will now be understood what he meant when he said that *the German army and the German navy will one day cross the ocean.* Until recently Froude's discovery was known to few persons, but Mr. Stead will undoubtedly take care to make the idea popular. At any rate, when Queen Victoria I. dies—which may God prevent for many years—England will experience great surprises.' "

We have given a verbal translation of this extraordinary communication, because the English papers have only given an extract which makes it appear as if Germany and her Emperor intend to threaten Great Britain. The German papers as yet choose to apply the principle of *totschweigen* to this communication; that is, they mean to kill it by silence.

THE BURNING QUESTION.

(*From the Homiletic Review.*)

THOSE who imagine that renewed prosperity will end the labor agitations do not know what elemental forces of human nature and what fundamental principles of the social system are involved.

All classes admit the existence of great evils; all are willing to have them removed, provided that their removal does not demand of them personal sacrifices. Everything is deemed lawful if only selfishness maintain its supremacy. Property is sacred, no matter how obtained; possession is nine points in law, though the possessor be the devil. The mere suggestion that the present system may not be best is treated as rebellion. Here is a cardinal difficulty; the willingness to enter upon a thorough, impartial investigation of the principles involved will yet have to be created.

While privilege dreams itself secure in its castle, the wildest theories of destruction and revolution are preached to the multitude. On the commons of cultured Boston three or four meetings are held simultaneously every Sunday afternoon to denounce capitalism and to inflame the masses by glowing accounts of their sufferings and wrongs. Nationalists, Populists, and Socialists vie with one another in their efforts to prove the worthlessness and hopelessness of the existing order and the need of change. This pessimism is by no means confined to laborers; it has affected students and specialists, who are overwhelmed by the magnitude of the urgent problems.

WINNING TRAITS OF IRISH CATHOLICS.

(*From the Literary Digest.*)

A FRENCH writer, M. Jacques de Consanges, has begun an historical account of "Catholicism in the United States." In the course of his first article (*Revue Encyclopédique*, September) he has occasion to speak of the jealousy of the American bishops for the independence of their church, and as an instance mentions the failure of Herr Cahensly's plan to give each nationality in this country a bishop of its own speech. This failure, he says, was laid at the door of the Irish, which

leads him to say a word as to the relations of the Irish people to the Roman Catholic Church in America. These reflections we here translate:

"This Irish origin of a great number of Catholics has been thrown in their faces not only by the Germans but by the native-born Americans; it has even stirred up persecutions by 'Native Americans' and 'Know-Nothings.' And, nevertheless, does it not seem that the Celtic character, when transplanted into America, gains there the moral vigor and perseverance in which it is generally lacking, while retaining its robust complexion, its love of danger and of adventures, its brilliant imagination, its somewhat flowery eloquence, its ardor, its tenderness of heart, and its generosity? Are not these the traits of physiognomy of the American church? And is it not this suppleness of intellect that has permitted Cardinal Gibbons to accomplish the work that he has made his own, 'of having made known the church to the American people, of having demonstrated the harmony that exists between the doctrines of the church and the liberal institutions of America?'"

The peculiar temperament of the Irish prelates, such as Gibbons and Ireland, has thus, according to the author, aided them in their task of preaching the essential unity of Catholicism and democracy. Says he:

"Was not democracy born with the church? Did not the church teach to our own age the ideas of equality and of pity that it now claims as its own?

"What they wish, these bishops preach in their lives. It must be confessed that the church in America finds itself in a particularly favorable situation for this experiment. It has no antecedents; in spite of its hundred years of existence it is in process of formation, it is creating its own traditions, and the Gibbonses, the Keanes, the Irelands are its ancestors; but, above all, it is composed of the people.

"Each day thousands of Irish and Germans land, and they wait only a priest to form a parish. They are not even peasants; they are petty shopkeepers, employers, workmen. The clergy rise from these humble surroundings."

Of the labors of one of these Irish priests, now become an archbishop, M. de Consanges speaks as follows:

"These (priests) are not only missionaries, but the most active and enlightened of citizens. Father Ireland has done powerful work in the colonization of Minnesota. In 1878 he bought land and established thereon 900 Catholic colonists. The success of this enterprise encouraged him to repeat it. He acquired 12,000 acres from the railway that leads from St. Paul to the Pacific, and the results of this purchase were as satisfactory as the former. . . . The American bishops do not shrink from the embarrassments or risks of financial operations; Monsignor Ireland has built twelve villages, from which he has not excluded Protestants. . . .

"Yet again, Archbishop Ireland, both by the authority that he is given by his office, and by that due to his own character, has several times acted as arbiter between employers and workmen; not only the former but the latter have sought his aid; he once settled a serious strike on the Manitoba Railroad."

In conclusion, the author recounts the influence of the Irish bishops at the Vatican, relates how they successfully urged Leo XIII. not to condemn the Knights of Labor, and closes with Cardinal Gibbons's words to the Pope:

"The church of the New World must conquer the people or it must itself perish."

MEXICO AND CUBA.

(*From the Mexican Herald.*)

"Blood is thicker than water and the sentiment of liberty is more powerful than the tie of blood among a free people. When, eventually, not perhaps by means of the present revolution, Cuba shall secure her freedom, will she fall like a ripe plum into the lap of the United States? We prefer, if Cuba is to merge her fortunes with any other nation, that she should become an integral part of the Mexican Republic. It is our belief that the Republic of Mexico has an imperial destiny, and is to become a great nation among the nations of the earth. Manifestly then, Cuba, lying to the eastward and commanding the Gulf of Mexico, should belong to this country. Cuba would be the forefoot of Imperial Mexico planted in the Atlantic! It would be the rendezvous of the future Mexican navy, and every argument of race, language, and tradition favors Cuba as a Mexican state rather than as an American territory. As a state of the Mexican Union, Cuba would have home rule; her own people would govern in their local affairs. Some of our colleagues of the native press in this city are of our opinion, notably *La Patria* and *El Nacional*. Bright, progressive, patriotic Mexicans are of the same way of thinking, for, with us, they believe in the imperial destinies of this great country."

(*From the Tiempo.*)

"Those people who speak of Cuban independence do so with malicious intent. The island is not ripe for autonomy, and if it does not remain Spanish, it will not be free. It is not strong enough to resist that country which has tried to purchase Cuba from Spain. Say what you will, the United States will not permit Cuba to be free. When we examine into the real character of the insurrection and its leaders, we cannot discover any cause for sympathy, for as soon as the relations between the revolutionists and the sworn enemy of the Spanish-American countries became known, we could not believe that patriotism is the moving spring. How can we believe that those who love Latin Cuba would implore the gross and humiliating favor of the Saxons of America? The idea that Cuba might become Mexican has no foundation but the wish of some Mexicans and the pretension of the insurgents. Does any one think the United States will *make us a present* of the island? No indeed. It would be very impolitic in our government to favor the rising."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Right Honorable John Morley's article on Matthew Arnold in the *Nineteenth Century Review* will afford ample opportunity for much profitable discussion in Reading Circles that permit the introduction of current topics. Matthew Arnold regarded England as a great force in the world, and was convinced that she could not exert this force effectively or wisely until her educational system had been widened, and all her standards of enlightenment raised. For this literature was to be the great instrument, together with organization. He wished to have the best elements of the Celt and the Saxon combined for mutual advantage. Concerning the present opportunities for women Mr. Morley writes as follows:

"From the fine ladies in great houses, through the daughters of doctors and lawyers and tradesmen, down to the shop-girl who lives by herself in a flat, it is among women that a revolution in ideals and possibilities is working its way, far exceeding in real significance any mere political changes, and perhaps even the transformation both in speculative religious beliefs and the temper in which they are held . . ."

Arnold does not, I think, touch upon this remarkable phase of contemporary things; but he gives to a female relative an incidental piece of advice which is worth pressing in days when women in certain circles are beginning to exercise an influence, not quite beyond comparison with the influence of women in France in more than one great epoch of French history.

"If I were you," Matthew Arnold writes, "I should now take to some regular reading, if it were only an hour a day. It is the best thing in the world to have something of this sort as a point in the day, and far too few people know and use this secret. You would have your district still and all your business as usual, but you would have this hour in your day in the midst of it all, and it would soon become of the greatest solace to you."

* * *

The Seton Circle of New York City is organized for the intellectual and social benefit of its members. The members meet twice monthly; once for the business of the Reading Circle, and once at the lecture, for which they receive invitations for friends. The government of the Circle is assigned to the executive committee, which consists of the five officers and five members. The members, besides an initiation fee of one dollar, pay five dollars yearly dues in semi-annual payments. Membership is limited to seventy-five for the present year.

The officers are: Mrs. M. J. McDermott, President; Miss K. Macdona, Vice-President; Mrs. G. Steele, Recording Secretary; Miss M. A. Bracken, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. J. J. Barry, Treasurer. Executive Committee: Mrs. F. Oliver, Miss H. A. Whealen, Miss M. Dunn, Miss M. Le Sourd, Miss M. Mead. Rev. D. J. McMahon, D.D., Moderator.

This list of books selected for the use of the members indicates very solid reading: History of the Church in England, by Mary Allies, 2 vols.; Flanagan's History of the Church in England, 2 vols.; Dodd's Church History of England, 5 vols.; Anderdon's Britain's Early Faith; Lingard's History of England; Pocock's Records of the Reformation; Burnet's History of the Reformation in England; S. Hubert Burke's Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation Period; J. Morris's Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers, and Records of the English (Jesuit) Province; Waterworth's Origin and Development of

Anglicanism; Gasquet's Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries, and Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer; Mrs. Hope's Divorce of Henry VIII.; Robin's The Argument for Royal Supremacy; Bridgett's Thomas More, Life of Cardinal Fisher, Queen Elizabeth and Catholic Hierarchy; Mrs. Stewart's Life of Cardinal Pole; Lee's Edward VI. and Church under Elizabeth; Hall's Society in the Elizabethan Age; Breen and Estcourt on Anglican Orders; Meline's Life of Mary, Queen of Scots.

The general subject announced for the course of reading is the rising of the Anglican Schism. Literary numbers are interspersed relating to the "Idylls of the King" and other poems by Tennyson. Among the topics chosen for essays are the following:

England's continuous Relations with the Holy See until XVIth Century, against assertion that the English Church was ever independent of Rome—Stephen Langton, Thomas à Becket, Anselm.

Henry VIII. and Luther: the grounds for title Defender of the Faith. Description of Luther's Revolt and Henry's Defence of Church.

Henry VIII. and Wolsey: proceedings about the divorce from Catherine. Wolsey's character.

Blessed Thomas More: Erasmus and Cranmer. Royal Supremacy Act.

Blessed John Fisher: number of English martyrs recently canonized. Cromwell and Spoliation of Monasteries. Holy Maid of Kent.

Queen Mary and the People: difficulty of Catholic worship. Cardinal Pole. Was the name Bloody Mary deserved?

Queen Mary and the Nobles: Ridley—Latimer. Spoils of the Monasteries. Reconciliation with Rome.

Elaine, Holy Grail, and Queen Mary.

Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots: character of Elizabeth. Relations with her unfortunate relative.

Divisions in the English Church: Puritans, Nonconformists. Relations with Rome.

Queen Elizabeth and Anglican Ordinations: question of Parker's Consecration by Barlow, Scory, and Coverdale.

Queen Elizabeth and Rituals: Book of Common Prayer. Different versions of Missals 1550–1552–1559.

Queen Bess and Cardinal Allen: Douay Bible, King James' version.

The Gunpowder Plot: state of Catholic religion under Elizabeth; calumnies against bishops and priests.

This excellent programme is to be supplemented by a course of eight public lectures. We are much pleased to notice that the *History of the Church in England*, by Miss Allies, is accepted for the general use of the members as the most recent standard work on the subject.

* * *

Some time ago an article in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* by Edward W. Bok elicited many unfavorable comments. The writer contended that all the sermons which he had heard for young men indicated that the preacher started from a false point of view; that the young man is always a prodigal son. The article showed no knowledge or experience of the teaching for young men in the Catholic Church. At our request a distinguished graduate of Seton Hall College, New Jersey, Mr. Banks M. Moore, has written a young man's estimate of *Successward*, by Edward W. Bok (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company):

To whatever literary production Mr. Bok's name is attached there is a guarantee of excellence; but in this first published volume he has been fortunate in

the choice of his subject and his handling of it. *Successward* is a book devoted to the young man's interests. It tells him, if he would make a success out of life, what he ought to do, and how he is to do it; and certainly the author is eminently fitted to give instruction on this matter. After a careful perusal we would wish to see the work in the hands of every young man, both for its high moral tone and its instructive teaching; every chapter will strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the majority of our American youth. It is false to suppose that human nature is as pessimistic as it is often painted. There is good in every heart; and if directed rightly, this good cannot but show itself. The evil in the world for the most part arises from the misdirection of aims and affections. Such is the author's view of life; his work is essentially ethical, strongly favoring a delightful theory of optimism. But there is nothing abstract in any chapter of the book; and if we draw inferences of this kind from it, we cannot do so until we have read the whole, and compared its maxims with concrete cases, whose successes or failures have come under personal notice.

The author, in the first place, advises the young man to have "a correct knowledge of himself," to consider the various avenues which are open to him; and then select that one for which he feels himself peculiarly adapted. The one great idea is to impress upon him the high sense of his own individuality. He should feel that he stands alone in the world. And by the importance of the young man Mr. Bok wishes him to understand the great things which his own friends and relatives, his country and society, expect from him; that he should regulate his actions to meet these expectations, and compass them in their entirety. True success in life does not necessarily mean "the doing of something momentous; the becoming known of all men and women; the being exceptional to the rest of the human race. . . . Scarcely a more incorrect interpretation of a successful life can be imagined," says Mr. Bok; and yet, how many are there who continually seek notoriety in strange ways.

Success, according to Mr. Bok (and we think his exposition of the word correct), lies in the contentment and happiness of the individual, which can be as readily attained in the humbler walks of life as in the most exalted. A man cannot go beyond his capacity; and if he tries to do so, failure will inevitably result. These are the first principles of the author, which are certainly true to nature the world over.

To attain success Mr. Bok advances a set of rules which it would be wise for every young man to follow. Our space will not permit us to examine each one separately, though we would like to do so; but we may mention two, which are the underlying factors in almost every chapter—abstinence from the use of intoxicants, and the question of marriage. He strongly advises young men "to avoid liquors of all kinds"; and urges that every one start out in life with a principle from which they should never swerve. But what we like most in his moulding of the moral young man is that Mr. Bok does not think he is necessarily bound to "sow his wild oats"; certainly there is no belief more contrary to our Catholic teaching than that which requires a young man to be vicious; and there is nothing more detrimental to a young man's success than dissipation. We like, too, the feeling and the sincerity which run through the chapter on religious life; though we do not agree that "religion is a matter of one's own convictions," so far as private judgment is concerned, and this seems to be the author's idea. But there is a fervent Christian spirit breathed through the whole chapter; a spirit that only could have emanated from a truly devout heart; and one which, whosoever adores the Creator must foster in his breast. The author's advocacy of prayer is as

masterly as it is eloquent; and if many of our young men would only pray a little more earnestly, how much sooner would they realize the fruition of their hopes!

In the question of marriage also we find the author gives this advice: Marry the girl you love; and if you do this, life will be a greater success to you than should you attain the highest rank in the land without it; but a marriage undertaken for selfish ambition alone or for money is a despicable act, and one which makes life miserable for man and woman alike. The picture of happy domestic life so gracefully drawn at the closing of this volume is one which could be well read in every home of the land; and it is a fitting scene, as beautiful in conception as in description, to end a book which in its every detail, sentiment, and thought is a refreshing stimulant to energy and to virtue.

There is one thing to regret, and that is that Mr. Bok has given no advice to guide the young man in the matter of reading—especially of consecutive, thorough reading. We notice, however, that he is not insensible to its advantages, for he alludes to reading as a pastime in several places; but we ask, Is it not something more? Should it not be used as an improvement for the mind? Should not the young man give at least one of his leisure hours after business to the pursuit of some congenial study, which would enable him to pursue a course of consecutive reading? We think it not only an advantage to him, but a necessity; and we hope Mr. Bok will find time in the near future to give us another book for the young man, pointing out the means and rules of a successful self-education as ably as he has done to a successful career.

* * *

The Public Library of Denver is supported by a special tax levy of one-tenth of one mill, which is provided for in the statute law of Colorado. Any school district may levy this tax, but probably East Denver is the only district in the State where the levy would be of much benefit. The tax brings in about $6,000 a year, which is devoted entirely to the library, salaries, rooms, etc., being furnished by the school board out of the general school fund. About 12,000 cards have been issued, and the average daily circulation last year was 533, while 240,271 people visited the reading and reference rooms. It being pre-eminently a school library, the books have been largely selected with a view to use by teachers and students in general, as well as pupils in school. The circulation of books among children is enormous and has greatly increased since the children's room was instituted.

The Denver City Library, with 28,000 volumes, lends 500 books every day, and the average number who use the reading-room is 300. The collection of books is extremely well chosen, as instead of books being donated, as in many libraries, money has been given, and therefore the best and most recent works could be placed upon the shelves. The chamber of commerce has collected and disbursed the money donated, and has furnished room, heat, light, and janitor. For the last four years the city has appropriated $7,500 a year to help sustain the library. The books now in the library have cost about $35,000, and this year already 2,000 new books have been added to the lists. Only the best of management and the closest economy have enabled the managers of the library to accomplish what they have, and yet the library does not meet the growing demands upon it. With all the improvements made by the change last year, there is still no alcove room for the use of students, and there is no space for a children's room, which has proved so great a success at the public library.

The women of Denver who have gone so deeply into study clubs during the last two years have kept the librarians very busy with their demands for books.

One librarian has devoted a scrap-book to the doings and programmes of women's clubs, and has studied them faithfully in order to know what books are to be called for and to have them on the shelves. At the City Library a new rule was adopted recently which allows holders of cards to take out a second card to be used for solid reading, and the Public Library has announced a similar privilege.

A short time ago a public-spirited citizen of Omaha bequeathed a valuable plot of land to the city on condition that a free public library be placed thereon. The city accepted the gift, voted $100,000 library building bonds, and now has some 50,000 volumes at the service of the people. Topeka has a handsome library building on State House Square. Chicago is just finishing a library building on which the city has expended $2,225,000. It has already nearly 300,000 volumes. Kansas City, Cleveland, Detroit, and many other central Western cities have fine public libraries under the control of the school boards. In those cities all the schools are under one board. St. Louis had a good library conducted in this way, but the demands upon it grew so great that the board could not handle it, and by a vote of the people it was turned over to the city as a nucleus for a great free library. It is now housed in a magnificent building, erected especially for it. At the dedication of this library Rev. Edward Everett Hale said of the libraries in his own city of Boston: "After thirty years of experience this has come to be the law and understanding. You may retrench on the right hand and on the left, you may cut down the salary of the mayor, you may leave the streets narrow, you may have a bad fire department, you may go to the dogs in any other direction, but beware how you put your finger on the appropriation for the public library."

* * *

A vigorous protest against pernicious literature has been raised by the *St. James' Gazette*. This protest is based on the case of a fourteen-year-old boy in Plaistow, England, who murdered his mother while she was asleep. He asked permission to sleep in her bed while his father was away, and took that opportunity to stab her to death. The coroner's jury brought out the fact that he had been addicted to reading blood-thirsty stories. Whereupon the *Gazette* proceeds to score not only the penny dreadfuls of Great Britain, but certain American publications which have an extensive circulation. It scores Home Secretary Matthews, who is reported to have said: Don't interfere; leave things to the moral sense of the community—that moral sense which allows individuals to collect heaps of dirty pennies by selling stories of infanticide and abortion to servant girls and permits murder to be made as familiar as cricket to school-boys. The evil is palpable. The remedy is not so clear. The Plaistow jury thinks the legislature ought to take steps to stop the sale of these poisonous publications. But what steps? The difficulties are considerable. We believe that even now the publishers of these noxious books and newspapers might be indicted, either under Lord Campbell's act, which makes it penal to publish anything of a profane or obscene character, or perhaps even at common law. But it would be for the common sense of the common juryman to decide where genuine literary romance ended and where incitement to crime and immorality began. That is the difficulty; and it cannot be said to have been successfully surmounted in a country where Zola's novels have been suppressed and the *Police Gazette* allowed to go free.

Miss Maria C. Mondy, who is in charge of the young people's section of the National Home Reading Union, London, in a pamphlet on School Libraries, has quoted these words from Sir Walter Scott: To make boys learn to read, and then place no good books within their reach, is to give them an appetite, and leave nothing in the pantry save unwholesome and poisonous food, which, depend upon it,

they will eat rather than starve. She has also gathered some powerful words from Rev. E. Thring on reading as a means of education.

Advantages may be derived from healthy fiction, which contains no poisonous food for the mind. Speaking at Lincoln, England, of the taste for reading which distinguished the present age, Professor Jebb observed that regret had sometimes been expressed that works of fiction formed so large a proportion of the books borrowed from public libraries. One of the best reasons for reading novels was that they tended to keep the imagination alive, and the torpor or extinction of the imaginative faculty was a much more serious evil in practical life than was commonly recognized. A dormant imagination meant a diminished power of understanding our fellow-creatures; it involved a narrowing of their human sympathies, and this, in turn, implied a contraction of their whole mental horizon, with the consequent loss of efficiency for the work of life. The supporters of a library should not feel any discouragement if the lighter literature, and especially the fiction, was found to be very largely in demand.

* * *

The new American ship *St. Paul* has been supplied with a library of 1,200 volumes, a gift from the City of St. Paul. It contains 100 works of reference; the complete works of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Irving, Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Parkman, Motley, Prescott, Holmes, and Cooper; nearly 300 miscellaneous writers of fiction; 50 volumes of poetry, British and American; 175 volumes of history, besides the historical writings of the authors whose complete works are included; 150 volumes of biography, 100 volumes of miscellany, including essays, critical, humorous, and scientific works, and a number of works on Minnesota. The library is strongly American, especially in history and biography. The *St. Louis* ship has also a library somewhat larger than that of the *St. Paul*. Each steamship has in addition a considerable second cabin library, and from three hundred to four hundred works in French and German. It is believed that these are the first ships to provide a second cabin library. It has usually been the custom to leave the matter of a steamship library to accident. Some companies content themselves with applying a small annual sum to the maintenance of a library, and requesting passengers to leave behind them such books as they do not especially value. A specially selected library of standard works and current fiction is a rare thing to find aboard ship,

While the American liners are thus providing books for their passengers, the Navy Department is fitting out its new ships with libraries of a size hitherto unknown. Every ship has usually carried something that was called a library. It varied from two-score volumes stored in some bit of waste place to, perhaps, 250 volumes, many of them more or less technical in character. The department is now purchasing about a dozen ship libraries. The size of the library varies with the size of the ship and its complement of men and officers. The *Maine* has in the ship's library between 850 and 1,000 volumes, besides a library of almost 350 volumes for the use of the crew. The Naval Equipment Bureau at Washington is charged with the duty of providing libraries for the ships, and is locally aided in this city by an officer at the Navy Yard, acting directly under the Chief of Equipment. The department issues printed lists of the library that is to be provided for each ship, and these lists are sent to three or four booksellers for bids. The contract for furnishing the books is then awarded to the lowest bidder. The department has been thoughtful enough to vary the libraries in the several ships, so that officers and men, in going from one ship to another, will find something fresh to read.

A sample crew's library contains a few works of reference, many works of adventure and fiction, a little history, and perhaps a dozen technical works. Fiction seems to constitute quite two-thirds of the crew's library.

The French navy is notable for the excellent technical library to be found on board each considerable ship and the many periodicals of a technical or semi-technical character. The British navy and our own have hitherto been weak in these particulars.

It is a sort of unwritten law that the doctor aboard ship as a man of leisure shall have general charge of the library. It has hitherto been almost a sinecure, but in the case of the new libraries for men-of-war the duty is likely to be more onerous, for in increasing the size of the libraries the Navy Department has adopted an elaborate and rather cumbrous system of classification and numbering that will doubtless vex the souls of the librarians. There has been some criticism by booksellers of this attempt to classify a number of small libraries upon a system especially intended to insure large libraries against confusion. It is also pointed out that the department's method of charging an officer with the duty of looking after the purchase of ship libraries, and at the same time requiring him to sit upon courts-martial and attend to half a dozen other things, is apt to embarrass him in a somewhat delicate task. M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Æthiopium Servus: A Study in Christian Altruism. By M. D. Petre. *Short Conferences on the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.* By Very Rev. Joseph Rainer. New edition. *Spiritual Bouquet.* By the Sisters of Charity, Halifax, N. S.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Macaulay's Essay on Milton. With Notes and an Introduction by James Greenleaf Croswell, A.B. *Daniel Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration.* Together with other Addresses relating to the Revolution. With Notes and an Introduction by Fred. Newton Scott, Ph.D. John Milton's *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus,* and *Lycidas.* With Notes and an Introduction by William P. Trent, M.A.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston:

The Arden Shakespeare: Hamlet, King Richard II. Edited respectively by E. K. Chambers, B.A., and C. H. Herford, Litt.D. *Die Hochzeitsreise.* By J. R. Benedix. Edited, with Notes, by Natalie Schiefferdecker.

COLUMBIAN PUBLISHING CO., Washington, D. C.

In the Court Circle. By James A. Edwards. Second edition.

P. LETHIELLEUX, 10 Rue Cassette, Paris:

Institutiones Theologicæ in Usum Scholarum. Auctore G. Bernardo Tepe, S.J. Vols. I. and II.

PAMPHLETS.

The Cuban Question in its True Light. By an American.

Relation of the Press and the Stage to Purity. By Josiah W. Leeds. Philadelphia: 528 Walnut Street.

The United States and Cuba. By John Guiteras, M.D.

Sursum Corda: Annual Record of the Confraternity of St. Gabriel.

OFFICE OF THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia:

The Latest Phase of the Southern Ute Question. By Francis E. Leupp.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING-OFFICE, Washington:

Bulletin of the Department of Labor—No. 1. November, 1895.

HENRY EDWARD CARDINAL MANNING.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXII. MARCH, 1896. NO. 372.

THE ORGANIC CONCEPTION OF THE CHURCH.

BY JAMES GOLF.

"Ecclesiology has much to learn from biology."—*Rev. Dr. Huntington, Rector of Grace Church, New York.*

WORD *organism* may be predicated of a plant, an animal, or a society. It means a living body. A plant or an animal is called an individual organism, and a society is a social organism. The analogies between the two kinds, the individual and the social, are thus stated by Herbert Spencer:

"Societies agree with individual organisms in four conspicuous peculiarities:

"1. That, commencing as small aggregations, they insensibly augment in mass; some of them eventually reaching ten thousand times what they originally were.

"2. That while at first so simple in structure as to be considered structureless, they assume, in the course of their growth, a continually-increasing complexity of structure.

"3. That though in their early, undeveloped states there exists in them scarcely any mutual dependence of parts, their parts gradually acquire a mutual dependence, which becomes at last so great that the activity and life of each part is made possible only by the activity and life of the rest.

"4. The life and development of a society is independent of, and far more prolonged than, the life and development of its component units: who are severally born, grow, work, reproduce, and die, while the body politic composed of them survives generation after generation, increasing in mass, completeness of structure, and functional activity."

Copyright. VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT. 1896.

ST. PAUL'S PROPHETIC ANALOGY.

Spencer notes that a perception of some analogy between an individual and a social organism was early reached, and from time to time had reappeared in literature. He cites the comparison made by Plato between the powers of the model republic and the faculties of the human mind, and also Hobbes' rather fanciful analogies between the various organs of the state and the parts of a man. This is an oversight. Even from the point of view of science, St. Paul's comparison of the church with the human body is infinitely more remarkable than either Plato's or Hobbes' reference to the state. It would, of course, be out of place to regard St. Paul's words as a scientific statement. God's words are not as man's. But it is interesting to examine how far St. Paul did anticipate the conclusions of modern science. "As the body is one," he says, "and hath many members, and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, are yet one body; so also is Christ (the Church). For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free; and in one Spirit have we all been made to drink. For the body also is not one member, but many. If the foot should say: Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? . . . If the whole body were the eye, where would be the hearing? . . . And the eye cannot say to the hand: I need not thy help. Nor again the head to the feet: I have no need of you. . . . And if one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it; or, if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it. Now you are the Body of Christ and members of member. And God indeed hath set some in the church, first Apostles, etc. (I. Cor. xii.) And he (Christ) gave some Apostles, and some Prophets, and other some Evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the building up of the Body of Christ (the Church), . . . that by doing the truth in charity we may in all things grow up in Him who is the Head, even Christ; from whom the whole body, being compacted and fitly joined together by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body into the building up of itself in charity" (Eph. iv.)

INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO THE MODERN "SCIENCE."

St. Paul here had in view the future growth of the church —that we may grow up in Him who is the Head. It was to be

a growth in mass to the extent of becoming world-wide, excluding neither nationality nor social class, neither Jews nor Gentiles, neither slaves nor freemen. It was to be a growth in complexity of structure, being compacted and *fitly* joined together according to the operation in the measure (or *need*) of every part, or, as he says elsewhere, the whole body nourished and constructed through joints and hands groweth unto the increase of God. This growth involved mutual dependence of part upon part—or more precisely, of organ upon organ—the activity and life of each part depending upon the activity and life of the rest; or, as St. Paul expresses it, when one member suffers all the members suffer with it. It is a growth from within by assimilation of material introduced by baptism, since we are not only baptized into one body in one spirit, but in the same spirit all are made to drink; or, as he says more clearly in Eph. ii., that he (Christ) might make the two (the Jew and the Gentile) in himself into *one new man*, making peace, and might reconcile both to God *in one body* by the cross. A new birth ushers the social unit into that one body, and a new life and work is there developed in each. "In the absence of physiological science," says Herbert Spencer, "and especially of those comprehensive generalizations which it has but recently reached, it was impossible to discern the real parallelisms between a body politic and a living individual body." Impossible it doubtless was to mere men of science, and St. Paul shows that he had access to a source of knowledge more luminous than science when he discerned what science could not then have discerned, and pointed out real parallelisms. So deeply did his teaching on this head penetrate the church that, in after ages, when mechanical conceptions of society became dominant and men of science classified the state as an artificial structure, Catholic theologians never ceased to regard the church as an organism or to antagonize such mechanical theories of society as that of Rousseau. Protestantism, on the other hand, has little affinity with the newer and truer scientific view, which will probably sweep away many a Protestant theory regarding the Church of Christ. In this sense ecclesiology has much to learn from biology.

Scripture has yet another parallelism, and one far more profound than any of the four enumerated above. A further study of individual organisms will serve to introduce it. There is a stage in the growth of every animal when the whole organism, as far as it can be seen, consists of a transparent semi-fluid substance resembling the white of an egg. Professor

Huxley thus describes the first stages of growth in the embryo of a common animal, as he watches it under his microscope:

"Strange possibilities lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid and yet so steady and purpose-like in their succession that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilled modeller upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel, the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fabrics of the nascent organism. And then it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column, and moulded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due proportions in so artistic a way that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic glass would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work."

That "invisible artist" is a reality. Call it a soul, or a life, or a principle of life—whatever the name of it, an invisible source of growth and action there is in every organism. There is a visible substance which is organized and an invisible vital principle which organizes. Starting from a microscopic germ, the organism builds itself up after a certain type. The external organization which we see is the result, not the cause, of energy in the organism. There is a central life ruling all organs and assigning them their parts to play. This biological fact enables us to speak of societies with greater precision. Not every aggregation of men called a society can claim to be a social organism. It may be an artificial social frame-work, an organization, very useful or very useless, as the case may be, but still only an organization, not having life in itself. It may partake of the life in a social organism with which it is connected, like a joint-stock company in the state or a religious order in the church; but that does not make it an organism.

ORGANISM MEANS INHERENT LIFE.

It is sometimes said that the difference between an organism and an organization is that the former is born and the latter is made. This is not exact. It is a proper use of the word, for instance, to say that a horse has an organization, meaning a structural form with organs adapted to various uses; and in

this sense the organization may be said to be born, and every organism has an organization. So too may the organization of a society be said to be born, providing the society is really an organism; that is, when it has a complete life of its own. In this case the organization is developed from within, or at least appropriated and modified by a vital energy within, not merely imposed from without. But when a society is merely an organization, not having life in itself, such an organization is made, not born. There are at least three different societies possessing that internal and self-contained vitality which makes them organisms. They are the family, civil society, and the Church of Jesus Christ. In the Gospels the word *church* occurs only twice, its usual Gospel name being the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Heaven, or simply the Kingdom. The literal Gospel description of the Church, the one to which figurative descriptions are referred, is, that it is a kingdom. The parables of the kingdom make it abundantly evident that the church is an organic growth, not an artificial organization. Starting from a germ, she built herself up after a foreordained type. The Kingdom of God is like a grain of mustard seed, which when it is sown in the earth is less than all the seeds that are in the earth; and when it is sown it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches, so that the birds of the air may dwell under the shadow thereof. This shooting out of branches from within was to be, not sudden but gradual. So is the Kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed in the earth, and should sleep and rise, day and night, and the seed should spring and grow up whilst he knoweth not; for the earth of itself bringeth forth fruit, first the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear. The source of this organic growth is the subject of the additional parallelism to be drawn from Scripture. The parallelism itself may be stated in the words of St. Augustine: "What the soul is to the body of a man, that the Holy Ghost is to the Body of Christ, which is the Church."

THE ORGANISM BECOMES AN ORGANIZATION.

The comparison suggested by Scripture is even higher. St. Paul defines the Church to be the Body of Christ. When our Lord was on earth he gathered round him a number of disciples, some of whom he called to be Apostles. This society was not yet an organism. It became an organism on the day of Pentecost. When the angel announced to the Blessed Virgin that she was to be the mother of the coming Redeemer, she asked:

How shall this be done? The angel replied: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. When the Apostles put a similar question to our Lord regarding his kingdom (Acts i.), he gave the same reply: You shall receive power, the Holy Ghost coming upon you. On a former occasion (St. John xvi.), after speaking of the future mission of the Holy Ghost, he compared the Apostles to a woman in labor whose sorrow is changed into joy at the birth of the child. On the day of Pentecost the joy of the Apostles was complete. The Holy Ghost descended upon them, as he had descended upon the Blessed Virgin, to form the Body of Christ. As the body formed in the Blessed Virgin is a divine organism, animated by a divine life, so the Body formed at Pentecost is as truly a divine organism, animated by a divine life. The Holy Ghost came to abide in it for ever. The Acts of the Apostles is the history of a nascent organism. There is not at first that evident dependence of part upon part which fuller organic growth gradually brings. There may be doctrinal development in the church: there is certainly organic development. First the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear. All necessary powers were provided in the beginning, as the acorn virtually contains the oak; but the exercise of those powers came gradually, according to the operation in the measure of each part, under the guidance of Him who, through the Holy Ghost, is still with his church.

ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCES IN THEORIES.

At the basis of Protestantism in all its forms lies the negative proposition that the Church of Christ is *not* an organism. Protestantism necessitates the theory that the Church of Christ considered as one body is invisible. An organism, on the contrary, is necessarily a visible body. Protestantism means an ever-decreasing dependence of part upon part. An organism means an ever-increasing dependence of part upon part. Protestantism means individualism. An organism means the assimilation of individuals in the life and through the action of one body. Protestantism means that truth and grace come directly from God to the individual, that social action in such matters is merely subsidiary and subject to voluntary arrangement. A divine organism, on the contrary, means that revealed truth and grace are lodged primarily in the whole body as such, and that through it God enlightens and sanctifies the individual—in a word, that organic unity is the appointed condition and means of our receiving the privileges of the Gospel.

LEGISLATION AS A CURE-ALL.

BY ROBERT J. MAHON.

THE address of Mr. James C. Carter as President of the American Bar Association is printed in full in a recent issue of the *Albany Law Journal.* It is a review by that distinguished jurist of the legislation wrought by Congress and by the several States during the year. Perhaps the most interesting feature contained in it is pointed out in these words: "The common notion that somehow laws execute themselves seems to hold its sway over the public mind, and even over that of legislators, in the face of a thousand demonstrations to the contrary. Multitudes will busy themselves with the work of securing the passage of laws under the illusion that plenty of human instruments may easily be found who will undergo the labor of enforcing them against the passions, the beliefs, and the interests of other multitudes."

These remarks sharply call our attention to the faulty omission or wilful indolence of our citizens in dealing with their public business. A mere glance at the administration of public affairs within the past few years will exhibit many proofs of the accuracy of Mr. Carter's pregnant memory. With the inherent tendency of human affairs to grow awry at times, we will have in healthy communities periodical agitations and moral or civic uprisings. When we notice our public business falling into the hands of corrupt mercenaries, we have a general impulse to do something in the way of cure. If part of the community seem to be getting some improper advantage of the rest, public movements are put under way to attempt proper equalization. Sometimes the majority do not seriously accept the alarm of the situation and the agitation ends in fiasco. Even when the danger is actual and imminent, and realized as such, the results are scarcely more substantial. After much effort, bitter controversy, and large expenditures of money, such endeavors seem to end in the enactment of fresh legislation. This being done, the knights of modern reform return from the crusade with the self-consciousness of victors, and sometimes with the spoils of war. Don Quixote assailing the windmill was scarcely less effective.

The mere multiplication of laws cannot of itself work out

moral or civic reform. As the expressed will of the community legislation has but a feeble influence on the average citizen. In our busy practical day we seem to care little for the moral influence of legislators so indirectly put in office by ourselves. Besides, some of our laws are generally violated without punishment by all who have the inclination to do so. Again, we give the sanction of law to mere whims or class prejudices. And the inequality of the Sunday barber-shop law in New York and Saratoga is an illustration of what can be done in the way of burlesque legislation. Our Supreme Court has recently passed on the questioned constitutionality of this act and has declared it valid. Of course this judicial decision does not put any more sense into this law; it only shows how really stubborn and permanent such legislation can be when it determines to be ridiculous.

CONSTANT VIOLATION OF LAW WITH IMPUNITY.

Occasionally the legislative cure-all modifies its treatment by increasing the penalty for violation. But the infractions of law go merrily on without perceptible decrease. The penalty for official corruption was more than doubled years ago, and the statute was broadened in context and meaning so as to make this crime one of the most serious felonies known to our law and the least open to evasion or technical subterfuge. Yet it is common knowledge, despite the absence of convictions, that crimes of this character have shamelessly increased. The penalties for arson and for perjury can scarcely be made more severe, but there is no very noticeable diminution of these offences. It may be that recent prosecutions for arson in New York City, with long and well-deserved imprisonment, will materially limit the fire-bug industry. As to perjury, it may be said to be a common fault; it daily haunts the courts, and is rarely punished.

THE EXAMPLE OF NEW YORK.

We have recently heard much of dead laws, obsolete or blue laws, and ineffective laws. But all laws can be put in the category of dead laws unless some one somewhere puts the law in motion and continues to guide its movements. There is nothing less automatic than statute law. Its self-compelling or propelling power against the unwilling is so absolutely infinitesimal that it may be called an inert mass, falsely supposed to contain self-activity. The Sunday excise law in New York is a type of law quickened with life. Except in New York, it is generally disregarded by the officials of every large city in the

State. Yet it is the law of the land and but recently enacted. In connection with this solitary instance of enforcement, a curious incident may have been noticed in Brooklyn. At the last election there the three candidates for mayor, although claiming to differ with one another on other public questions, were of one accord that the excise laws should either be not enforced or only partially enforced on Sunday. And two of these candidates were lawyers, one of them a distinguished member of the profession.

It is only when we have the good fortune to put in public office a man who understands the theory of our government, and has sufficient personal honesty to apply theory to actual conditions of public life, that we realize what an active, vigorous thing a statute may be. In the hands of honest administrators who will follow their oaths of office, and who can put aside personal friendships, boss power, and the love of gain, we find the most effective curative. We have witnessed this when the new activity became so effectual that some of our deluded citizens thought the administration had made new laws. But the change was merely in the *personnel* of the officials, and not in the law itself. The machinery was old, but a new engineer was employed who supposed the machine was made to go.

THE PUBLIC WELFARE DEMANDS SLEEPLESS ACTIVITY.

But no one supposes that we are to enjoy the moral or civic millennium because this or that law is enforced. It is still necessary to bring home to law-breakers, official or otherwise, and their friends, that all administrators of law are taking hold and are earnest in their desire for enforcement. It is only when this conviction becomes general that we may hope for the needed relief. The enemies of law and order are keen in their judgment of remedies. Their very dishonesty makes them alert in subterfuge, evasion, and wily defence; and they instinctively recognize their enemies. For them fresh legislation has no terrors if they feel reasonably certain of a corrupt alliance with the administrators of the new statute. When it is well understood that the sworn enforcers of law are to do what they were always supposed to do, the common enemy will soon think of surrender. The New York saloon-keepers made an astonishingly short campaign against the recent enforcement of the Sunday closing law, and it is highly complimentary to the new commissioners.

What is needed much more than legislative activity is a ceaseless spirit of public criticism over public officials; a species

of Public Eye over the administrators of law that will pierce the cloudy influences making for official lassitude. The press performs this work of visitation and inspection with sporadic results. But the community does not take seriously to such efforts, believing them to be more or less partisan in motive. The people will eventually have to do this work themselves, if it is to be well done. If no other result follow, they will at least know whether this or that public official ought to be continued in office.

INGRATITUDE.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

METHINKS the keenest dolor of our Lord
In His dread Passion was, when thro' His Heart
(Rending well-nigh Its blessed walls apart)
Went black Ingratitude's empoison'd sword!
Betrayed by Judas—yea, with perjured word,
Denied by Cephas—by the rest forsaken—
The vile Barabbas openly preferred
Before the Holy One!—My soul, awaken,
And to His Sacred Feet, repentant, creep
To wash them with thy tears (all grief-subdued);
For this Abandoned One, whose woes we weep,
Hath oft been pierced with thine ingratitude!
Pardon, sweet Lord! and may Contrition's grace
Repair our treacheries, our treasons base

AGASSIZ MUST HAVE BEEN SEEN AND KNOWN AS MASTER, TEACHER, FRIEND.

BOSTON HALF A CENTURY AGO.

BY F. M. EDSELAS.

THE winter season was at hand. Hearing my elders discuss the topics of the day and the prospect of entertainment for the winter, it appeared that the chief attraction would be a course of lectures upon popular topics by some of the most eminent writers and thinkers of the day. Among them were the very ones with whom I had passed so many enchanted hours in the little world created from what I had heard or read of them and their works.

My delight at the news was only equalled by my sorrow when remembering that evening outings were forbidden fruit, since in those good old times "Early to bed, etc.," was a maxim most faithfully observed, so that my chance for attending these lectures seemed very slim. But with me to wish was to will, and to will was to do—*now or never;* thus my point was gained. But a word, in passing, about these winter entertainments, unique in plan and purpose.

The plan was to secure the best talent afforded in that region, to be served up in weekly rations, under the general name of

"Lyceum." That very word at once recalls the brilliant lights that made New England in our last half century, as already hinted, a veritable Parnassus, to which devotees then gladly came from year to year to gather the gifts of the gods, and now as pilgrims to that Mecca of our country hasten to pay reverent homage to those whom genius has immortalized.

The wide versatility of those gifted minds made of their lectures banquets readily adapted to the different tastes and capacity of those who nightly thronged the halls of city and village. An admirable vent was thus given to the suppressed steam with which the mental motors of the day were heavily charged; and this both for host and guest.

Religion and politics, art and science, invention and discovery were in turn on the *menu*, and served up in the best, most inviting form. Nor was this all. Each lecture became the one great topic for discussion, comment, and criticism until the next was given. In the stores, offices, and shops men talked of little else: the doctor, lawyer, and clergyman; the trades-people—for there was food for all—exchanged opinions pro and con. at table and by the fireside, at the sewing cliques and quilting-bees, in the neighborly calls and visits of matrons and maids—everywhere the last lyceum was the vital topic of the hour. Wonderful indeed was the effect produced, beneficial and far-reaching.

Although the prospect for attending those famous lectures seemed anything but favorable, yet none the less vigorously did I besiege the family citadel with entreaties, arguments, and promises of good behavior, perfect lessons from that time forth and for ever more. At last, by one of those strokes of good fortune that come when the tide seems at its lowest ebb, my point was gained, and all simply as a matter of personal convenience to the others; for being the only child in the house I could not well be left at home.

In the interim before the lecture I was like one walking on air; my day-dreams and those of the night were filled with anticipations of the stored-up pleasure awaiting me. I tried as best I could to tone down my delight, lest at the last my dream of bliss should prove "only that, and nothing more." But the night came at last, and with it the lecturer, Dr. Kane, of Arctic fame.

The sharp, crisp New England air, and a recent heavy snow-storm, leaving a layer some two or three feet in depth on the level, gave a realistic effect to my conception of a winter at the

poles; still more vivid did it become when so graphically pictured by the great traveller, as in fancy he took us over that region of almost perpetual winter. In fact, it was to me no lecture, but a veritable reality, as I found myself in that land of the midnight sun, scurrying on snow-shoes, or in sledges drawn by the hardy Eskimo dogs, over trackless wastes, noting step by step the wonders found even there.

Then as the brave explorer took us into winter quarters, where we were literally shut in by walls of ice, which perchance might become a living tomb, so real did it all seem, verily I felt my blood congeal with dread of the fate that appeared inevitable. Yet even there pleasure was not wanting, to which each of the company contributed, while thus housed for the long Arctic winter. Games, dancing, and music, with story-telling, of which sailors have an inexhaustible supply ready-made or "made to order," filled up much of the time, with letters in journal form to home friends, which, "though not sent by the fast mail," would be none the less welcome.

These, interspersed with familiar instructions by Dr. Kane upon the geography of that strange land, its animal and vegetable life, the manners and customs of the almost savage natives, and all the rest, charmed me more than a fairy tale; for, with the marvels so vividly pictured, there was the added conviction that the whole was "certain true," verified by the chief actor in flesh and blood; then what more?

Still greater was my interest when the famous explorer touched upon the object of this expedition—the search for that brave but ill-fated navigator, Sir John Franklin.

Most pathetically did he tell us of his keen disappointment, and that of his companions as well, when obliged to return after a long and fruitless search, covering four years and two expeditions, which meant toil and hardship almost beyond belief. Two years later there was left to Captain McClintock and his brave comrades the mournful satisfaction of finding certain proofs that the great English navigator had met his untimely fate at Point Victory on June 11, 1847. He had, however, accomplished the object of his search—the North-west passage—nearly three hundred years after the first recorded attempt in 1553.

The lecture closed with a touching tribute to the memory of Sir John Franklin, who left a record for heroic self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause of science unmarred by a single blemish.

The rest of the week was spent in living over again the pleasure of that first eventful evening, and in swinging like a

pendulum between hope and fear lest this first great joy should also be my last. But as the same reason held good for allowing that precious evening's outing, my hopes were no longer doomed to disappointment.

Behold me then, on at least one night of each week, perched

He was at once the King of Hearts and Minds.

upon the hard bench of the village lecture-hall, sandwiched between my elders, awaiting the feast in store for me. The entire course numbered twelve lectures, of which I do not think more than one or two were missed.

Referring once more to Dr. Kane, I cannot forget being

brought still nearer the great man, as he lunched with our family on the day after his lecture. His thin, pale face too plainly showed traces of the many hardships through which he had passed, both on the tented field and in the Arctic regions; but not less did the dark, earnest eye and scholarly face tell of the lofty purpose ever marking his career in the cause of science or patriotism.

In familiar chat he related some amusing incidents connected with his experience in the polar regions; one possibly for my benefit—that their roosters crowed one whole day, or from dawn till sunset, which, however, happened to be only fifteen minutes long, the sun then making but that brief stay above the horizon.

In this connection it will be pleasant to remember that the *Resolute*, one of the vessels used by Dr. Kane in his last expedition, and which he was obliged to abandon to its ice-bound fate, was discovered and rescued by Captain Buddington of the United States, while on a whaling trip.

A graceful exchange of courtesies between this country and England then followed. The *Resolute*, being purchased and refitted by our government, was then presented to Queen Victoria by the President and people of the United States. About twenty years later, when the old sea-worn vessel was broken up, from its timbers a large and beautiful open desk was made and sent by the Queen to President Hayes, "As a memorial of the courtesy and loving-kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the *Resolute*." A gilded plate inserted in the desk records these facts. This historic piece of furniture has since been in daily use by our chief magistrates at the White House.

Recurring again to my memory-tablets of early days, I find that some of those lectures naturally held my attention more closely than others, as they fell within or without the grasp of my very limited brain; much of what I then heard being in a certain way retained, coming back in snatches; but still more clearly the *personnel* of the speakers.

Among the faces recalled, that of Holmes cannot well be forgotten, though his lecture not so well; but the genial doctor, beaming with happiness, looked for all the world as if he had just fallen heir to a fortune, or was momentarily expecting such a boon. It was indeed a rare pleasure to see that sunny nature reflecting its brightness upon all around.

Then came Theodore Parker, whose face and theme are distinctly before me. He was just setting the world in a flutter with his advanced ideas on religious matters, taking a long leap over the staid orthodox views of the old Puritan commonwealth, which then held the monopoly in such affairs. And well that he did; though perchance the Transcendental wave thereby set in motion may have engulfed a few, yet beneficial effects were not less the outcome.

Religion, morality, and kindred blessings had in the main come to the rigid Puritans and their descendants by way of legacy, hence accepted and followed as a matter of course, much as the trades or professions of their ancestors. But something more was needed—nay, must be, that God's designs for them be fulfilled. Material things, the goods of earth, may be ours by legacy, but the spiritual, religion, our *faith*, can come only through conviction.

When therefore "The New School of Thought," as it was called, sent forth its teachers, with their views so directly opposed to all previous ideas upon such matters, grave, conservative New England, from its "Hub," as Holmes first called the capital, to the farthest edge of its ever-widening boundary rim, was stirred as it had never been. The plodding, thoughtful people began to look at the reason of the hope that was in them. Hence this very awakening evolved the need, giving birth to the desire for something more tangible, more reliable than their present opinions and views. Then, groping through many and conflicting 'isms and 'ologies, light began to dawn and the truth to be revealed, bringing hundreds into the church.

And all this because of those very Transcendentalists, led on by Theodore Parker and his associates; the results, however, made a wide curve from the end proposed. Thus, "Man proposes" but "God," with wiser ken, "disposes."

In this leader of the New School there was, however, nothing in personal appearance to indicate the reformer, agitator, or egotist; he well embodied the maxim, "Still water runs deep."

Behold him then, with full, oval face, clear-cut features, soft gray eyes shaded by a noble brow; his whole mien indicating that he had something to say, and worth the saying too.

Without even a gesture, and, if I remember rightly, with folded arms, he held the audience spell-bound for two hours with his great thoughts and original conceptions, as he mirrored by graphic ideals *The True Gentleman*, which with the *False* formed the evening's discussion.

Emerson was, of course, one of the bright, particular stars in that winter's course. His subject, "The Civilization of England," however, proved too deep for my limited range of thought; but his calm, strong face and gentle mien won even my childish admiration; this, confirmed by a later interview, has left the impression of a mind marvellously gifted and well-poised; of a nature pure and simple as a child's; of a character harmonious and symmetrical, full of energy, full of strength. Alas! that with such rare gifts the one requisite for complete-

AGASSIZ IN HIS STUDY.

ness should have been wanting—the recognition and acceptance of the true faith as the great essential of life.

Following him in that winter's course came Elihu Burritt, "The Learned Blacksmith," as he was called; and rightly too, having mastered some twenty languages or more. Wrestling as I then was with *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, and some terribly defective verbs, made even more so by my defective handling, no wonder that I looked at Mr. Burritt with open-eyed admiration, as one dropped from another planet.

His personal appearance did not impress me as remarkable; in truth it was gradually dawning upon me that after all even the greatest men were moulded in human clay, much after the fashion of all others; and the difference between men and men was rather from within than without.

But my disappointment was indeed great that the entertainment of this "Learned Blacksmith" did not include a sort of polyglot exhibition of his skill as a linguist, wrought out from his brain while forging the iron on his anvil; but instead, it was like that of all the other stars, a monologue in pure and simple Saxon. Yet none the less truly might we say of him, as Byron of Mezzofanti, that he was "A walking polyglot, a monster of languages, a modern Briareus of parts of speech."

Thus that memorable winter passed with its predecessors into the dim past, leaving me richer in memories ever more delightful, as I recall the enthusiasm marking that famous period of the dawning fifties. I was by no means henceforth a storehouse of wisdom; far from it, having only the capacity of the average beginner, but it was a delight to be brought within hearing and seeing range of these men "so wondrous wise."

Thus much for that Lyceum. Others there have been and still will be, but none, I venture to say, that under similar circumstances can focus greater talent and genius, keener wit and wisdom, or more versatility of thought and conception, than in that first Senate of our Republic of Letters. *Ave et Vale!*

JEAN LOUIS AGASSIZ.

In my early student days it was my good fortune to fall under the influence of one who by right of inheritance, and culture as well, held a place which few could have so completely filled. Admitting that any of his contemporaries, in their separate line of work, doubtless accomplished what he could have done no better, yet in rarer gifts, mental, physical, and social, he will ever hold a place singularly his own. That man is Jean Louis Agassiz, to name whom is at once to awaken thoughts and memories of whatever is good, great, and worthy of all praise.

Although for only too brief a period placed under his instruction, yet the influence wrought upon mind and character by it exceeded that of any other teacher. It was the influence of greatness itself poured out freely and copiously upon all who would receive of its fulness.

After all, is not this the measure of real greatness—having the power to sway and lead others on to the best and highest aim and endeavor? Still more, must not the man exerting such influence be impelled by this one grand thought, that whatever he is, or has of wisdom, virtue, talent, or any other gift, is bestowed only that he may share it with his neighbor,

being given *in trust* for the service of others, rather than for his own use and benefit? The earnestness marking whatever Agassiz did or said convinced you at once that this was the impelling motive of the great scientist's life-work. Coming into

A Midwinter View of Agassiz's Home.

his presence, you felt that you had walked at once into a higher, broader, fuller life than any before. But when, still later, he was more fully revealed to you—then, what a revelation! You realized that your life, little by little, was ennobled, expanded, responsive to the touch of that great magician.

Although, as I said, the period of instruction was comparatively brief, yet this brevity was more than compensated by the rich stores of information so freely placed at command; the quality being not less than the quantity; none but the rarest and best of his gifts were at our disposal.

What a royal welcome awaited every earnest searcher for knowledge, let his condition be what it might. For those whose ideas revolved around cigars and fashion-plates he had no use. Let a poor fisherman come with his "catch" for the professor, the rustic or simple child with a new specimen—at least new to them—then no king would have been for the time more honored. He often said, I owe some of my best "links" to these very people. Aside from this, he was only too glad to encourage such efforts, being mutually advantageous.

The most vivid description, however, can give only a faint idea of his personality. Agassiz must have been seen and known as master, teacher, and friend to be fully understood and appreciated. For those not thus favored a few pen-strokes must serve the present purpose.

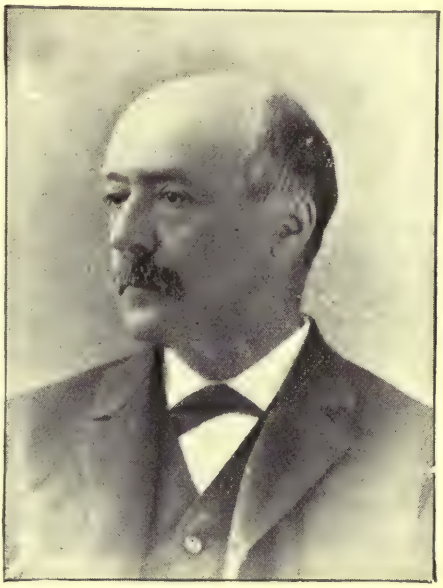
My first acquaintance with the Swiss naturalist took place while he was giving a series of lectures before a literary association upon his favorite subject, natural history. These were in connection with those upon physical geography by Professor Arnold Guyot, his life-long friend, thus bringing the two into frequent and intimate relation through a similar line of work.

Other gifted men were also there to share with us their wealth of wisdom; but above them all Agassiz reigned supreme. It would be far easier to tell what he was not, than fully and fitly to tell what he was. It will be no exaggeration, then, to say that whatever qualities rarest and best are in the make-up of the gifted scholar and scientist, the brilliant lecturer, the deep and versatile thinker—in brief, the ideal man—seemed combined in Louis Agassiz, the naturalist.

He was at once the king of hearts and minds, leading them on whither he willed, as they gladly yielded to the wondrous power of his master-mind. No picture can ever do him justice, since the inanimate canvas or "dull, cold marble" must fail, even at their best, to catch that look of inspired enthusiasm peculiarly his. For a mere print, the one in the *Life of Agassiz*, written by his wife, is perhaps as true as any, and far more so than many others; yet the alert, the magnetic man, the Agassiz of the laboratory and lecture-hall, is wanting; and it is in either of these places that he should be seen to know him well.

But remember, if you please, that for him laboratory and lecture-hall are not necessarily rooms fitted up with all modern appliances for scientific research; far otherwise.

The mere place and surroundings, as such, had little or nothing to do with his grand work; mind and character were too high and broad to be thus hampered. As nature's loving and beloved child, he was never more at home, in his true element, than when tented by heaven's blue vault, with the broad ocean, extended plain, or mountain crag beneath his feet. Such environments seemed alone suited to the freer play of his tireless activity, of that far-reaching mind and purpose to which each new discovery in nature's laboratory only furnished fresh motive for further research.



His gifted Son, Alexander.

But let us see him in the lecture-hall. The hour appointed for him has come. Promptly he steps upon the platform and faces his audience, few of whom had known the famous naturalist except by reputation. Eager expectation greets him from every eye that meets his as he glances over that sea of faces, measuring as it were the needs and capacities to be met and filled.

At such a moment the face of Agassiz was indeed a study, once seen, could never be forgotten. The massive, leonine head, crowned with wavy chestnut hair; the large blue eyes, full of earnest thought, that at every glance reflected as in a mirror the emotions of his noble heart and marvellously gifted mind: they were indeed the marked feature of that expressive face, beaming with so kindly, even cordial a look that his whole countenance seemed aglow; all hearts were won at once and for ever.

There was nothing of the studied mannerism peculiar to the average lecturer in his appearance; no striving for effect or to win applause; hence no trace of self-consciousness, which in the last analysis of a man's character is too seldom found wanting.

The personality of Agassiz, both within and without, so broad and untrammeled, could stoop to nothing of the kind. Above and beyond such dead-level aims, so earnestly, *tremendously* did he throw himself into the work in hand, that you could at once see his whole nature absorbed in it—the man merged in the scientist and teacher. With a brief introduction, by way of kindly greeting, telling us that all were learners, he and they equally, thus bringing us more closely in touch with him and his work, he briefly outlined the course of instruction and plan proposed.

Then, crayon in hand, his almost inseparable friend, with firm, bold strokes he outlined upon the blackboard the perfect form of an egg; from this, he said, all types of life take their growth, either before or after birth. Branching from this as a nucleus, we were led on through the various stages of animal development, beginning with the simplest and most familiar, to the more complex, proving by actual facts and the specimens produced that one general, universal law governs each form of animal life; and that any departure from this great plan of creation, as in unfamiliar growths, was never a variation in the law itself, but a new stage of life in the same animal, some of which pass through several before attaining their perfect state; this truth being familiarly illustrated by our common frog.

These changes might be traced to the development of nature's plan, in which there was a constant advance from age to age. Thus, climatic changes, the insatiable wants of man, and other causes led on the true evolution.

I remember he said that in examining over a hundred species of birds, he had found them so exactly alike in certain periods of their growth, they could have been easily regarded as belonging to the same family.

As a comparatively brief period was allotted for these lectures, the professor was obliged to give them in a very condensed form, somewhat as a skeleton. But so perfectly was the material prepared and so clearly presented, that the filling out of the facts thus outlined, the clothing of the skeleton, was full of interest and comparatively easy.

Before seeing and hearing Agassiz we thought ourselves something of scholars in natural history, having dipped into a few works upon that and kindred subjects. But alas for our knowledge! At best it was but the thinnest veneering, which a single question of this great master could quickly reveal. Charming though Agassiz was in the professor's chair, yet he

proved far more so when brought into still closer relations. At the close of a lecture he usually reminded us to bring any specimen we could find bearing upon the instruction just given. These were examined and commented upon, as we eagerly gathered around his desk and chair, in the most familiar way; mutually asking questions to bring out our knowledge or lack of it, encouraging us to this by kindly suggestion and comment that proved his interest in our least effort. At such times hours flew like minutes, and gladly would we have stayed the hand on time's dial, if so our pleasure could be prolonged.

Constantly dwelling upon the grand plan of creation, which link by link could be traced back to the time of the earliest geological formation, with hardly a break therein, he clearly

Agassiz Museum at Cambridge, Mass.

proved and often declared that only the consummate skill and infinite wisdom of a Supreme Being could have produced so grand a master-piece; in fact, he ever referred all these things to their true Source and End—God; and with such tender, loving reverence that no one who ever heard him speaking thus could for a moment doubt his strong, implicit faith, whatever carpers may say to the contrary. Making the works of creation his constant study and research, a mind and heart such as that of this great naturalist could not fail to be brought more closely in touch with the Creator of those works.

To see Agassiz at his best, you should be a privileged companion on a scientific expedition, or even excursion. Tireless,

patient, and daring, no obstacle, no fatigue checked his course, whether over rocky heights, through sandy wastes, or even malarial swamps; they were all one to him, as if passing through shady dell and grassy meadow. The means counted as nothing so the end was attained. Woe to any kid-gloved wight who ventured to bear him company; such he counted as less than a cipher. But even such fops were soon won by his magnetism to more sensible ideas. The most venomous reptile or fiercest animal had no terrors for him. When in the swampy regions of Florida, he plunged his hand into the slimy depths, fairly alive with those deadly creatures, as if it were the purest, most limpid water; and, if I am not mistaken, he was never the worse for the venture.

His Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, Mass., must ever stand as one of the grandest memorials to the genius, patient research, and wonderful discoveries of our great American scientist. Its plan and purpose he had already conceived and outlined; but it remained for his gifted son, Alexander, upon whom the mantle of his father has so worthily fallen, to carry on and complete the work; the greatness of which can only be realized by one fully understanding the tremendous difficulties of the task, with a scope so comprehensive that the fauna of earth, air, and sea, from the earliest geological periods, alone can compass it.

So perfect is the classification that one can there trace Nature's footprints, step by step, reading the lessons written by the finger of God for all his children. Cuvier, the greatest of French naturalists, must have seen in prophetic vision the great work which Agassiz was destined to accomplish, since he gave to the young student, shortly before death claimed him, all the illustrations and explanatory notes upon fossil fishes which he had taken from the original casts or models in the British Museum and elsewhere. And well that Cuvier thus honored the Swiss naturalist, since only three months later he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, from which he never rallied.

Here we close our memory-tablets, although many other names as worthy might be added to our list. New England has given us much of genius, talent, and wisdom which, scattered through our broad country, has proved fruitful in abundant harvests from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate. Let the rich fruitage that is ours give fair promise of what the future may have yet in store.

THE LAST MASS.

A TALE OF POLISH PERSECUTION.

BY LADY HERBERT.

IT was vesper-time in a beautiful old monastery in Poland when, one evening, the mother superior was told by the portress, Sister Domicilla, that a stranger wished to see her.

"Did he not say who he was or whence he came?" exclaimed the superior.

"No, reverend mother," replied Sister Domicilla. "I asked him, but he said he had a grave message to deliver to you, which he would tell you himself; and he added, that he wished to see you alone."

A feeling of fear and anxiety filled the heart of the venerable mother. In those days it was impossible to tell friend from foe. When she had been elected superioress she was healthy and strong, but the events of the last few years had aged her terribly. Two years before a body of police had forced their way into the convent in the middle of the night, appropriating not only everything of any value in the church, but searching every cell, on the plea that the nuns were concealing certain individuals whom they wished to entice into the Catholic Church. The police found no one whatever, nor any compromising letters; but they were brutal in their conduct and language, and threatened to close the convent very soon and to send away all the religious. This fright acted so cruelly on the superior that she had a sort of seizure and nearly lost the use of her limbs. After that every message alarmed her, especially from an unknown quarter; and so on this occasion she begged a younger and clever sister to accompany her to the parlor-grating. This Sister Seraphina was not only a very holy woman, but prudent, sensible, and clear-headed, so that she was to be depended upon in any emergency.

On their way to the parlor they passed slowly through the little cloister-garden. The day was at its close; the bright rays of the setting sun lit up the old gray walls of the monastery.

In the garden everything was green and fresh and bright. The statue of Our Lady was half hidden by large clusters of beautiful roses. The ivy which covered the arches of the cloisters was full of twittering, singing birds, who were seeking there their night's refuge. Under the thick, moss-covered walls it was cool and very still. Through a large Gothic arch at the end of the garden the eye caught a glimpse of a beautiful valley, with green meadows, rich corn-fields, and, a little further on, two large villages, once the property of the convent. From time to time a gust of wind brought a gay song or a burst of laughter to the nuns from a group of young girls who were making hay. Stopping for a moment to say an "Ave" at the Virgin's feet, Sister Seraphina rose and, looking at the glorious view, said, with a sigh, to the reverend mother:

"Forty years!"

"Forty years only!" replied the mother superior, smiling. "That is not very long; I have been here nearly fifty years, and dear old Sister Coletta sixty-eight." And then she added softly, as if speaking to herself: "A whole long life of work and prayer and peace. What a blessing from God!"

"Do you remember," continued Sister Seraphina, "how alarmed and distressed we were two years ago, and how we prayed to God to avert the terrible calamity which then threatened our dear and holy home?"

"And God did avert it," said the reverend mother, gently.

The nuns were silent; a sad thought passed through the hearts of both. They remembered the time when the little garden, so quiet and deserted now, was full of innocent mirth and laughter—when a multitude of young, merry girls, in their gray frocks, flitted here and there amidst the trees and flowers. They were very happy in their convent school and the nuns loved them as their own children. And now all was at an end—the school had been closed, the orphanage dispersed—even the little hospital, which had sheltered so many sad and suffering souls, and given ease and consolation to so many dying patients, had been inexorably shut up by the government authorities, and nothing remained, save these poor old nuns, of this once large and flourishing congregation.

"How long, reverend mother, were you superior of the school?" inquired Sister Seraphina, burying her face in a cluster of roses as she spoke.

"Twenty years," replied the mother, "just when you had made your last vows."

"Yes, and I was your assistant for fifteen years," answered Sister Seraphina, "and then I went to the infirmary. But, oh! how happy those years were, and how much good we could do!"

"Yes, dear sister," answered the reverend mother sadly; "but remember, our Lord still allows us to help those pure young souls by our prayers and mortifications."

"Yes, yes, I know it," replied Sister Seraphina, "and I know I am wrong to fret about whatever is God's will for us. But this constant anxiety—if we could only be sure to be left in peace to live and die here, in this our holy and beautiful home, which has sheltered God's spouses for more than four hundred years!" In these sad reflections, however, the mother superior interrupted her. "Let us go and see our visitor, sister; we have kept him waiting too long already," and so led the way to the convent parlor.

The visitor was still a young man. He seemed troubled, sad, and anxious, but had a kind and sympathetic face. He was also evidently timid and shy, which spies never are, so that the nuns felt confidence in him at once. When he saw them come in he opened softly the door to the passage or corridor to look and see if no one was there, and then closing it again, came back and asked the oldest of the nuns: "Have I the honor of speaking to the reverend mother?"

She replied in the affirmative. He continued, "To the Mother Rosalie, *née* Jane B——?"

"Yes," answered the mother, "I have been the superior of this convent for twelve years."

"Are you sure nobody can hear us?" he again asked anxiously.

"Yes, quite sure," she replied. "You may speak freely and safely." He then said:

"You must first give me your solemn word that you will never disclose to anybody the fact of my coming to you today."

The superior gave it and was not surprised at his caution, for how many people in these sad times had been ruined for life by a single word! Then he continued:

"Do you know Count M—— and Father A——, in B——?"

"Certainly," answered the mother superior. "Count M—— saved us two years ago. He went to B——, made use of all his influence with the highest authorities, and got leave for us to remain here. As for Father A——, he is our greatest

benefactor. Since they confiscated our lands, and in fact took all our means of subsistence, we depend entirely on his charity, and on the alms he procures for us, to obtain our daily bread."

"Well," replied the stranger, "Father A—— sends me to you with this letter from the count, which please read."

The poor mother took it with undisguised anxiety, but found it was full of indifferent matters; only at the end was an underlined postscript saying: "The bearer of this note will tell you all. You may trust him entirely."

She looked at the young man, who, bowing his head, said with a pained look: "I am the bearer of bad news, and, alas! news of which there is no doubt whatever. They have sent me to warn you and to advise as to your future course."

"Good God! you do not mean to say we are to be turned out of our convent?"

"Yes, its destruction is officially pronounced; but as yet the fact is kept secret. The commission will be here in a week's time, and you must prepare for it."

"But the church? the church?"

He bent his head lower still. "Yes, the church is to be closed too. The dean sent me to tell you that he had received positive orders to come and take away the Blessed Sacrament and all your church ornaments. Father A—— advises you to put away at once all that is most valuable in your church and convent, though he knows that the greater part of your treasures were carried off two years ago. He also begs me to say to you that, if you are asked, you should choose emigration instead of transfer to another convent, which would only be a temporary arrangement; for all are, more or less, doomed."

He added various details and instructions, to which the poor nuns scarcely listened; in fact they remained silent and half-stunned. It did not trouble them much where they went, if they were to be turned out of their home. A few old and infirm women, if they died a year sooner or later, here or there, what did it matter? But their beautiful church, their sacred and holy relics, their graves—oh! it was heart-breaking. The mother superior was the first to speak. "May God's holy will be done!" she exclaimed, and then hastened to thank their young guest for the dangerous mission he had undertaken for their sakes and to offer him hospitality. She knew he must wait till night to leave the convent walls, for spies were everywhere, and he must, if possible, escape discovery.

All was done as she wished, and after half an hour spent in the church in earnest prayer their unknown guest departed unseen.

Then the poor mother felt that the worst moment for her was come—that in which she had to break the sad news to the community.

"Not to-night," exclaimed Sister Seraphina, "not to-night, dear reverend mother! Let the poor old sisters have a last peaceful night."

The mother acquiesced in silence. In truth, at the thought of it her heart failed her more and more. The greater part of the community were so very old and so infirm! Half of them could not come down-stairs to the choir. For three years Sister Eustachia had been bed-ridden; Sisters Salitia and Ignatia could not leave their cells; others were so old that they had been dispensed from office and all conventual functions. Even the younger ones were half their time in the infirmary with rheumatism, sciatica, and the like. Since the confiscation of all the property of the monastery by the government no repairs of the roof or walls could be undertaken, so that in many places the rain and snow came in and the cold and damp were terrible. They were also dependent on the charity of their neighbors for fuel; and though their old doctor visited them free of charge and the chemist sent them medicines for nothing, still they could not abuse such kindness and rarely sent for them save in the most urgent cases.

The following morning was one of the Holy Communion days of the nuns, and after Mass was over the poor mother superior summoned all the sisters to the chapter-house. This had been once a beautiful building, but had shared in the ruin and decay of the monastery. The finely-carved stalls had been moved into the church to prevent their ruin from the wet which came from the broken windows, but there was still a fine crucifix, beautifully carved by an Italian master, and the Christ looked, as it were, sadly and lovingly on the anxious and sorrowful faces gathered at his feet. For none who could possibly manage it failed to obey the mother's bidding. They felt that they would not have been summoned to this deserted sanctuary save for some very grave reason; so they came in one by one, shuffling with their poor swelled feet, leaning on one another. Even poor old Sister Coletta appeared, supported by two lay sisters. They were fourteen in all, as alas! for twenty years they had not been allowed to take any novices.

The mother superior did not keep them long in suspense. "Dear sisters!" she exclaimed, in as firm a voice as she could command, "I have sad news to tell you. Our Lord has placed a heavy cross upon our shoulders. In a week's time we shall have to leave our dear home—our beloved monastery." . . . She paused—there was a dead silence—only the heads lowered more and more. At last one rose and said in a clear though trembling voice, "May God's holy and almighty will be done, now and for ever!" And a fervent "Amen!" burst from all those broken hearts.

Then the mother superior entered into details and told them all that had passed the previous evening and the advice given by Father A——. In an hour's time all was arranged and accepted by the sorrowing community; after which the poor mother added: "Now, let us go into the chapel and thank our Lord for his mercy, and ask him for the courage and strength we need."

All followed her, and soon the *Te Deum* echoed through the beautiful aisles, while a ray of sunshine lit up the tabernacle on the altar and seemed to give them an assurance of a peace and love which no change of circumstances or place could affect, and the sisters left the church comforted and strengthened and ready to give up their lives, if need be, for that which no earthly persecution could take away.

How the following week passed the poor nuns scarcely knew. Luckily they had much to see to and to do; they had no personal treasures left, but plenty of valuable relics of olden times which had to be saved from falling into profane hands. There were costly crucifixes, a beautiful chalice given by the queen, Maria Louisa, after the Swedish War; sacred vases, left by the last of the Jagellons; and a beautiful reliquary given by the princely house of Radziwill, which had been for two hundred years the principal ornament of their sacristy. Sister Salome, the devoted sacristan, took them out one by one, reverently kissing them and watering them with her tears. "And this dear old silver crucifix," she exclaimed, "the sacred reminder of our founder, Prince Mirski. We shall never see it again!" Tenderly and carefully were each and all packed and committed to the charge of a faithful and trustworthy old man servant, to whom alone they had confided their coming trouble, and who, at dead of night, conveyed them from the monastery to a safe hiding-place. Later on they were to be sent to pious and trustworthy hands, and would serve for the worship of our Lord in some other sanctuary.

At last all was ready for the arrival of the unwelcome guests. Nothing remained but some very old vestments and a chalice of no value. Everything went on in the convent without change; only the choir sisters came in greater numbers, in spite of their age and infirmities, none being willing to lose one hour of their common prayers and office.

Then came the 25th of July. At noon, just as the nuns were finishing chanting the hours in choir, the outer door-bell rang loudly. The lay sister, Domicilla, came in breathless from the porter's lodge, exclaiming: "They are come!" Telling the sisters to finish their prayers, the mother superior went to meet their inevitable doom. There were four officers at the gate, two in military and two in civil uniform. The colonel at their head was evidently a man of high rank, and his breast was covered with orders and crosses.

"We summon you to open the gates," he exclaimed in an authoritative manner, and in a voice which betrayed a strong Russian accent.

"Perhaps the reverend mother does not wish us to enter the cloister?" said one of the civil magistrates with an ironical smile. This was the head of the district, a man too well known to the nuns.

"Our rule does not permit us to admit persons not belonging to our community," replied the mother calmly, "but we must yield to force," and so saying she handed the keys to the colonel.

The ponderous gate was flung open and the officers marched in, the clatter of their swords resounding through the peaceful cloister. A body of soldiers, who had been standing in the background and who were fully armed, gathered round the front door. The mother superior summoned the community to the refectory, where they stood in silence beside her.

"Are they all here?" asked the colonel sharply, as he entered with his suite, scarcely bowing his head by way of salutation.

"All, save three sisters who are too ill to come down-stairs."

"Send for them directly," he replied.

"But they are bed-ridden!"

"Then bring them down in their beds, or I will send my soldiers up to fetch them."

There was nothing to be done. The colonel calmly lit his cigar, and the poor mother went up to superintend the moving

of the invalids. She had said nothing to Sister Eustachia, who was so old and ill that she had feared the shock would kill her. But, to her surprise, she found her calm and ready.

"Do not be afraid, dear mother!" she exclaimed; "I know all. The convent is to be closed and we are all to be sent away, and the officers want me to come down-stairs; is it not so?"

The superior replied, "But who told you?"

"No one," answered Sister Eustachia smiling, her pale face illuminated with a supernatural glow. "Do you think that no messages can be given save by human lips? I cannot walk, it is true, but I can be brought down." So saying, she prepared to dress, the mother helping her, and two of the lay sisters lifted her on to an arm-chair and prepared to carry her down-stairs. "Take care, in God's name!" exclaimed the superior as they stepped on the dark and rotten staircase.

"Don't be afraid, dear mother!" answered Sister Eustachia. "Nothing will happen to me to-day and to-morrow is not far off."

The poor mother had more difficulty with Sister Salitia, who would not move. "All this is a farce!" she exclaimed. "I will not leave my cell. If this colonel wants to see me let him come up here?" Not being in her right mind, the superior left her, pondering anxiously as to what she should say to explain her absence. But to her intense relief, when she returned to the refectory, she found the colonel standing opposite Sister Eustachia with a troubled and agitated face, while the sister was gazing at him steadily, with that same supernatural light on her countenance which she had had up-stairs. What she had said to him the mother never knew; but his manner was completely changed. "If I had known!" . . . he whispered, and then, to cover his evident confusion, began fumbling in his pockets and drew out a paper with the government seals, which he began to read in a trembling voice. The paper decreed the closing of the convent and church, and the immediate dispersion of the nuns. It was added that "out of extreme benevolence" they were to choose between being interned in a convent with other nuns of different orders under the guard of police authorities, or being sent abroad to another country, with the strict prohibition of setting their feet again in their native land.

The superior answered: "We choose the latter course, which I accept in the name of the community. When must we leave our convent?"

"To-morrow at noon," replied the colonel.

"May we assist at our usual daily Mass?"

He hesitated for a moment and then said: "Yes, if it be a Low Mass. But remember, any infringement of this order will be visited on the priest and on the dean, whom I ordered to be here to-morrow morning. So mind, no chanting, no lights, no bells, no demonstrations!"

The mother ventured to reply: "But we cannot have Mass without lights!"

"Very well. Two candles; not more, remember!" exclaimed the colonel, who had resumed his disagreeable manner; and then turning to one of the civil magistrates he added: "Send the chaplain here directly. I must arrange everything with him; otherwise we shall have a row. As for you, ladies, I repeat that I will have no demonstrations, no scenes." His eye shone, once more, cold and hard as steel.

"We are not in the habit of making scenes," replied the mother superior with dignity, and would have added more, but Sister Eustachia interrupted her and, looking at the colonel steadily, said: "Do not be afraid, my son; our mother has spoken truly. No disturbance will arise from us. God alone may do so; we are in his hands for life and death." She smiled as she spoke, and the colonel, visibly troubled once more, rose hastily and left the refectory with the rest, while the sister murmured, "Yes, the Saviour is always near. What happiness!"

The last morning dawned. It was a most lovely day; never had the whole place looked more bright and beautiful. But how was it that the news of the closing of the church and convent had got about in the neighborhood? No one could tell, but the fact remained that from the first moment of daylight every road and lane and path leading to the spot was thronged with people. Peasants in their white or brown coats, Cracow caps or straw hats, women and girls in their Sunday clothes, people in smart carriages, in one-horse gigs, or in humble carts, came steadily and slowly on in perfect silence, with bent heads and sad faces as if to a funeral, and very soon filled every nook and corner of the great court-yard in front of the church, although the soldiers, who had been quartered there during the night, tried to keep them back. At six o'clock the church was opened, and the flood began to sweep in calmly and take their places by the confessionals, where the dean, who had arrived the night before, and the chaplain were sit-

ting waiting for their flock. Every one wanted to receive absolution for the last time in the church where their own and their fathers' and forefathers' prayers had been offered for three hundred or four hundred years. But even in this matter there was no undue haste or pressure; only when the dean stood up once or twice anxiously and made a sign to the chaplain to begin Mass, a sob and a cry burst forth from the kneeling crowd and the whispered words: "For the love of God, father, wait! Oh, wait! We also want so much to go to confession —for the last—last time!" And the poor priest reseated himself resignedly and bent his head once more towards his penitents.

So the hours went by. It was near noon when the colonel arrived, accompanied by the civil magistrates and two younger officers. Six soldiers marched before him through the crowd, which retreated in silence. The dean, pale as death, rose from his confessional and went to meet them. The colonel angrily pulled out his watch and hung it under the dean's eyes.

"The Mass ought to have been said at nine o'clock," he exclaimed in a sharp voice. "You are responsible for this delay and for this crowd of people also. Did I not forbid you to tell anybody that the church was going to be closed, or to advertise the fact anywhere?"

"But, colonel!" humbly replied the dean, who was rather wanting in moral courage, "it is not my fault. No living soul heard of it from me. The chaplain only delayed a little because there were so many people coming to confession that they really would not let us pass."

"What! Not let you pass?" replied the colonel. "That is sheer disobedience, revolt! I will summon my men at once!"

"No, no; God forbid!" exclaimed the terrified priest. "Only, such numbers came to confession and we had not priests enough. Would the colonel permit me to send for another?"

"What! make the demonstration greater, the scandal more wide-spread?" furiously responded the officer. "Is it not bad enough as it is? You are responsible for the whole thing. Why did you go into the confessional at all? Did I send you here for that? Your business was to make and sign the inventory, to take away what was yours, and to shut the church. But you are all alike, all rebels and conspirators!"

The poor dean murmured, "Shall I tell the chaplain to begin Mass?"

"You had better, and that quickly!" replied the colonel, who had worked himself into a perfect fever and was pulling angrily at his moustache. Then, taking out his watch again, he cried: "If he does not begin in a quarter of an hour, I will turn out the people by force and shut up the church as it is."

"*As it is*" meant "with the Blessed Sacrament," which would be profaned in the tabernacle. The dean flew to the confessional where the chaplain was still sitting. "Quick, father, quick!" he exclaimed. "The Mass ought to have been said before, and now must be celebrated instantly, or we shall have terrible trouble."

The old priest turned his head, white with age, from the penitent to whose confession he was listening; and said in a low voice: "Already? Is it absolutely necessary? Look at all these poor people. There are so many still waiting for their turn—and it is the last time."

"I know, I know!" cried the poor dean, "but it is impossible to delay any longer. The colonel threatens to close the church at once—with the Blessed Sacrament. You know they did so last year at B——."

The chaplain rose hastily, and began with his feeble feet to try and force his way through the kneeling throng, who tried to stop him with tears and sobs: "Father, oh! do hear me. I have come ten miles on foot to make my confession," cried one. "And I was christened by you, and you gave me my first communion," said another. "And you married us," exclaimed a third, "and our children were buried by you." They kissed his hands and his cassock, and did their utmost to keep him back; but in spite of his tottering gait, for the tears were pouring down his face and half blinding him, he went on toward the sacristy, the dean supporting him and holding his arm.

"Courage, father, courage," he whispered. "It is God's holy will."

"I know," mournfully replied the poor old man; "but it is a heavy cross. For five-and-forty years I have served this altar and known all these poor people, and I hoped to have died amongst them and been buried by them!"

The poor nuns behind their curtain knew nothing of what was passing in the church. Everything had been ready for departure by break of day; their poor little parcels of clothes were all packed, and they themselves were kneeling in their stalls for the last time. Even Sister Eustachia was there. She sat in her arm-chair propped up with pillows, with her white

veil thrown off her pale but still beautiful face. Her head rested on the back of her chair, and her eyes were closed. One might have imagined that she was sleeping, had not the movement of her lips and a nervous twitching of her clasped hands shown that she was still praying. The Office had been long since said—even Vespers, as before a journey—and then they waited patiently for the last Mass.

According to the colonel's orders only two candles had been lighted, and as he had insisted on having the keys of the organ-loft and belfry-tower brought to him, there was no music and no bells.

Trembling and faint, with bent head and streaming eyes, the venerable old priest at last emerged from the sacristy. There were only a few steps from thence to the altar; but they seemed too much for him, and he staggered under the weight of the heavy embroidered chasuble which the nuns had been forced to include in the inventory and to leave behind, on account of the fine pearls with which it had been ornamented. Tears blinded his sight, and he would have fallen had not the dean been at hand to support him. Two old men of noble birth preceded him, one carrying the missal. They were Count C—— and Count W——, neighbors of the monastery, who had implored to serve the last Mass, and were not afraid of being compromised. The Mass began. A deep and muffled sob burst from the assembled multitude, but then a solemn silence, every one being absorbed in prayer. Suddenly, as the canon of the Mass began, to the amazement of everybody the church was all ablaze with light. Every candle on the different altars, every lamp and candelabra, was lighted and burning, so that the church seemed as if prepared for the feast of Corpus Christi.

Who had done it? Had the people arranged it among themselves? No one knew, and no one spoke. Only the high altar was in shadow, with its two poor candles, surrounded by soldiers, and in their midst the colonel, livid with rage, stamping his foot, biting his moustache, and tearing the cord of his helmet to pieces.

The Mass proceeded slowly; poor Father Vincenti could hardly go on with it, and the dean had to prompt him from time to time. Then came the Elevation. The venerable priest lifted high the Sacred Host in his trembling, feeble hands, while the little bell sounded softly, and a groan and a sob burst from the multitude of kneeling figures with bent heads and weeping eyes. Each one felt that it was our dear Lord himself who

had been shown to them for the last time from that altar where he had deigned to remain for more than four hundred years consoling, strengthening, and saving the souls of men; and who now was to be banished from that sanctuary for evermore.

Then came the priest's Communion. "*Domine non sum dignus*" —he struck with a hollow sound on his meagre breast, as if he would gladly give his life to save his Saviour from desecration. And then came the turn of the nuns. Supported by the dean and the server, Father Vincenti raised the Sacred Host to bless the people, and then slowly descended the steps to the grating. In their long, heavy, white mantles and flowing veils the sisters approached one after the other to receive the Bread of Life. The four oldest invalid nuns were lifted up to the little opening in the grating, that the priest's hand might reach their lips; but his hand trembled so violently that the dean had to hold and guide it. And then came the turn of the people. Hundreds knelt, one after the other, by the altar rails, to receive their Lord with heart-broken prayers and tears. At last the priest returned to the altar, and bending over it consumed all that were left of the consecrated particles. It was the end— Jesus had left his temple. The tabernacle door, void of the Sacred Host, was left open. The dean descended the altar steps, took out the glass from the beautiful hanging gold lamp, and extinguished the light. Pale as death, the poor old father finished the Mass, then leant half fainting against the altar, while the dean and the servers removed his chasuble and all, and put on him a cotta and stole. Then the dean, drawing near to the gratings, opened them wide; and the poor nuns, with their long mantles and veils covering their faces, stepped out from the shelter which had harbored them for so many years, and strove to make their way through the church. But then it was not a sob but a loud cry which burst from the assembled crowd as they realized that they were losing for ever those faithful servants of God, to whom they had been used to come in all their troubles and wants and necessities. They gathered round them, kissing their hands and their clothes. Mothers lifted up their children that they might see them once more. All were mingling blessings and tears with their farewells.

"O reverend mother! what shall we do without you?" cried one. "Unhappy orphans that we shall be!" exclaimed another. "Who will come to us in sickness or in sorrow? Do not forget us! Pray for us!" said a third. "Bless me once more," besought a young mother, "and my little one too."

"John, Franz, children, all! look well on our good and holy mothers that you may remember them all your life!" cried a venerable old man amidst the crowd. "Alas! alas! what have we done that we should live to see this day? Our dear Lord driven from his house, his Tabernacle void, his altar stripped and denuded, and now his faithful spouses turned out of house and home!"

The younger men clenched their fists and muttered angry, furious words.

"Be calm—for the love of God, be calm!" exclaimed the venerable mother. "You can do us no good. You will only bring misery on yourselves and your families. Resistance is hopeless. We must submit to God's will."

Silence followed this speech; but danger was in the air, and the colonel saw it. He was deadly pale, and pulling the dean towards him by the sleeve of his surplice, said angrily: "You are responsible for all this; you insisted on this Mass; you have ordered this demonstration; now we are on the eve of open revolt. I shall give orders to fire. End this scandalous scene at once, or otherwise I will answer for nothing. And as for you, . . ." "You will probably take a long journey north," added the district officer, with his cruel smile.

But the dean's courage had come back.

"You cannot frighten me by threatening me with the longest journey, colonel," he calmly replied. "God is everywhere, and we are in his hands. I am ready to accept his divine will, but I cannot take the responsibility for what may happen here. I knew nothing of the intention of all these poor people to come to-day; but it is not I that have filled their hearts with bitterness till they are ready to burst! It is not I who have wounded them in all that they hold most dear —their faith—their church—their conscience . . ."

"Take care what you are saying!" angrily responded the colonel. "You dare to find fault with the decrees of the governor? You dare to insinuate that the government is doing a cruelty and an injustice to the people?"

"I only say," replied the dean, "that those who sow the storm may reap the whirlwind."

"You shall answer for that," cried the colonel, in a fury. "You shall be arrested."

The dean turned away and the voice of the crowd rose menacing as a lion's suppressed growl.

But in a moment there was a dead silence. Father Vincenti,

leaning against the altar, spread out his arms to bless the people, and began to speak.

The colonel sprang towards him, crying out: "I forbid you to preach! Be silent, or I shall arrest you at once for insubordination!"

Vain threat! The moving crowd near the officers were at once turned to stone and stood round them, menacing in looks but perfectly silent, only firm and hard as a rock. No one touched or even pressed upon them; but they were enclosed as in a living wall, without the possibility of moving. In vain the colonel shouted: "Let me pass! Make room, in the name of the Czar! I'll teach you! . . ." The crowd was mute, but did not move. "This old priest shall answer for all!" screamed he, gnashing his teeth.

"Let it be, sir," said the dean, turning towards him. "Father Vincenti is above the fear of human tribunals. It would be better that you should pray to God that it may end as it is. Do not hinder him—his task is difficult enough as it is." The colonel stared at him in perfect astonishment at his boldness.

"Yes," continued the dean, "one word more from you may act as a spark in a ton of gunpowder. Look at the faces of the people around you—they are hundreds, you but a handful!"

The colonel seized the dean by the arm. "You are responsible," he whispered. "I will do nothing but what you desire. But try and prevent any rising. . . . I feel as if an outbreak were imminent."

"Do not fear," sorrowfully answered the dean; "there will be no catastrophe if you will let them alone. I know this people well. They are full of faith and love, and have patience enough; but do not trespass on it too far. Do not press your point now; I could not answer for the consequences!"

The colonel's face paled and he was silent, feeling that the dean was right. All faces were turned now towards the old priest, whose voice at first was feeble but then rose stronger and stronger till it filled the whole church, while every one listened in breathless silence. He spoke of the old times; of the venerable Abbess Dorothea, whom the church had raised on her altars; on the hundreds of high-born and holy women who had lived and died in that monastery for the love of God and of the poor around them; of the beautiful hospitals and schools they had founded and maintained; of the children they had trained and the orphans they had sheltered; of the

Tartar and Swedish invasions, which had been repelled by the faithfulness of the peasants who laid down their lives to defend the convent and its inmates; of the terrible and cruel incursion of the revolted Cossacks, when so many of the sisterhood suffered martyrdom rather than break their sacred vows; of the large sums contributed by the different abbesses for every national need in their dear native land—in fact, every page of the history of that monastery for four hundred years was turned over and dwelt upon with marvellous fire and eloquence by this white-haired old priest, so that none of his hearers should fail to remember what they owed to its inmates. And then he turned to the poor sisters, who had been as his own children for so many years, and said:

"To you, the last remaining branches of this once powerful tree, now withered and condemned to death, I give my blessing and my last farewell. May God bless you for your prayers, your sacrifices, your life-long work! May he bless and console you likewise, in this present hour of sadness and bitterness, in the exile to which you are condemned, in the rending of every tie which even hearts consecrated to God are permitted to love Go in peace. Say farewell to this old home, sanctified by so many generations of saints; that home which protected your youth and was the daily witness of your holy lives of labor, love, and prayer. This beloved church, where you daily and hourly met the Bridegroom of your souls, this holy shrine says farewell to you too! Strange hands will cover your bodies with strange clay in a strange land; no dear sacred national hymn will be sung on your funeral day. But He who is the Resurrection and the Life, He, the Good Shepherd, will take you in his arms—you, his own beloved and elected sheep! Your tears will adorn his crown as the choicest pearls; and your pain and your sacrifices, borne so bravely for his sake, will not only insure your own salvation, but in the balance of his justice may turn the scales and bring rescue likewise to your persecuted brethren in our native land."

The nuns knelt on the altar steps in silent prayer. A profound silence pervaded the whole church. Then the mother abbess rose with her sisters and began walking slowly down the aisle to the great door at the west end. She was struck by the terrified look of the colonel as she drew near him, who was evidently staring at something behind her, and also at the expression of the dean's face who stood by him. She turned round and in the midst of her nuns, who had suddenly stopped,

she saw Sister Eustachia, seated in her arm-chair, carried by two lay sisters as before, with a wonderful brightness round her head and the sweetest of smiles on her white lips, while her eyes seemed fixed and glazed.

Before she could go back to her, the colonel had sprung forward and seized her arm; the hand fell back cold and lifeless.

"Good God! her words have come true," he exclaimed, and visibly shuddered.

"What is it? What has happened?" everybody began to ask. The poor mother superior had now reached the sister's chair, and, kneeling by her, softly closed her eyes, kissed her, and lowered her veil. One by one the rest of the sisters came forward to kiss her cold hand. The dean intoned the "De Profundis," to which all responded; and the words of one of them "Happy Sister Eustachia!" found an echo in the hearts of priests and people alike. It was getting late; but no one bade them hurry now. The colonel seemed as one dazed; the crowd, awed by that last scene of death, were silently weeping. The mother, kissing once more the ground of God's house, walked calmly down to the church door, supported by friendly arms and with murmured blessings from all sides. And so she and her sisters entered the carriages prepared for them to drive to the nearest station. And in the deserted sanctuary Sister Eustachia stayed alone.

HOW THE CELTIC REVIVAL AROSE.

BY M. A. O'BYRNE.

ALMOST as important as Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation was the discovery by Grimm, in the year 1822, of his celebrated "law of languages." This master-key lent an impetus to philological studies all over the civilized world, the force of which is still felt and which seems indeed to be on the increase as the years roll by. Simultaneously with this study of comparative grammar has arisen the study of what is termed "folk-lore," or the collection of the myths and household stories of kindred peoples, their comparison with each other, and their gradual development into the form in which they exist to-day; and retroactively the tracing of their common origin back to the primeval stock from whence these kindred nations are descended. In the prosecution of these co-ordinate studies and in their application to the literature of kindred nations, it gradually became apparent to the student of history that a new and hitherto unexplored field of historical research was thrown open to him, in which he might see as in a mirror the form of language and the mode of thought of the common people; and, inferentially, the springs of action that impelled them. Thus, taking an introspective glance as it were into their very souls, he learned more about their customs and manners than could be gleaned from the descriptions of the thousands of battles with which history teems.

Max Müller, in his *Lectures on the Science of Language*, says: "Language reflects the history of nations, and if properly analyzed, almost every word will tell us of many vicissitudes through which it passed on its way from Central Asia to India, to Persia, to Asia Minor, Greece and Italy, to Russia, Gaul, Germany, the British Isles, America, New Zealand, and back again in its world-encompassing migrations to India and the Himalayan regions from which it started."

ANCIENT IRISH MSS. ON THE CONTINENT.

The value of comparative philology, and the study of folk-lore as a key to the proper study of the history of mankind,

has gradually become an established fact, and no historian of any pretensions can ignore it. In the impulse given to these studies owing to a due appreciation of their value men began to ransack the great libraries of Europe in search of anything that might throw light on the past, in the shape of old MSS. or moth-eaten tomes long forgotten and cast aside because of their supposed worthlessness. It thus happened that the great German philologist, Zeuss, in examining old Latin MSS. containing interlinear Gaelic glosses, in the libraries of St. Gall and Milan, written by the Irish monks, and brought thither by them from Ireland, from the sixth to the ninth centuries, discovered that those glosses contained the oldest forms of the Gaelic language in existence. The oldest MSS. purely Gaelic of which any previous knowledge existed were the "Leabhar na h-Uidhre" and the "Book of Leinster," the former written about the beginning, and the latter about the middle of the twelfth century. Here was Gaelic at least four hundred years older, and what was more important still for the philologist, it contained all the inflexional endings, thus establishing once for all what previously had been mere conjecture, the Aryan character of the Gaelic language, and placing it in the same category as the Sanscrit, Latin, Greek, and Sclavonic languages.

ZEUSS' "GRAMMATICA CELTICA."

With characteristic industry and zeal, begotten of his love of learning, Zeuss copied and collated all such MSS. as he was able to find in the libraries of St. Gall, Milan, Turin, Carlsruhe, Würzburg, etc.; and with the materials thus at hand, together with his knowledge of Kymric, or Welsh, he gave to the world the result of his labors in his *Grammatica Celtica*, published in 1853. It is no exaggeration to say that the entire literary world was astounded at the appearance of this work. As a monument of learning it places the name of J. Kaspar Zeuss in the front rank of the scholars of the nineteenth century, whilst if we consider the result arising from its publication as an impulse to Gaelic studies, it embalms his memory in the hearts of all who love the language of the Gael; and even if we consider merely the practical result, or the gain to philological study in general, we are driven to the conclusion that Zeuss accomplished as much for the Celtic as Grimm had some years previously accomplished for the Teutonic tongues.

LABORS OF EARLIER IRISH SCHOLARS.

It is interesting to note the state of knowledge of the Celtic languages prior to the issue of Zeuss' *Grammatica Celtica.* Amongst native Irish scholars the most important work that had been published was Dr. O'Donovan's Irish Grammar, in the year 1845. Although this is by far the best grammar that had hitherto appeared, it is merely a grammar of the modern language, and as such was not of much value to the philologist. Dr. O'Donovan himself, although he was a great scholar of the modern and middle Irish, did not know of even the existence of what is now called old Irish—the Irish of the Continental glosses. He knew nothing of the neuter gender or the dual number, though remnants of both are still to be found in the modern language. It must not, however, be supposed that there is any desire on the part of the writer to disparage the invaluable labor of Dr. O'Donovan on behalf of the language and history of Ireland. It must never be forgotten that his learning and labors—and the same might be said of Dr. O'Curry—rendered possible the progress made by Celtic scholars in recent years.

CELTIC LANGUAGE IN EARLY MEDICINE.

Amongst continental scholars, however, considerable progress had been made in determining the philological value of the Celtic languages. In 1837 M. Adolph Pretet, of Geneva, issued his great work, *De l'affinité des Langues Celtique avec le Sanscrit,* in which he established the superiority of the Irish language over the other Celtic dialects, and its comparative freedom from phonetic decay, in the fact that it alone still preserves to a great extent the terminal forms. Professor Bopp, in his *Die keltischen Sprachen,* gave to the world a discovery he had made which, if we consider the dearth of materials on which he had to work, the *Grammatica Celtica* not having yet been issued, may well excite our astonishment at what Dr. Ebel calls "the result of a wonderful divinatory faculty." This discovery was that eclipsis and aspiration in modern Irish are the relics of the old case-endings arising from phonetic decay. Grimm also, about this date, made another discovery which provoked much controversy amongst Celtic scholars, but which was finally vindicated and acknowledged by his opponents, and especially by Zeuss. It had been a subject of regret amongst scholars that no monuments or medals or coins containing ancient Celtic inscriptions, similar to those in the Latin and Greek languages, existed. In

this they were for a long time mistaken, as such inscriptions actually existed, and such relics of antiquity had from time to time been discovered both on the Continent and in Ireland; but there was no one able to decipher them till Grimm brought the light of his learning to bear on the subject. His object was to establish the antiquity of Celtic speech, and this he accomplished by proving that the medical formulæ of Marcellus, physician to Theodosius the Great, who died at Milan in 395, in which there is a number of Gaulish plant-names and many medical remedies, were all written in the Gaelic language. Zeuss, in his *Grammatica Celtica*, ridiculed the idea that those formulæ had any affinity to the Celtic dialects. In 1855, however, Grimm, after a thorough re-examination of the subject, laid the result of his investigations before the Academy of Berlin, and triumphantly vindicated the Celtic character of the Marcellian formulæ. Zeuss some years afterwards, in a letter to Jacob Grimm, fully admitted the Celtic character of the formulæ. The result of this discovery, and of many Gaelic inscriptions on medals and coins, and tablets of stone and bronze which had long lain in out-of-the-way places, and had never previously been critically examined in the light of the progress in knowledge of languages, established the fact that all over north-western Europe, and the entire country which was known to the Romans as Transalpine Gaul, there lived a people who spoke the Celtic languages, who knew the use of letters, and who had attained to a degree of civilization which had hitherto been regarded as the monopoly of the Greeks and Romans. In recent years the labors of Whitley Stokes, on the same lines of investigation, have proved the Celtic origin of the people of Cisalpine Gaul also.

PRACTICAL METHODS OF MODERN STUDENTS.

A second edition of Zeuss' *Grammatica Celtica*, edited by Ebel, was issued in 1871. Nor should the labors of other continental scholars on behalf of Celtic studies be forgotten; such, for instance, as Zimmer, Windische, and M. Jubainville, editor of the *Revue Celtique*, who, not content with the MSS. available on the Continent, make yearly visits to Ireland and spend their days poring over the MS. treasures of Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy, or in the Irish-speaking districts amongst the peasantry, to learn as nowhere else they can the idiom and true genius of the language they love so well. Windische published his Irish Grammar in 1874 and his *Irische Texte* in 1880, both colossal works. The names also of Cavaliere Nigra,

Ascoli, Schleicher, Marcel, Diefenbach, Gaidoz, etc., should be indelibly engraved on the memory of Irishmen because of their labors on behalf of the Gaelic language.

EFFECTS OF THE NATIONAL SCHOOL SYSTEM IN IRELAND.

Whilst continental scholars were thus busying themselves on behalf of the Irish language an apathy almost death-like existed amongst the Irish people themselves. True, a faithful few were to be found, here and there, who in the face of all difficulties battled against an adverse public opinion, and by unremitting efforts tried to kindle the fire of a true patriotic spirit, and arouse the people to an appreciation of the linguistic treasure they were fast consigning to utter extinction. These few loyal workers had as their greatest difficulty the denationalizing process that had been going on amongst the people since the establishment of the National Schools. The great Archbishop MacHale, foreseeing the dangerous tendency of these un-national schools, never allowed them to be established in his archdiocese. He called them, and justly so, as after events proved, "the graves of the Irish Language." He might have added "the graves of Irish Nationality" as well. From the books used in these schools everything appertaining to the history of Ireland was sedulously excluded, while the Irish language was tabooed and forbidden.

THE FALSE SHAME OF THE CELTIC RACES.

Simultaneously and prior to the establishment of the National Schools, and dating back perhaps a century earlier, a feeling of shame for their language and customs and everything Irish had been growing amongst all classes of the people. Indeed the very term *Gaodhlach* in their native language was a synonym for everything inferior or commonplace, whilst the term *Galda* meant directly the opposite. We have to this day the expression *Nach Gaodhlach an fear e*, meaning "What a common fellow he is," and *Nach Galda ata tu*, meaning "How polite you are." This, perhaps, is not to be wondered at when we consider that it is a part of our human nature to associate grandeur and greatness with those who possess the goods of this world. The Irish people were robbed of their riches and lands—they had no existence according to English law; and they very naturally looked upon the language of their oppressors as superior to their own. This feeling gradually gave way to a sense of shame or disregard for their language

and literature. Doubtless, too, this influence must have been something similar to the processes of denationalization which under the operation of the Roman laws and language produced a like result in Celtic Gaul, thus Romanizing the people and gradually producing the conglomerate modified French language of to-day.

BRIGHTER PROSPECTS FOR THE OLD TONGUE.

Notwithstanding the difficulties above referred to, it is gratifying to be able to acknowledge that the future of the movement for the preservation of the Irish language is encouraging, and that the home-workers in the cause are making progress they scarcely dreamed of a few years ago. There never has been a period during the darkest hour born of Irish history when there were not zealous workers on behalf of the Irish tongue. True, at times they were few and their efforts were feeble, but the line of succession of such workers from Keating and McCurtin down to O'Donovan and O'Curry, and down to our own day, has been unbroken. Whitley Stokes, Atkinson, Hennessy, Dr. MacHale, Dr. Sullivan, Ulick J. Burke, John Fleming, Kuno Myer, Flannelly, Dr. Sigerson, Father O'Growney, and Dr. Douglas Hyde has each contributed his share in preserving that line unbroken. Many valuable publications in the language have been issued during the past ten or fifteen years. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language has sent out hundreds of thousands of grammatical manuals and easy lesson books, as well as works of a higher grade. *The Gaelic Journal*, commenced some ten years ago, and now for the first time on a secure financial basis, has contributed largely to the success of the movement. The *Journal* is ably edited by Father O'Growney and Mr. McNeill, both accomplished scholars in ancient and modern Irish. The many publications issued during the past quarter of a century of portions of Middle Irish MSS., principally the "Book of the Dun Cow," the "Book of Leinster," the works of Ængus the "Culdee," the "Tripartite Life of St. Patrick," the "Life of St. Brigid," and several contributions to the *Revue Celtique*, bear testimony to the indefatigable labor and exalted scholarship of Whitley Stokes. Professor Atkinson and Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., are also worthy of note in this connection. The former published in 1890 Keating's great work on death, "Tri Biorr-Gaithe an Bhais," in which he evinces a wonderful knowledge of the modern language, and by his scientific treatment of the verb "to

be" in Irish has rendered a service to the study of the modern language analogous to that rendered by Arnold to the study of the Latin and Greek languages. Father Hogan's "Cath Rois na Rig for Boinn," recently issued as one of the Todd Lecture Series, also bears testimony to the ripe scholarship of the Rev. Editor. His treatise on "The Irish Neuter Substantive" as an appendix to this work gives proof of his great familiarity with old Irish, and will be of the utmost service to advanced students who desire to study the language in its oldest and most unaffected forms.

VALUE OF CELTIC STUDY.

A word here as to the value of the Gaelic language from a philological stand-point. In the discussion of this subject it is essential to remember that Celtic is a generic term embracing the Irish, Scotch, Manx, the Welsh, the Cornish, and the Armoric languages. Of these subdivisions the three first mentioned are derived from the Low-Aryan tongue, and are called the Gaelic. The three last mentioned are derived from the High-Aryan, and are sometimes called the British languages. Their relationship to each other, and to the old Aryan from which they both sprung, might be illustrated by a comparison of the Romance languages with the Latin language. The Irish, Scotch, and Manx are one and the same language, with this difference, that the Scotch and Manx have suffered more phonetic decay than the Irish, and have lost almost all of the case-endings. All three bear the same relationship to the old Aryan as Italian does to Latin, though of course not to the same degree; whilst the British group bears the same relation to the old mother-tongue as French does to Latin. Owing to the isolated position of Ireland and the high degree of civilization and learning to which the early Irish had attained, the Irish is the most perfect of the Celtic languages. The many inscriptions on bronze and stone discovered on the Continent, already referred to, bear a nearer relationship to Irish than to any of the other sister Celtic tongues, and this relationship becomes closer the older the inscriptions are, thus suggesting a probability that originally there was only one Celtic language spoken by the Celtic race, and that the Irish-Gaelic.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MONUMENTS OF THE CELT.

In tracing the *habitat* of Celtic speech we have already seen that it was the language of Cisalpine and Transalpine Gaul. All

modern scholars are now unanimous on this point; in fact the nomenclature of all the countries in north-western Europe bear unmistakable proof of the race that originally inhabited them. We have, for instance, Rome derived from *Ruadh-Abhan*, the Red River. We have the Alps from the Gaelic *Alp*, still used in the modern language, and meaning a peak or mountain. We have the Garonne from *Garbh-Abhan*, the Rough River. If we pass over into England, we have all the names of towns containing the affix or prefix *Avon*, so many remnants of the original names given them by their Celtic founders. Whilst speaking on this subject I may cite here the authority of Glück, who made a collection of the names used by Cæsar in his writings and in a very learned work published by him has proved their Celtic origin.

THE CELTIC ELEMENT IN ENGLISH LAW.

A great deal has been said and written regarding the etymology of the English language. Till within recent years a tendency to deny any relationship of the English with the Celtic languages existed amongst English lexicographers. In this respect they followed the example of Dr. Johnson and Macaulay, whose hatred of everything Irish dwarfed their scholarship and rendered them incompetent judges, at least on this subject. How much the English language is indebted for its vocables to Gaelic is a question that has not so far been fully determined. That it must be very considerable is at least reasonable, when we consider that the original inhabitants of Britain were Celts, and that the theory that they were all put to death or perished after the invasion of Hengist and Horsa cannot be adopted, and is now rejected by all well-informed historians. The late Dr. Sullivan, President of Queen's College, Cork, to whose profound scholarship the writer would here testify, and to whose article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and his *Introduction to O'Curry's Lectures* he is indebted for much of the historical data in this article, says on the subject of English law and the organization of society in England and Gaul: "That the great principles of English law are the gift of the Anglo-Saxons, who not only borrowed nothing from their predecessors, the Britons, but actually exterminated them, has so much the force of an axiom among English writers that no one, so far as I know, has ever doubted the first part of the statement, and but few the latter part. And yet it may be maintained that the organization of society in Gaul and in Britain before the dawn of the Christian

era was substantially the same as in Germany; that all the fundamental principles of Anglo-Saxon law existed among the Britons and Irish; and that the Saxons of Hengist and Horsa found on their arrival what we call Saxon laws and customs, and only effected territorial changes. This is precisely the conclusion to which a study of ancient Irish history in the broad sense of the word inevitably leads." So much for the much-vaunted Teutonic origin of English law. May not the Teutonic element in the English language be also equally overestimated?

RICHNESS OF THE CELTIC TONGUE.

As this article is designed as an answer to the question "Should the Irish language be preserved?" it is necessary that the objection which we hear to the study of Gaelic should be here answered. Unfortunately the objection is frequently heard from Irishmen and their descendants who should be better informed regarding their mother-tongue. When asked to study the Gaelic language they say "What is the good? It has no literature. It is not a cultivated tongue," etc. The writer has often heard this objection, even from those who from their position in society and learning he had a right to expect were not in such dense ignorance on a question of such importance. I can offer no more apt reply to all such objections than the testimony of Professor Roerig, at one time of Cornell University, and perhaps the ablest living linguist, who in his address before the Gaelic Society of this city, delivered in 1884, says:

"The Celtic is extremely rich in words which have come down to us with all their primitive freshness, in their unadulterated original form, and that from the remote ages of dim pre-historic times, when it still presented in Asia something identical with the primitive Aryan speech and Sanscrit. Moreover the luxuriant lexical growth and richness of the Irish language, that brightest flower of the Celtic branch, becomes apparent by the fact that should all the existing glossaries, old and new, be added together, we should have at least thirty thousand words—besides those printed in dictionaries—a richness of vocabulary to which perhaps not a single living language can bear even a remote example. . . . None of the other Celtic tribes or nations have given us so important and ancient a literature as the Irish, and the Celtic antiquities and old writings are to all appearance much more abundant in Ireland than elsewhere. But the literary productions in Irish are not only very numerous—they extend also to a wonderful variety of subjects

and departments of mental conception and activity, such as poetry, history, laws, grammar, etc., and it is a well-known fact that many legends of French and German poets in the Middle Ages derive their origin from Irish and other old Celtic songs."

Here he enumerates the many MSS. still extant in the Irish language in the several departments mentioned above, and, again referring to the extent of Irish literature, he concludes his remarks as follows:

"There are very many Irish MSS.—all of ancient date—that ought to be published and rendered thus accessible to scholars generally, as well as to the native Irish reader, and it has been ascertained that for the elucidation of Irish history there are without any comparison a greater number of valuable ancient Irish documents extant as manuscripts than either English or French or any European nation can boast of. It is reported that some scholar in Germany made an estimate by calculation, showing that it would take about one thousand volumes in octavo form to publish the Irish literature alone which is contained in the extant MSS. from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries."

CELTIC CHAIRS IN THE UNIVERSITIES.

The establishment of Celtic chairs in all the principal seats of learning in Europe is an answer to this question. The establishment of a Celtic chair in the Catholic University at Washington is at once an answer to this question and an evidence of the enlightened scholarship of its management. The Catholic University is to be congratulated on the fact that, though the youngest university in the land, it is the first that has shown a realization of the value of modern linguistic progress in thus taking a step in which the other principal universities will have to follow, unless they are content to lag behind in the march of intellectual advancement so characteristic of the present age. The Catholic University is likewise to be congratulated on her choice of a professor to fill this chair in the person of Father Henebry, who, though young in years, has already given promise of being in time the most thorough Irish scholar that Ireland has produced since the time of Geoffrey Keating or Duald MacFirbis.

CELTIC THE MOTHER OF RHYMED POETRY.

Within the limits of a mere synoptical review it is impossible to give more than a passing glance at the influence,

universally admitted, of the Irish language on the English language and literature. It must suffice to state here that the English language, as well as all the modern languages of Europe, owe to the Irish language one of their chief charms, viz., rhyme. Matthew Arnold and all the recent English writers willingly admit this fact. Sedulius, who was an Irishman, and who gave to Catholic hymnology many of the most beautiful Latin hymns still used in the liturgy of the Catholic Church, first introduced rhyme into Europe when he produced his "Carmen Paschale," the greatest epic poem in the Latin language next to Virgil's "Æneid." Many of the hitherto insoluble problems of history are yielding to the light thrown upon them by Irish literature.

When Brennus (Celtic *Bran*, meaning a judge or king) in the year 382 B.C., having defeated the Romans near the river Allia, led his conquering legions on to Rome and sacked the imperial city, they called him a "Barbarian," as they did all who spoke a language different from their own; but he was civilized enough to whip and almost annihilate them, and probably almost as advanced in refinement as themselves, as he spoke a Celtic language, most likely the Gaelic, which even at that remote period had attained a high degree of development. When St. Patrick came to Ireland from Gaul, or, as some hold, from Wales, his great success in evangelizing the ancient Irish was due in a measure to the fact that he spoke a language almost identical with theirs; and when, later on, the Irish missionaries carried the banner of the true faith all over northwestern Europe, they preached that faith to kindred people, speaking a kindred language and possessing the same manners and customs. All these facts are so many answers to the question, Should the Irish language be preserved? The writer would appeal to Irishmen and their descendants, by all the memories that cling around the glorious past of our race, when Ireland was the home of learning and science, the "Insula sanctorum et doctorum," and when her children swarmed from their island home to spread that learning amongst the nations, by the memory of all her struggles to preserve a distinct nationality, to save from destruction the only tie that binds us to that past, and the only preservative in the future of our characteristics as a people—our language.

AN IMPRESSION OF HOLLAND.

BY BART KENNEDY.

I WAS only two days in Rotterdam, but found it quite long enough to upset the notion I had formed beforehand concerning the natives of Holland. I had imagined the Dutch to be a dull, heavy race whose main object in life was the smoking of pipes at least a yard long. Everything must be stupid, solemn, and sedate, I thought. Where and how I got this notion I don't exactly know. It may have been partly through the seeing of Dutch comedians, who always appear on the stage smoking long pipes, and partly through the reading of Washington Irving's odd tale, *Rip Van Winkle*, in which the Dutch characters are wrapped in a haze of sleepiness.

As I came up the River Maas on the steamer I thought of the Hudson and the strange legends concerning the old Dutch adventurers who had sailed through its waters. My mind was full of pictures of hardy sailors; queer-looking houses; lazy men dressed *à la* Rip Van Winkle; smoking, pedantic school-masters; shrewish housewives; stolid, chubby children, and skittle-playing, schnapps-drinking goblins. In a vague way I half expected to see Irving's odd characters standing on the wharf.

But, no; the people were awake—very much awake. Everything was spick and span new, and smacking of the hurry and rush of America.

Neither did I find any one smoking the yard-long pipe that I had always supposed to be the main and most treasured belonging of the Hollander. Indeed I scarcely saw any pipes at all. To be sure nearly every man I saw was smoking, but he was smoking a cigar.

The town struck me as being a mixed-up sort of town, with plenty of water in the mixing. Canals, bridges, and again canals, were everywhere. They were part of the means by which the Dutch had fought their mightiest foe of all—the ocean—for centuries. Long ago Holland was nothing but a water-swept salt marsh—a drear waste. The sea was its lord and master, and overran it at will. Now it is a thriving and prosperous country possessed of many fine cities. A brave race,

The Drager—Dutch Funeral Officer.

indeed, are the Dutch to rescue their land from the sweep and overwhelm of great waters!

As I was going along the Wilhelmmakade, a fine boulevard, a small cart laden with vegetables came along. It looked something like a London costermonger's cart. A man appeared to be pushing it. He was not, however. He was only guiding or steering it. The motive power was supplied by a huge, powerfully built dog that was harnessed beneath it. I saw this as the cart went by. Indeed the sight of the dog—it was a mastiff—with its rolling, bloodshot eyes, and lolling tongue, startled me. There are many of these carts in Rotterdam. They are called "hundencars." Hundencar means dogcar. Evidently the people of Holland think that dogs should be useful as well as ornamental.

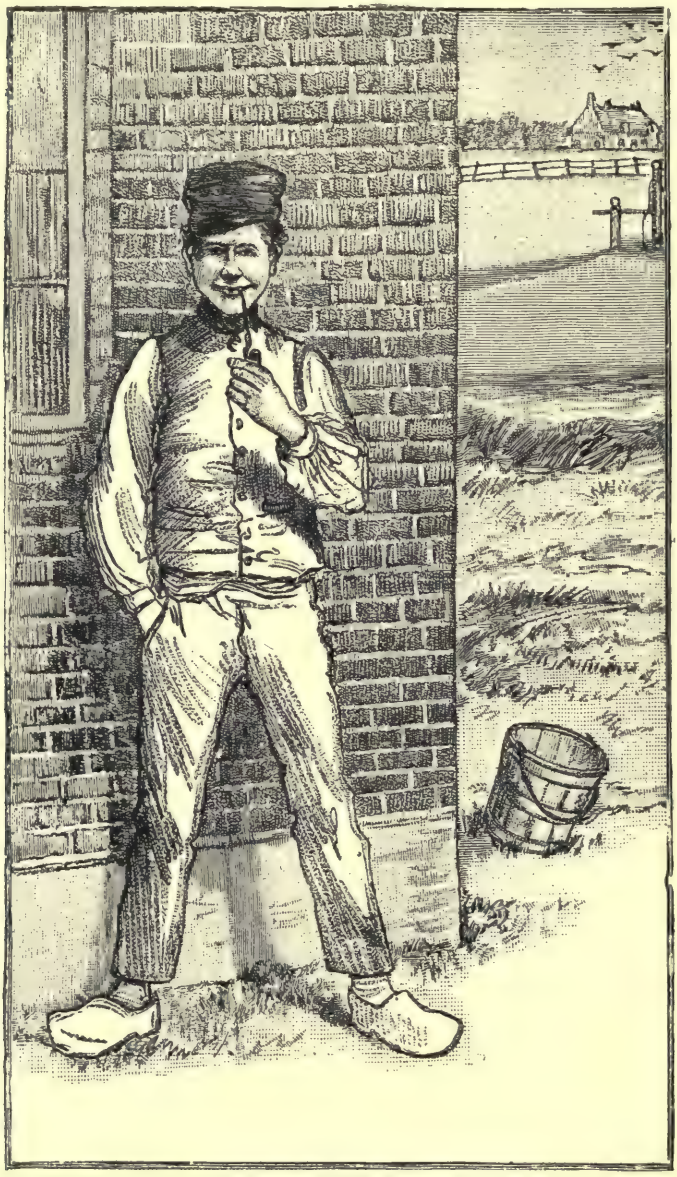
The laboring class in Rotterdam wear the funniest-looking wooden shoes imaginable. They call them "klompen." They seem to be made for the purpose of injuring pavements, and their name is very suggestive of their character, because of the fact that you can hear their "klomp, klomp" a half a mile away. They are huge in size, and in shape something like a cross between a small Chinese junk and the shell of a big land turtle.

Rotterdam is dotted all over with delightful little parks, where everything is green and fresh, where the birds chirp and sing, and where the nurse-maids wheel forth the babies for an airing. Here are tulips the like of which cannot be found even if one roams the world. As every one knows, it was a Dutch tulip that fascinated and beggared that erratic and brilliant Irishman, Goldsmith. This man of genius gave all the money he had in the world for an especially fine-looking tulip. He kept it till it was faded; and perhaps, after all, got his money's worth out of it, for poets and geniuses are a strange sort of people who have their own peculiar way of getting the most out of money and of life.

Rotterdam is the cleanest of clean towns. And small wonder. The water is plentiful. This struck me after I had crossed at least a hundred bridges during my first day's wandering through it. And you may look over at the chimneys of the houses in any direction you may please to turn, and see the masts of schooners, steamers, and indeed all rigs of vessels, standing almost alongside them. The town is so thoroughly intersected by canals that the ships may come and unload their cargoes right into the heart, or into the back streets of

the city, so to speak. So the people are not forced to go far to get water for cleaning purposes.

Physically the Dutch are sturdy and straight of figure, red



A Sunday off in Brock.

of cheeks, and bright and keen of eyes. The dominant expression of their faces seemed to me to be a certain patient cour-

age, an indomitableness the heritage of ancestors who conquered, after long centuries of continuous fighting, the storms and terrors of the great, awful ocean. A people such as this typify that finest human quality—never giving up—which has made man king over all, which has enabled him to chain the lightning, to link together the peoples of the world, to wrest vast treasures from the bowels of the earth, to build great ships, to write great books for the advancement of human happiness and liberty.

A grand people, I thought, as I sailed home to America.

MISTS.

BY JESSIE WILLIS BRODHEAD.

GRAY mists, silent, unbroken,
Sweeping the river's breast;
Sorrows unseen, unspoken,
Haunting the heart's unrest.

Gray mists shrouding the flowers,
Heavy with dreams unslept;
Grief unfolding the hours
Heavy with tears unwept.

Gray mists swept by the morning
Into a veil of gold;
Out from grief's pallid mourning
Visions of joy unfold.

Cling to my heart, O sorrows
Unsought, unloved, unkissed;
God's love in clear to-morrows
Will glorify God's mist.

HIS DRY SUNDAY.

BY EDITH BROWER.

THEY rented two rooms in the old stone house on the corner, one up-stairs and one down. The upper room had a large closet which was Susanna's pride and joy, for it would hold everything and more too. The apartment below-stairs was a combination of parlor, work-shop, and dining-room; the last in bad weather only, for on all pleasant days they took their meals, like true Germans, under the grape-trellis in the garden.

Sometimes Count Dagobert came and supped with them. The neighbors knew him as Mr. Wurmser, but he really was an Austrian count, as anybody who had a quarter of an eye might tell by looking at him. He was very tall, very erect, very spare, very long-necked, with hollow cheeks, sharp, straight nose, and a sharp goatee on his chin. He had been all over the world, knew everything, wore no end of jewelled rings on his lean hands, and spoke the most beautiful German—so Heini said—as well as seventeen other languages—so the count said. His full name was Dagobert Christian Frederick Wurmser, and he owned a great estate on the other side which included four towns and several villages. Yet for all this he preferred to follow the profession of a mining engineer in a new country, while for a friend he chose little Heinrich Moller, boot and shoe maker. How singular in the count, yet how noble and kind!

Heinrich and Susanna had been married ten months. He was twenty on his wedding day, and she was considerably over twenty-nine. People said that she had popped the question and he didn't dare refuse; which was a calumny, for he had teased her a whole year to marry him. Susanna truly loved the pretty young fellow, and hesitated only on account of that dreadful decade between them; she was afraid of feeling older than she did already, were she to take a boy for a husband. However, the boy had a good trade and an admirable amount of virile persistence; so Susanna gave in at last, saying to herself: "What does his age matter? I can manage him the better."

He certainly got well managed, this darling, curly-headed baby man, by his mature, strong-minded wife. Her mode of management was the same that all wise women use in like cases: plenty of humoring with a show of obedience. When *Herr*

Moller became lordly and intimated that his house—or portion of a house—was his own, *Frau* Moller veiled her bright black eyes with their large lids and said sweetly: "*Schön, schön,* Heinrich"—which made little Heinrich feel like a *tsar* at the very least.

Then when the time came for gaining her own point, it was "Heinchen" or "Heini," or "Schatzerl"—for Susanna was a South-German woman and full of pretty soft diminutives—and her eyes would gleam so lovingly above her vivid red cheeks that Heini could no more resist their spell than if he were actually enchanted. At such times he was no *tsar*, but only a lap-dog without a wish that was not also that of his mistress. These alternations on Heinrich's part betwixt marital assertiveness and a gentle, almost filial yielding of his will, might have furnished Mr. Wurmser—I beg his pardon, Count Dagobert—with much amusement, had that noble gentleman been gifted with a sense of humor.

As it was, he often said to himself that Moller was a fool ever to give in to any woman, and sometimes he said so to Moller. Then *Tsar* Moller would reply: "Susi is a good woman; she is very clean and a fine cook; she mends my clothes well; she wastes no money. I like to please her once in a while."

The little shoemaker had for his work-shop the corner between the two windows. One of these opened on the street, the other on the garden. The old stone house was very thick-walled, which gave delightfully deep sills. Heini kept his tools in the street window, and Susi kept her basket and piles of sewing work in the recess on the garden side. Under Heini's window, at the edge of the pavement, stood a long bench. Here at evening, when toil was over, they used to sit watching their neighbors or the people that walked past. Susi knitted everlastingly, with one forefinger stuck out, German fashion, while Heini smoked. After the stars came forth, Heini generally grew sentimental and put his curly head on Susi's shoulder; though she would keep on knitting and pretend not to notice, for she wished him to think that she did not appreciate his demonstrations too highly. "He will keep up the habit longer," thought wily Susanna, who never for one moment forgot how young her husband was and that she was growing old faster than he.

But while pretending indifference, she was very happy on account of his caresses, having in reality much more sentiment than Heini himself.

Whenever Count Dagobert had an idle day he always came to the Mollers'. He usually sat with them, but if he was in a sulky mood—which happened every now and then—he would sit by himself in the grape-arbor and smoke millions of cigarettes. He called these fits "melancholia," but Susi gave them another name in her own mind. It did not please her that the count should deliberately come to work off his distemper in her garden; that was carrying friendship a bit too far.

But she refrained from complaining of him to Heinrich, who really seemed very fond of him, and who, considering his trade, owned few acquaintances.

Besides, when the count was not melancholy he was exceedingly agreeable. He told tales galore out of the many lives he had lived, and if some of these tales lacked verisimilitude, his listeners were not likely to suspect it.

I love to recall that picture of the Moller interior, with Susi moving about the clean floor in her neat, quiet way, or, perhaps, sitting and sewing on Heini's shirt; Heini on his leather seat in the corner, the light from the deep window falling on his yellow head bent over a boot which he cobbled or made from the new leather; and the tall Count Dagobert beside him, looking very much as Don Quixote might have looked, had that dear crazy saint been both wicked and sane. The count leans back against the wall, sticking out his feet for several yards in front of him, playing with Heini's awl or sharp leather-knife, so that the latter has to be continually asking for these implements, and talks his fascinating talk. If Susi drops her scissors, he picks them up for her instantly, for he is terribly polite and always addresses her in her own South-German *patois*.

This was all very pleasant; Susi liked it well enough; it was the Sundays that she could not endure. For six weeks and more Susi had been going to church alone. Heini was a great sleepy-head and would never get up in time to go to either of the early Masses.

Before nine o'clock the count would appear clad in light gray (which, after the fashion of sallow men, he greatly affected), with an extra high collar on his corded, columnar throat, and on his head a rakish, soft, gray hat. Then Heini would say to Susi, "We're going to the Saengerbund rehearsal," and that would be the last seen of the two until late at night. Susi knew that the Saengerbund meeting did not keep in all day.

Formerly Heini would take her to the Sunday evening concerts, where she would see people and drink a little beer, and

then come home happy and content. But of late she had dreaded the long day of rest with no Heini to cook for or to go to church with—only her own restless, sad company. For the Mollers had not been very neighborly and knew but slightly the people living near by, even the two other families who dwelt under the same roof with them. Now she would have liked to make friends; but Mr. Wurmser was for some reason not popular in the neighborhood, and the Mollers had come to be looked upon askance for consorting with him. Susi did not know what was the specific gossip regarding the Austrian, but she began to guess that her husband might have a more profitable acquaintance than he, for all his lands and names and rings and charming ways. Heini was almost sure to lose half a day's work on Monday after he had been out with the count. Nothing particular seemed to ail him except restlessness; but everybody knows that a man cannot make shoes unless he sticks to his last, and Heini would stick to nothing. Then he was sure to be taken with a lordly fit on these Monday mornings, and such fits were very trying to the soul of a high-colored, black-haired woman like his wife, who had vowed never, never to lose her temper, but to remain unwrinkled and fresh-colored as long as possible.

Susi had not ventured to ask Heini where he and his friend went together, nor had he at any time volunteered information on the subject. If the count happened in on Monday, he made not the remotest allusion to anything that might have taken place the day before; only he was extraordinarily polite and attentive to Frau Moller, as if he divined in her a growing distrust of his relations with her husband. This Sunday he had come before Heini was dressed. Susi greeted him with as much of a scowl as she ever permitted herself, but he did not appear to notice it. Heini came down hastily and asked for his breakfast in rather a curt manner.

"We go to Mass first, *mein* Heinrich," replied Susanna quietly. She had persuaded him into accompanying her to confession the night before, hoping to hold him by this means to his churchly duties.

The count was leaning like a pole against the window, lighting an elaborate, curved pipe, which indicated the entire absence of "melancholia." He laughed loudly at Susi's words.

"Moller and I are going to Mass—High Mass," he said, "very High Mass; *nicht wahr*, Moller?"

Moller was silent. He motioned Susi to put breakfast on the table. She obeyed and he sat down immediately. The

count talked cheerily, but Heini made no rejoinders. He ate fast without looking up.

Susi served him to all he wished, standing by and regarding him anxiously. In leaning over to hand him something she got a chance to ask in a low voice: "If Father Langbein wants to know where you are, what shall I tell him?" The question went unanswered. As soon as Heini had finished his breakfast he hurried off. Susi watched the two men down the street as far as she could see them—tall, lank Count Dagobert in his fine gray clothes, whom she now hated—yes, *hated* in her heart, and little Heini, her pretty Heini, so curly, so blond, so boyish, so dear. She longed to run after him and bring him back, as a mother would do were her child to disobey and play truant. Her eyes were full of tears as she went into the house; Heini had not kissed her on leaving, nor, indeed, spoken to her save to ask for his best hat. Mournfully she put away the table things and mournfully prepared herself for church. Though the day was hot, she wore a thick veil to hide her weeping.

The afternoon crept along like a sloth. Late at night she went out and sat on the bench where she and her Heini used to sit so lovingly. For many days he had not put his head on her shoulder. What was coming over him? Or was the fault her own? Perhaps she was growing old and ugly. Yet she had been a kind and faithful wife. And had he not teased her to marry him?

It was long, long after midnight when Heini came home. Susi was still waiting up, sitting on the bench outside. The two came around the corner together, but as soon as the count spied Susi he turned back, leaving Heini to make his way to the door alone. Even by no better light than the stars gave she knew exactly why the count was such a bad friend for him. She had only suspected before, though hardly letting herself suspect.

She got him to bed, but she herself did not undress or lie down that night.

Heini stayed in bed until high noon on Monday, and made no pretence of going to his work-bench. Heini was far from feeling well and his distance from happiness was yet greater. He dawdled wretchedly about the garden, knocking off the onion-tops and childishly trampling on the flowers; he shuffled up and down the sidewalk, gazing at everything yet interested in nothing; then, tired out, he sat in a heap on the bench and threw sticks into the street. He had no particular desire to

throw sticks, only it was so dreadful when he stopped throwing them.

He did not dare to go inside. Not that Susi said anything to him—it was because she said nothing. She flounced about a good deal and kept busy all the time, though Heini could not tell what she was doing; and her cheeks were frightfully red; it seemed as if the red spot must burn into her flesh. It was a most uncomfortable thing to have such a wife. Heini tried hard to devise some means of asserting his superiority, but his intellect refused to budge.

At last Susi, having apparently done all the work she could think of, put on her Sunday clothes and went out. Heini followed her with his sleepy blue eyes to the corner around which she vanished, and said to himself that he would have it out with her when she came back. Then he went into the house and took a nap on the table.

Father Langbein was just putting the key in his door as Susi reached it. He must have read something in her eyes, for he led her into the back instead of the front parlor, and when he spoke to her a certain tenderness colored his usually jolly tones. Father Langbein was a big old man with an ugly face, though no one ever thought of calling it so. He had a hearty, brotherly way that is even more winning than the fatherly way. Susie began without preliminaries.

"Father," she said, "I am going to leave Heinrich, but I could not do it until I had first told you."

"Mrs. Moller! What do you mean? Leave your husband? Why?"

She told him the whole tale, from the time when Heinrich first met Wurmser at Saengerbund Hall up to the present hour. "I do not know how to get rid of him—Herr Wurmser, I mean, father—he is so bad for my Heini; Heini cares all for him now—not for me. I did wrong to marry Heini; I am too old—he is a boy. A boy cannot love a woman like me but for a little while. I have done all I can: I work for him, I keep myself nice, I can do no more. I must leave him."

The priest's ugly good face wore a very troubled expression.

"You must not leave him, Mrs. Moller; you must stay by him and help him."

"I cannot!" she broke forth; "I cannot live through another Sunday like yesterday. Another night—it was so terrible! O father! I *must* go."

Susi wept aloud, wiping her eyes with her bonnet-strings, for she had forgotten to bring a handkerchief. Father Langbein gave the tears plenty of time before he spoke again. Then he called her "Susanna," like the big brother that he always seemed.

"Susanna, listen to me. You must not go away and leave Heinrich. Just because he is so young, he needs you the more, now that this temptation has come into his path. What would he become without you? Surely he loves you. At least he respects you, for you tell me that he shows fear and shame to-day. There is hope for him—but none, or little, if you leave him."

"But how can I help him, father? I do not know what to do that I have not done. I wait on him; I do not scold him; I say many, many prayers for him—it is no good!"

"Yes, yes, it is good; it will not be lost. But tell me, Mrs. Moller, have you done *all* you can?"

"Yes, all. Will not you now do something, father? Send for Heini and talk to him; that will do him good."

"I will, Susanna, but not until you have tried further means and failed. It is better that I should not interfere in such a matter too soon. Your influence will always be greater if your husband does not know that you found it necessary to complain of him. Is that not so?" Susie bobbed her head. "Now go home like a good woman, and think it over and see if there is not some way in which to manage him." Father Langbein's grave German eyes twinkled playfully as he said this.

"A woman can manage a man, if she sets about it rightly, better than a priest even," he added, and his words kept ringing through Susi's head all the way home, and all that week.

Count Dagobert did not pay them a visit for several days. He had been away—so he said. He treated "Frau Moller" with such charming courtesy that it was difficult at times for her to remember what she had against him, though she could not forget it long. Saturday night he took supper with them under the grape-arbor, and told stories too remarkable for anybody except the Mollers to believe. But one of the Mollers was growing wiser. After the most startling narrative of all Susi put a grain of salt by Heini's plate.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"Only a grain of salt, *Schatzerl*." He snapped it innocently away with his finger-nail, but the count looked sharply at Susi, who was trying to scowl into her tea-cup lest it should be seen how her eyes were laughing under their great brown lids.

As Count Dagobert was leaving that night he said to Heini: "Be ready early, will you?" Susi could not hear the reply, but she cared little, having arranged to be ready early herself.

In the morning she arose softly at seven and prepared a nice breakfast. Then she sat on the stairs and listened for Heini to waken. As soon as she heard him turn over and grunt, she placed the hot victuals on a tray and carried them up to him. Heini loved to have breakfast in bed, and his wife frequently indulged him in this luxuriousness. "I thought I'd be sure to get you something in time this morning," said she, seating herself on the edge of the bed to watch him eat.

Heini felt very happy. *This* was the right sort of wife to have. His dignified reserve of last Monday had brought about excellent results. Should not a man spend his Sundays out if he chose? Man is the master in this world; a woman is a woman, let her be old or young. Susi looked young and pretty to-day; she always looked pretty enough when she was behaving herself. Her behavior this morning could not be improved upon. She laughed and chatted and coaxed her little husband to eat up everything she had brought him.

Susie waited about the room while Heini put on his clothes. "Where is my best coat?" he asked; it was generally laid ready to his hand.

"It's in the closet, Heinchen; I forgot to put it out for you."

Heinchen went into the big closet after his coat. As he was fumbling for it Susie crossed over quickly, closed the closet-door and locked it. Then she took the tray and went down-stairs.

The noise that Heini made did not distress her, for the inner walls of this old stone house were as thick as the outer; there was no danger of their fellow-tenants being disturbed. The doors, too, were heavy and well hung; even his poundings came with a muffled sound. She had taken care to close the windows up-stairs, and if she could contrive to keep Count Dagobert from coming inside, he would never suspect anything. The count arrived betimes, and was both surprised and annoyed at not finding his friend. "He promised to go with me," said he; "what does he mean by running off in this manner?"

Susi had told him that her husband was called away on business, but the count knew that little Moller had no business in the world beyond his leather seat.

"Is he coming back soon? Where did he go? Why didn't he tell me he had other engagements?"

Susi did not reply to any of these questions. She was busy washing up her breakfast things on a table outside the door that opened into the garden, and she banged those pans and dishes well, for she did not intend to give Herr Wurmser—as she took pains to call him—the slightest chance of hearing Heini yell and pound.

Besides, she wished to make it as disagreeable as she could for Herr Wurmser, so that he would go away. He was not disposed to leave, however; he lingered around for an hour or so, fretting because of Heini's absence, walking to and fro restlessly between the corner and the garden door. Several times he remarked that there seemed to be strange sounds somewhere, but he was unable to place them.

Susi could not go on indefinitely making a noise, so when she had finished her dish-washing she lured the count under the grape-arbor and treated him to clabbered milk, which his soul loved. While he was eating it a thought popped into her head which she instantly put out. Back it popped again, and this time she said to herself: "Yes, it will be better so, for Heini will never tell him the truth, and only part of the battle will be gained." Then she spoke aloud—suddenly, for fear of weakening:

"Herr Wurmser, Heinrich is not away; he is at home—upstairs. I have kept him in that he should not go with you. He is in the closet"; and she pulled the key out of her pocket and shook it in the count's face. The count was so astonished that he looked like the caricature of himself. He dropped his spoon in the clabbered milk, started to his feet, and muttered a very bad word in Susi's dialect; then he said several more bad words in his own beautiful *Hoch-Deutsch*, and last, he broke into a laugh—not the rich *basso-profundo* laugh that generally came out of his long, thin throat, but a hideous hoarse one that made Susi feel as if this must be a stranger to whom she had been speaking.

After he had done laughing he pulled himself together, made his overwhelming Austrian obeisance, and said: "Frau Moller, I have no further desire for the acquaintance of such a *man*"—very sarcastically—"with *such* a wife!" Then did Count Dagobert Christian Frederick Wurmser take his hat and depart, and the Mollers saw his face no more.

Susi omitted dinner that Sunday. She could not have swal-

lowed a mouthful with Heini going empty in his closet. "He cannot be *quite* starving," she consoled herself. "He ate a very good breakfast; I made him eat everything."

Heini had long ago ceased beating the door and calling. "He is going to take it like a man, not like a child," thought Susi, and she loved and admired him more than ever. After the count went away she nearly relented, and was on the point of letting her beloved prisoner out. But she reflected that the count could not be trusted; all his fine airs might be mere hypocrisy. He might come back; anyway, Heini would go straight after him and they would make it up again. There is small sense in putting your husband in a closet for discipline and softening before the business is accomplished. It was not only to keep Heini from evil companionship that she had turned the key on him; it was also to correct his own evil disposition. The means she had chosen came hard on both of them, but *discipline must be maintained.* Had she not promised Father Langbein to do all she could? She had prayed and thought and prayed, and this was the sole plan that the saints had revealed to her. Had there been a better plan, would she not have been shown it? Now that she had begun, she would finish. Heini must have plenty of time to think over his conduct; in darkness and silence such thinking is apt to be effective for good. Heini might lord it all he liked in most matters, but—she — would — not — have — a — man —coming—home—to—her—*betrunken!*

So Susi sat patiently under the grape-trellis hour after hour, her heart with poor Heini in his stuffy closet, wondering what he was thinking of and whether he would ever forgive her. About four o'clock she went in to prepare supper. She made several little dishes that Heini was particularly fond of; many times had she gotten him out of a bad humor by placing one of these dishes before him. When all was ready to go on the table, she took off her gingham work-apron and put on a white tucked one with a ruffled bib that Heini greatly admired, looked at herself critically in the small square mirror hanging on the window-frame, and went up-stairs. It was very quiet in the bed-room. She listened at the closet key-hole, but heard nothing. The dead stillness frightened her. Perhaps Heini had suffocated! With difficulty she fitted the key in the lock, and tremblingly turned the knob. Heini lay on the floor, one arm thrown over a box on which was a pile of clothing, his head resting upon his arm. He was sleeping like a baby,

and indeed he resembled a very big picture of one, with matted curls hanging low over his eyes, and lips just parted. Susi leaned forward and listened to his breathing; it was soft and regular. The pretty boy! The dear one! How tired he looked! What could he have thought of her for doing this? Her heart went out to him more than it had ever done. It is not only the Divine Chastener that loves the chastened one with an especial love. Susi was almost bursting with affectionate pity for this poor little man who was her husband, and whom she had dared to punish! She threw herself beside him, embracing his beloved head and kissing it all over. He awoke dreaming that he had been caught out in a shower—a very warm shower, of salt water. "Heini, Heini," sobbed Susi, "O Heini!" No other words would come. She hated to have him look in her face after what she had done, so she buried it in his neck and poured another salt shower down his back. Presently she felt his arms around her.

"Susimein, Susimein!" he said. It was his dearest pet name for her. She knew now that he had forgiven all and that he was going to be good.

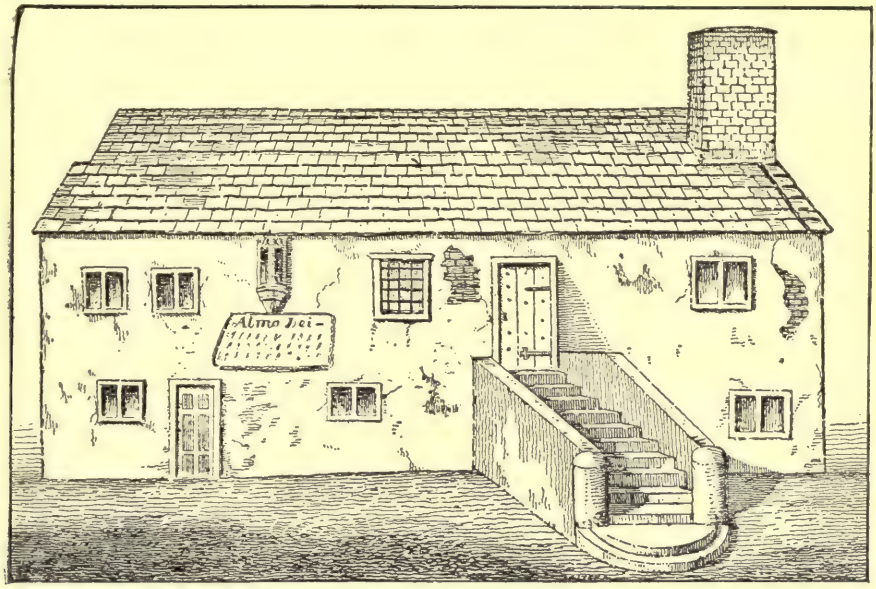
When a man's wife is ten years older than he and full twenty years cleverer, it is more than likely that he will be good and forgiving—unless he is quite a fool, and Heini was no fool; only very young and very weak.

The earliest worshippers at church next Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich Moller. They had an unusual number of prayers to say on this day. When Father Langbein came out before the altar and looked over the congregation and blessed everybody, Heini and Susi both felt sure he was looking straight at them and that he meant at least two-thirds of the benediction for their own two happy hearts.

As they sat down to dinner in the arbor that afternoon Heini exclaimed roguishly: "Susimein, you've forgotten to lay a plate for the great Count Dagobert!" It was the first time he had alluded to his former friend.

The bright red spot on Susi's cheeks spread all over her face; but Heini was laughing, so she laughed too, and they giggled together like children over Heini's little joke.

"I'm afraid he's given us up," sputtered Susi, quite convulsed by her giggling. And that was the last time the count's name was ever mentioned between them.



THE ORIGINAL SCHOOL IN 1786.

A KING EDWARD SIXTH SCHOOL.

BY T. SETON JEVONS.

FROM the year 1509 to 1547, during the reign of the illustrious Henry VIII. and his chancellors, Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell, devastation in all its force swept over the monasteries of England. Aged priests were turned amidst their flocks, and father abbots strayed outcasts over the land. Beautiful abbeys were wrecked, and the dwellings of the monks, in times gone by the alms-houses of charity and the seats of religion and piety, were devastated, and all to fill the contaminated coffers of the polygamist king. It was a necessary part of the Reformation, say those who see no *media via*, but sympathize with the extremists; whether or no, it certainly was the beginning of the end. Wicklif, the first man of Anglo-Saxon origin to be pointed at as a socialist—even Wicklif, the prime mover in England of the Great Reform, would have shuddered at the sight.

Then Henry, when he had buried some half-dozen wives, passed to the Judgment Seat to answer for his misdeeds, and Edward VI. of pious memory ascended the throne. Now came a second stage in the practical part of the Reformation; if it was the father's part to destroy, it was the duty of the son to

build up. Thus it was that the schools henceforth known as King Edward VI. Grammar Schools were chartered with that money which was stolen from the monks and priors in the very face of the pope.

The particular school of which the following pages treat is situated not far from the River Ribble in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and close to the village of Giggleswick, from which it takes its name.

Early in the sixteenth century one James Carr, being desirous of founding a grammar school at Giggleswick, contracted with the prior of Durham for the sale to him of a small piece of land adjoining the churchyard, on which he proposed to build a school. The quaint and curious conveyance is worth quoting from; it begins as follows:

"This Indenture made the 12th day of November, in the y'r of our L'd Gode 1507, betwixt the right Revd. Fader in Gode Thomas Prior of Duresme and Convent of the same on the one p't, and Jamys Karr, prest on the other p't. Witnesseth that the s'd Prior and Convent of an hole mynd and consent hath granted devised and to ferme lettyn and by these presents grant and to ferme lette to the said Jamys Karr, his h'rs ex'ors and assigns half an acre of land with the Appurt's latte in the holding of Richard Lemyng, lyeing near the church Garth of Gillyswike in Craven within the Co. of York. . . ."

And so on, describing at some length the position for the site. Then it goes on to state the rent to be paid, by the tenant holding this half acre, to the priory. It amounted to 12*d.* a year, and was to be paid "at the fest of St. Lawrence, martyr. . . ."

It then authorizes, in case of the death of Jamys Karr, "the vicar of the church, the Kirkmaster of the same, h'rs ex'ors and assigns to the said Jamys, jointly to elect one p'son being within Holy orders to be sole master of the gramer scole aforesaid. . . ."

For three centuries the school established by Carr flourished, till in 1786 thoughts were entertained of pulling it down and building a new one.

The picture illustrates the school as it was in 1786. Under the edge of the roof and to the right of the door is a vacant niche, under which is the following inscription in old characters:

> "Alma Dei Mater defende malis Jacobum Carr
> Presbyteris quoq. clericulis hoc domus fit. In Anno
> Mil. quint. Cent. d'no D'e I. H. N. Pater miserere
> Senes cum juvenibus laudate nomen Dei."

The stone bearing the above inscription was placed over the door of the second school, and in the present, the third, building it may be seen built high up in the east wall.

THE ORIGINAL SCHOOL.

In 1553 the Rev. John Nowell, vicar of Giggleswick, applied for and obtained a charter from King Edward VI. by which the school was created a "Free Grammar School of King Edward VI.," and was endowed with certain property of the dissolved Priory of Acester. The translation begins as follows:

"Edward the Sixth, by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.

"A MORE BEAUTIFUL SPOT COULD HARDLY HAVE BEEN CHOSEN."

To all unto whom these our present letters patent shall come greeting, . . . etc. . . . . .

"*In witness* whereof we have caused these our Letters to be made Patent. *Witness* ourselves at Westminster, the twenty-sixth day of May, in the seventh year of our Reign.

"*By writ*, under our Privy Seal, of the date aforesaid, by authority of Parliament.

"*Inrolled* in the office of William Notte, auditor, the 9th day of June, in the seventh year of the Reign of our present King Edward the Sixth."

A more beautiful spot could hardly have been chosen as a

site, nor one more interesting from history and legend. Situated in a valley of green grass and green trees nestled the brown stone building; over the arched oak door, in a deep niche, stood a beautiful statue of Edward VI., since destroyed by the wilfulness of nineteenth century school-boys.

To the east and north-east rise up a line of limestone hills called the Scaurs, or the Craven Fault. By some enormous upheaval centuries and centuries ago the limestone was thrust upwards right through and far above the sandstone. Parallel at the base runs the white road past the ebbing and flowing well, of which hereafter, and over the top of Buck-ha'-brow. On the top, and swept by the wind, is a tower of stones called the School-boys' Tower. From time immemorial it has been a custom for every new boy to place a stone upon it; but now, owing to the height to which it has risen, only small stones can be thrown upon its summit.

At only one place can the steep sides of the Scaurs be scaled without considerable difficulty; this spot is called Nevison's Nick, after a famous outlaw who, when pursued by soldiers, leaped his mare over the edge and reached the bottom in safety.

"Curse them! they're following yet—
And the mare all lather and foam.
How many? Three still! They were five
When they started the fox from his home.

"From Appleby town to Hawes
We never drew rein for a breath—
Full cry across Moughton and Smearside,
They ride to be in at the death." . . .

The leap is made safely:

"They got to the Ribble and over,
They staggered up Attermire side,
The darkness closed round and the wind howled—
Neither moon nor star for a guide.

"Suddenly stopped the mare—
Ears back, eyes starting in fright,
Reared. Had he spared her the spur,
She had saved him again that night.

"But he drove them in to the rowels
With a curse, and the brave little mare
Right over Gordale Scaur leapt, and a terrible cry
Rang for the mercy of God, rang to the desolate air."

Gordale is a steep "cirque" in the hills best known from the fact that it is the scene of Kingsley's "Water Babies."

The famous leap over the Scaur was made not far from the well with regard to which I may quote the following:

"Long before the Hostel was ever thought of, Giggleswick was famous for its ebbing and flowing well. We ourselves have heard from old people the lines:

"'Near the way as the traveller goes
There is a well both ebbs and flows,
But nobody knows
Why it procures both salt and gravel.'

"Which seems to be a free rendering of drunken Barnaby's

"Veni Giggleswick, parum frugis,
Profert tellus clausa fugis;
Ibi sena prope viae
Fluit, refluit, nocte, die,
Neque novunt unde vena
An a sale vel arena.'

"Drayton personified the well as a nymph who, fleeing from a satyr, was changed into a spring, and

"'Even as the fearful nymph then thick and short did blow,
Now made by them a spring—so doth she ebb and flow.'

"In reference to the well Giggleswick has been derived from A. S. guglian (strepitare) and wick (a settlement)."

North-east of the school and at a distance of about six miles rise up Ingleborough and Pen-y-ghent, a lofty mountain from the summit of which the Lake hills are clearly seen on a fine day. In the south rises Pendle, and on the north-east a stone-covered road leads past the school playing-fields over a hill known as High Ridge.

The natural history of the district is of great interest. Amidst the hills on the east there is one ridge particularly noteworthy because of the famous Victoria cave which gapes open on its side; school-boy legend says that a certain tailor,

by name Jackson, was hunting rabbits in the hills one day with a dog. One fat animal led him a long chase, and suddenly disappeared down a hole in the rocky side of the ridge; the small dog followed and, though the hunter waited patiently, did not return. He shouted and whistled, but all to no purpose, and finally descending into the valley came back with spade and pick. At the first stroke the earth caved in and revealed the mouth of a cavern. Since this incident scientists have been busy, and the excavation of the cave is finished except to the boys who love to scrape round in hopes of discovering some ancient relic. Amongst the objects discovered are a bear's skull—the largest in the country—the antlers of

The Parish Church of St. Alkelda.

a reindeer, the bones of a jackal, and various trinkets and pieces of pottery, evidently made by the savage race who once inhabited the cavern.

An interesting geological section was brought to light in the school-grounds, in the excavations for the foundations for new buildings in 1885. It showed clearly the work of glaciers; a large boulder, worn smooth and scratched in regular lines, now lies at the corner of the yard.

The memory of the plague which devastated England in the latter half of the seventeenth century has been handed down to the villagers of to-day. On few places did the Black Death fall with more terrible or more wide-spread results or

with greater persistence. The farmers on the hills were smitten, and the price of labor and cost of food rose, augmenting the trouble. So terrible was the work of death that a belief arose in the minds of the people that Christ had deserted the earth. We may be sure that beneath the sods in the churchyard lie the bones of victims of the pestilence—a pestilence only equalled by that of Pharaoh fame.

Going back in history, we can picture dashing Prince Rupert galloping through the street, or the determined Roundheads winding in regular order over the hill or chanting in the church in the twilight. So also we can imagine the villagers trembling at the inroads of the wild Scots, and further back quaking at the vengeance of the Conqueror, and still going back, we can picture the men gathering in arms to repel the incursions of the Danes.

The parish church of St. Alkelda, in which the school services are held on Sunday morning and afternoon, is of great historic interest and worthy of a long description. The churchyard is bordered on the north by a path dividing it from the half acre on which the original school was erected, and on the south, west, and east by village streets. In the middle of the street on the south stands the village cross, at the base of which are the stocks, still in tolerable preservation. They were used last, it is said, in the eighteenth century, and it is easy to picture the children of the village tickling with long straws the ears of some poor wretch in the fetters.

Let us now follow a boy through the work of a day. Wednesdays and Saturdays are half-holidays, work ceasing at one o'clock. Assuming it to be summer—for in winter there is no compulsory work before breakfast—the big bell ringing monotonously from the roof of the hostel wakes the sleeper. He turns and goes to sleep again; by continual practice he has learnt to a second how long it takes him to dress. Five minutes elapse and "second bell" rings, another five and "third" sounds; still he sleeps; an equal interval and "fourth" and last rings, as though to say "Now I have settled it, you must come"; but he is already up and half washed, and in a few minutes is racing down the long dormitories, slipping on his coat in his wild career. As he rushes down the stone steps three at a time he glances across the yard; the head-master with slow pace is within three yards of the door, and the yard is eighty yards long. When once that figure with cap and gown places his foot upon the threshold, no one may enter;

the door is closed, and those locked out—they are admitted in a few minutes—are counted "late" and punished. But it is not the first time our friend has been in such a predicament, and he knows to an inch what handicap he can give. He flies like the wind, and squeezing through the closing door, saves himself. With regard to this door, I may mention a little incident. The head-master one morning, being early, was the first to cross to the class-rooms; as he neared them he discerned a writing upon the door; on closer scrutiny there appeared in large white chalk:

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

The worthy head was dumfounded; the ominous words were erased and an investigation set going, but all to no purpose; and the perpetrator of the misdemeanor is still unpunished.

Dr. Paley, author of "Evidences of Christianity."

After an hour's work a bell sounds, and our subject, with the other boys, goes in to breakfast. Morning prayers are not till a quarter to nine, and the interval after breakfast is spent in various ways, walking, studying, or helping to roll the cricket-ground. Till mid-day he is in school, with the exception of fifteen minutes at eleven o'clock, when lunch in the form of a bun is given out. The mail, which arrives at ten o'clock, is received by the boys during recess, or Break, as it is called. We will assume the boy we have chosen to watch to be in gymnastic set 2, and so we will have to follow him into the gymnasium, where he remains till nearly one o'clock. At half-past one he has dinner in the big hall, and probably grumbles at the food. From half-past two till four-thirty he is again at

work, and from then till after six we must play with him in the large cricket-field, and at half after six eat with him a very simple tea. From seven till eight-forty he is again at work preparing for the next day's classes or recitations, and after prayers, at nine, he is free for the rest of the evening. The interval till bed-time, at a quarter to ten, is spent in various ways—in attending meetings of the chess club or literary or photographic society, or, greatest pleasure of all, displaying his oratorical powers before the august assemblage in the reading-room.

The school at present educates some few over two hundred boys, and all are expected to join in the regular games of cricket and foot-ball. There are also five courts and a very good golf course. These last two are not counted as regular games, and are not allowed to interfere with the cricket and foot-ball. The members of the sixth form, as in all other schools, have considerable authority over the rest; they are termed seniors, prefects or prepostors, and on their character and behavior depends largely the social and moral standing of the school. Fagging is extant, but on so small a scale that no ill-will is entertained by the fags against the seniors. An improvement seen in Giggleswick—it is common to all English schools—is the absence of bullying. School days such as Tom Brown's are a thing of the past. To the public spirit of the boys themselves this improvement is greatly due.

I could hardly omit when describing this school to mention the name of Archdeacon Paley, the author of *Evidences of Christianity* and other works, and with his name I should couple that of Thomas Procter, the sculptor. The former's father was head-master in 1745 and sent his son to the school. The latter was born in 1753; he was the son of an inn-keeper who settled not far from Giggleswick.

The above description, though imperfect, may serve to give a general idea of a typical English public school. Much of the information has been drawn from the *School Chronicle*, which is issued every term. It must be remembered that a public school in England corresponds to that of Groton in the United States, and that what are here generally spoken of as public schools are in the old country called National or Board schools.

A MOONLIGHT REVERIE.

BY VIATOR.

BESIDE a lone stream I was wayfaring nightly
While sweetly it sang as it flowed to the west,
And, musing, I gazed on its wavelets as brightly
They smiled in the moonbeams that played on its breast.

But soon, as I passed where a bramble was growing
That shut from its bosom the moon's pleasant ray,
I observed that, though smiling no more in its flowing,
Still, cheerily singing, it hied on its way;

Till, issuing forth with the old smile of gladness,
It shone in the light of the moonbeams again;
And so, with a song that gave no note of sadness,
Through moonlight and shadow it sped to the main.

Then I thought how man's bosom when fortune is smiling,
Illuming at times the poor wanderer's path,
Will yield, like that stream, to the pleasant beguiling,
Forgetful the while of the ills that he hath;

But that stream how unlike—that so cheerily flows on,
Though deep be the gloom that o'ershadows it all—
With bosom desponding man doubtingly goes on
When shades of misfortune around him will fall.

And I prayed—O my God! may like this little river
The path of thy child through life's wanderings be;
May my feet thus unfaltering journey on ever,
In shade or in shine, toward Heaven and Thee.

AN ACADIAN MISSIONARY, AND HIS LAST RESTING PLACE.

BY M. A. CONDON.

IN the dead and forgotten past there are heroes of whom the world has not heard, men whose deeds live and will continue to live while old earth goes on its way. Prominent among them, yet often unknown and unhonored, are the men who planted the seeds that have blossomed in the garden of faith and truth—the Catholic Church.

A Catholic missionary in old Acadia. Down here by the sea, where

"Still stand the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,"

where to-day, notwithstanding the encroaching march of modernisms of the dying nineteenth century, the fir and spruce are as green, the ox-eyed daisies bloom as brightly, and the rivers roar on, as in the days of the good Abbé Sigogne, the subject of the following sketch.

The village of Church Point, situated on the shore of St. Mary's Bay, in the province of Nova Scotia, takes its name from the ancient church which was erected by the French Acadians, who struggled back to this picturesque part of Acadia in the years closely following their expulsion from Grand Pré and the surrounding country in 1755.

The church stood on a point of land jutting out into the blue waters of the bay, and the village was included in the large tract of country which was for many years under the ministrations of the zealous Abbé Sigogne. Here, where he labored so faithfully, his remains were laid at rest. A modest gray stone tablet marks the spot.

The abbé was a native of France, but nearly half a century of his life was spent among the Acadians in the province of Nova Scotia.

A VICTIM OF THE REVOLUTION.

Abbé J. M. Sigogne was born at Tours, France, in 1760. His father is said to have been mayor of Lyons. The young

Sigogne in his early boyhood was renowned for his intellectual attainments and ardent piety. It was said of him that "his talents were of a high order, and in him were united a fine imagination with a vigorous understanding." In principle he was a loyalist, and the revolution which deluged his native land in blood was the cause of his exile from the sunny France to which he looked in after years with yearning affection, but to which he never returned. In England, where he sought an asylum, and remained for several years, he devoted himself to the study of English literature, enriching his already cultivated mind with gems of thought that shone the brighter for the rare setting in which they were encased. It was decreed, however, that the future of this man was to lie amid widely different scenes and environments from those of his early life, and with people who could little appreciate the rare talents and cultured mind of the stranger who came among them, but who did not fail to recognize his kindness and devotion to their best interests.

Henceforth his way lay among the simple Acadians and Micmac Indians of the ancient province of Acadia; a people little fitted to comprehend or enter into the feelings and tastes most congenial to the cultivated man from across the sea. But his task it was to lead them to God, and well and faithfully he performed it.

RETURN OF THE FRENCH ACADIANS.

In 1797 Abbé Sigogne came to Nova Scotia, and assumed charge of the whole of the French settlements lying between Annapolis (Port Royal) and Yarmouth; comprising in all three large counties, in which the settlements were scattered far and wide, necessitating a vast amount of travel in order to visit them all at frequent intervals. For several years following the expulsion of the Acadians, in 1755, a number of those hapless people came—irresistibly drawn to the scene of their ruined homes—back to Acadia, and at the time of the advent of the Abbé Sigogne among them, they with their descendants and those of their compatriots who had, by taking refuge in the woods, escaped deportation, formed the principal portion of the population of that section of country. The coming of the missionary—one speaking their own language, and a native of that fair France of which their grandsires told—was hailed with delight by the Acadians, and in the quiet settlements of Church Point, Tusket, Eelbrook, in fact all over that portion of the

province, the abbé became the wise counsellor and faithful friend of those people for a period of forty-seven years. At the expiration of this time God called his faithful servant to himself.

THE IDOL OF THE MICMACS.

Father Sigogne was priest, teacher, judge, and counsellor all in one, and well beloved by all receiving the benefit of his advice in these respective capacities. No dispute arose among the people so violent but the word of the abbé was sufficient to quell it, and from his judgments there was no appeal. Nor was there any disposition to resist his decisions, so perfect was the confidence they reposed in him. That he was worthy of it, the life he devoted to their service amply proved. By the Micmacs he was regarded with the deepest veneration, and there were few warriors among the dusky children of the forest who would not have laid down their lives for the faithful friend who taught them to love the Great Spirit. He became thoroughly conversant with the Micmac tongue, and in their own language instructed them in the doctrines of the Catholic Church; to which their few wandering descendants who may still be found in this country faithfully adhere.

A TRYING LIFE.

The earlier part of the abbé's sojourn in his adopted country was marked by hardships that would have tried the physical and mental calibre of many men less accustomed to the civilizing influences and comparative ease of a European life than he was, but nothing restrained him from the fulfilment of his duties. In that far-off time no roads intersected the dense forest and lonely morasses over which the iron horse now goes swiftly shrieking and thundering on his modern way through the land that Longfellow has immortalized. Sometimes on horseback, but more often on foot, he followed the windings of a narrow bridle-path that led through dense groves of fir and spruce, into dark ravines and over lonely morasses, where the surroundings would have appalled the stoutest-hearted hunter. Or, more frequently, the waters of the rivers and bays over which he paddled in his birch-bark canoe, with an Indian for his companion, were the only means of transit available by this heroic son of the church. He was ever ready to make any sacrifice, or suffer any personal inconvenience, in order to bring the consolations of religion within reach of the scattered members of his numerous flock. When the winter snows rendered the

narrow roads impassable, and ice lay over the surface of the rivers and inlets, snow-shoes were brought into requisition, and many weary miles through the wilderness were traversed by the abbé. On such occasions he was sometimes accompanied by an Indian guide, but frequently made these lonely journeys alone, through a section of country where the crunching of the crisp snow underfoot, the moaning of the wind through the trees, or the startled cry of some animal, were the only sounds to break the silence. In our mind's eye can we realize the picture? We see this gifted, intellectual man, whose youth had been spent amid the luxurious ease of the old world; who had studied in the centres of civilization and refinement; and who had been an actor in the glories and sorrows of France—now an exile, alone in the wilderness. When on some starlit, summer night he wended his lonely way across a swampy moor, or up a winding mountain path, where death in many forms might be awaiting him; where about him the only living things were the wild birds and beasts of the forest, what a sense of desolation must have appealed to the fortitude of this extraordinary man!

DEATH IN EXILE.

A lowly cabin or a Micmac hut, these were his habitations by night when journeying from one portion of his mission to another. But the eager welcome was his. The gladly proffered if homely fare and all that the hut afforded were at the disposal of the beloved missionary. No journey was too hazardous, no distance too great, and obstacles that would have daunted many a native of the wilds were held as naught by the zealous priest when his ministrations were required. His half-century of life in Nova Scotia was only too short, and, amid the inconsolable grief of his people, the abbé passed peacefully away at Church Point, on November 9, 1844, at the age of eighty-four years. Few missionaries have ministered to the people of this province who inspired as much respect and devotion, or who were as universally regretted as was Abbé Sigogne.

He rests not by the church on the point which gave the village its name. Time, the ceaseless moth of all things earthly, did not spare the little church of the Acadians, but a larger, more modern structure, on another site nearer the centre of the village, has succeeded it. The shadow of this church falls over a gray stone tablet, which bears an inscription in memory

of Abbé J. M. Sigogne, whose remains were laid beneath, and who is still held in affectionate remembrance by the people to whom he so unselfishly devoted his life.

A FAITHFUL PEOPLE.

Church Point is now a thriving settlement; the seat of St. Ann's College, an institution conducted by the Eudist Fathers, and which is training in useful ways many a youth descended from the Acadian French to whom the good abbé ministered. A convent conducted by the Sisters of Charity is also doing good work here. It is a branch of Mount St. Vincent Convent, the noble institution situated on the shore of Bedford Basin, Halifax, N. S., and many daughters of the Acadian French are numbered in the community by which it is conducted. The whirligig of time has wrought many changes since the Abbé Sigogne navigated the waters of St. Mary's Bay in his birch canoe, but the nationality of the scene of his labors remains unchanged. Still the descendants of the Acadians dwell here, speaking their own language as of yore, and, unchangingly, all the services in connection with the observance of their religion are carried out. The solemn Midnight Mass in the quiet church, the imposing ceremonies of Holy Week, the Requiem Mass and Office for the Dead—all are here, as in the days of the missionary. As of old, the great procession marches on its flower-strewn way through the village on the feast of Corpus Christi, and the Catholics of the parish are as devout in the observance of their religious duties as were their forefathers under the teachings of Abbé Sigogne. The seeds of faith sown by the missionary have yielded a bountiful harvest, and one that will endure.

The village of Church Point extends along a considerable portion of the shore of St. Mary's Bay, where the turbulent tide from the Bay of Fundy comes sweeping and rushing in over the great stretches of sand. The rapidity with which this world-renowned Fundy tide comes surging in is a source of wonder to one who views it for the first time, and woe to the stranger who lingers on the sands. He must lose no time in fleeing before this swift, oncoming wall of water. The little church before referred to stood near the shore of the bay, and the humble dwelling of the priest was in the vicinity. Those buildings have long since crumbled into dust, but the physical features of the site remain. A beautiful old garden is

among the writer's recollections of this peaceful spot. Here could be seen great rows of raspberry bushes, long since relapsed to their natural wildness; a luxuriant growth of ground ivy, that covered stump and stone and ruined walls with its green and purple beauty; bunches of crimson and white "ish-madale," shooting up wild and luxuriant from what had once been a carefully trained flower-bed, and looking up, proud in its abandonment, many an erstwhile cultivated plant, now growing side by side with the wild woodland and field flowers. The air was redolent of wild roses and sweet-blossomed clover, while about and pervading all there seemed a charming suggestion of long ago. A dream of the past was that beautiful, ruined garden. Close by a lake shimmered and glistened in the sunlight, great clumps of water-lilies showing their waxen petals in bright relief against a dark background of leaves. Farther out a long stretch of pebbly beach, and yet beyond, a shining expanse of sand, that extended far, far out to meet the turbulent tide, surging and tossing in from the bay. The ruined garden, and the shrubs growing about it, have now disappeared; but in other respects this is the scene that for many years met the view of Abbé Sigogne as he looked out from his humble dwelling. His faithful labors ended many years ago, but still the grandsires tell their descendants of the Abbé Sigogne, whose good deeds were legion, and whose name is still held in fond remembrance by the Acadian French.

PALACE OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL, HAVANA.

THE CAUSES OF THE PRESENT WAR IN CUBA.

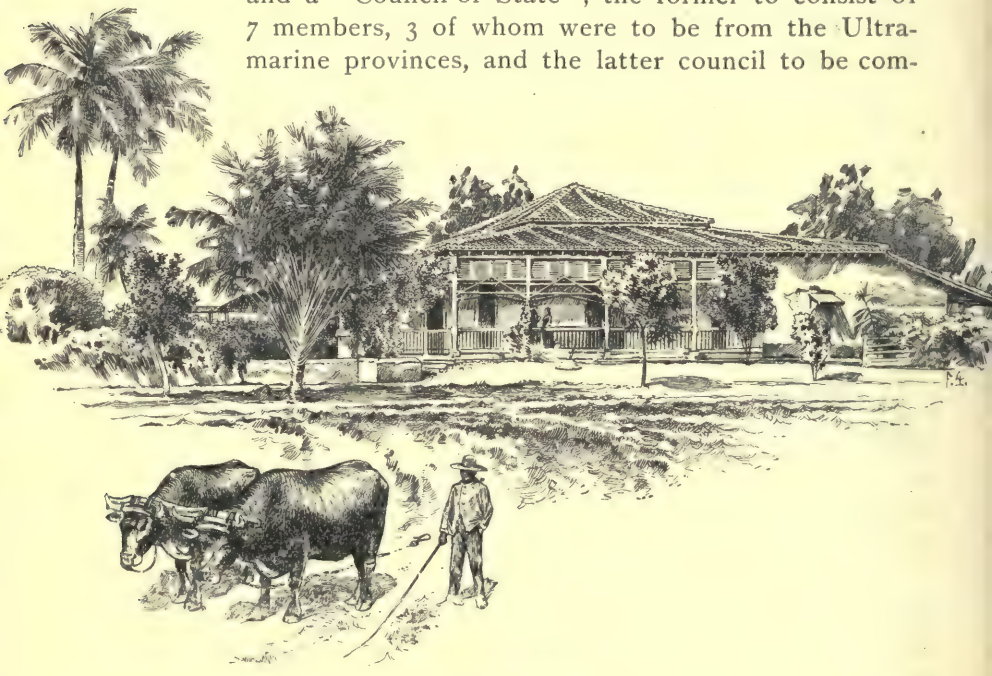
BY HENRY LINCOLN DE ZAYAS, M.D.

THE present formidable strife in Cuba is not an isolated phenomenon, nor the fitful explosion of youthful enthusiasm. The analyst of events will find its roots deep in the colonial policy which Spain has obstinately persevered in toward her daughters in the west, and all the revolutionary leaders are men upon whose brows the chastening hand of time has left its white impress.

The enormous resources that Spain has been obliged to put forward; the fact that her leading statesman and most brilliant soldier, with 44 generals to carry out his bidding, has just been recalled in disgrace, obediently to popular clamor, as a result of his complete failure, and that 200,000 men in arms, occupying fortified towns, with all the resources of modern warfare, with all the means of communication at their disposal, with 46 Spanish men-of-war and gunboats to patrol the coast, and the

fleets of the United States and England as allies to capture Cuban filibustering expeditions, have not been able to crush, or even to check and circumscribe, the revolution, all attest that the struggle now being waged in the "fairest land human eyes ever saw" is not the work of a faction, but a general uprising of the Cuban people.

At about the middle of the sixteenth century the government of Cuba was transferred from the irresponsible hands of colonizing chiefs to the authority of a captain-general, who possessed all the powers of a Roman pro-consul. This oppressive system continued until 1812, when a liberal Constitution was adopted, which declared "South America and the Antilles to be an integral part of the Spanish territory"; provided for "the representation in the Cortes of the Ultramarine provinces on the basis of one deputy for every 60,000 inhabitants"; specified "the manner of electing these deputies"; established a permanent deputation to be known as "the Council of the Indies," and a "Council of State"; the former to consist of 7 members, 3 of whom were to be from the Ultramarine provinces, and the latter council to be com-

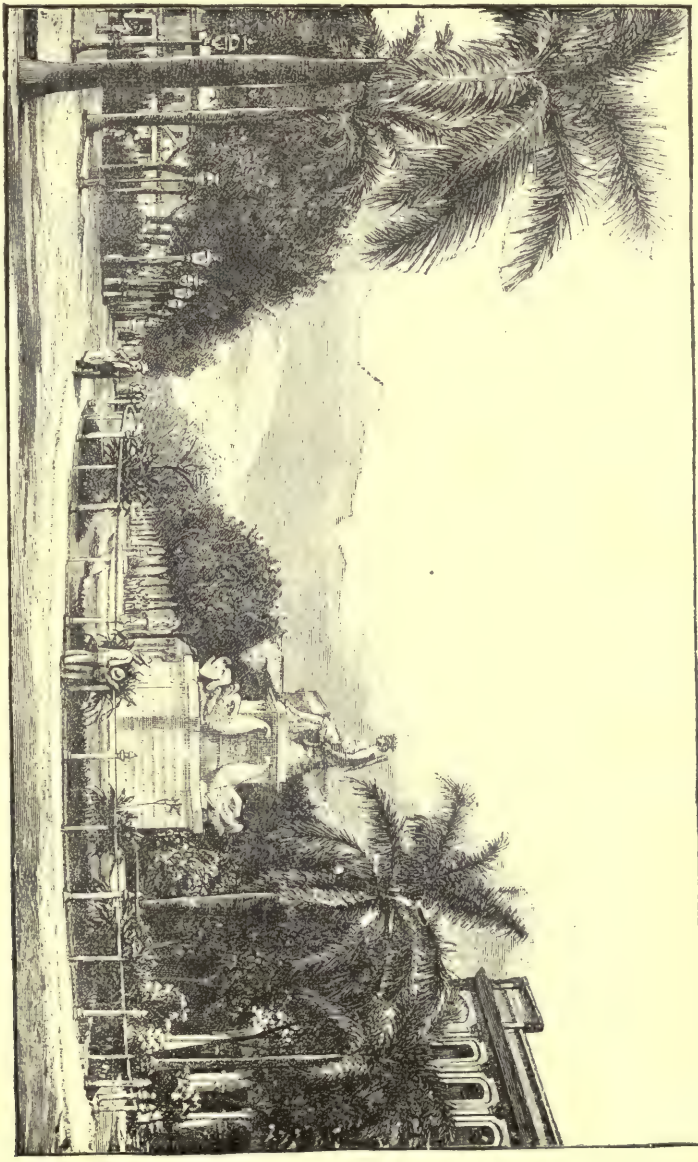


FARM-HOUSE.

posed of 40 members, of whom 12 were to be representatives of the Antilles.

This Constitution opened up a fascinating vista of prosperity

and contentment, and although rejected by Ferdinand VII. in 1814; accepted in 1820; again cast aside by him in 1823, it was definitely adopted by Queen-Regent Christina in 1836.



INDIAN STATUE AND PARK, HAVANA.

The Cubans were elated at this, but General Tacón, at that time the occupant of the palace at Havana, declared "that not

the slightest change should be made in the island, unless by his permission as Captain-General."

In spite of this, the province of Santiago (Cuba) proceeded to elect its representatives, and three deputies duly chosen sailed for Madrid and knocked at the door of the Spanish Cortes. Their credentials were laughed at; their right of admission denied; and as a result of secret sessions, the Cortes declared, April 18, 1837, that "in virtue of the power in them vested by

Morro Castle.

the Constitution, it was decreed . . . that the Ultramarine provinces of America and Asia shall be governed and administered by special laws; . . . consequently, the deputies for the designated provinces are not to take their seats in the present Cortes."

The moment that the Spanish government betrayed its trust and proved faithless to its Constitution, it alienated the respect and loyalty of its provinces, and fanned their spark of discontent into an all-consuming flame, terrible in its consequences.

The history of Cuba since then has been an uninterrupted series of conspiracies and revolutions, more or less protracted or successful, the universal discontent culminating in the ten years' war of 1868. In this campaign Spain lost 200,000 men; a man became a rare sight in whole districts of Cuba; Spain spent $700,000,000 in her endeavor to subdue the fairest and most unhappy region of earth, drenched, alas! more with the blood of her sons than by the beneficent dew of heaven.

The war was concluded by the Treaty of Zanjón, carried to a successful completion by General Martínez-Campos, in 1878.

By its stipulations Spain agreed to abolish slavery, and the

Cubans were accorded representation in the Cortes and many liberties, the majority of which are still to be found only on paper.

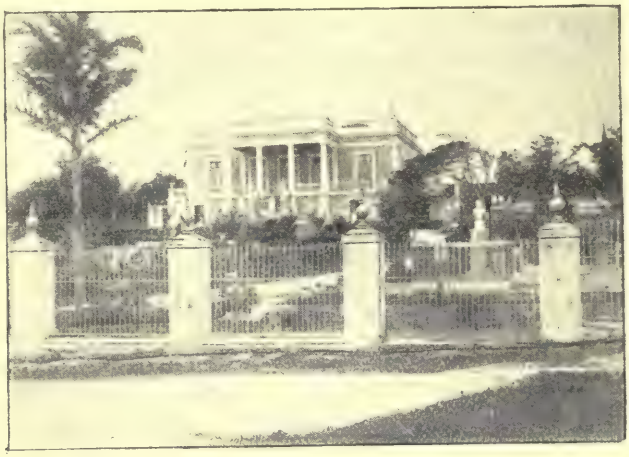
Again the roseate tints of hope lighted the dark clouds of Cuba's political horizon; but years passed, and with them came disillusion and despair.

The Cuban deputies at Madrid were eloquent and untiring, but the government turned a deaf ear to their arguments. The Spanish members made it a point not to attend when Cuban affairs were to be discussed; and on a memorable occasion, April 3, 1880, the Cuban budget was argued in the presence of but 30 deputies out of a total of 430 members, and only one minister, the colonial, deigned to honor the occasion with his presence; and yet Cuba pays $96,800 a year to maintain the ministry of Ultramar at Madrid.

The armed revolt of 1868 had at one blow levelled in the dust the hoarded treasures bought at the price of colonial degradation and the infamous institution of slavery. The country had now to face the new economic state consequent on the

MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

abolition of slavery; but Spain's policy limited itself to making Cuba pay the cost of the revolution. The budget, for an island containing only a million and a half of inhabitants, for the year immediately succeeding a ruinous war, was $46,594,000. This



SUBURBAN VILLA.

reckless compilation of the budget, without any regard to the fluctuating currents of trade and the financial pulse of the country, has resulted in piling up on the shoulders of the Cuban tax-payer the most onerous debt in the world, in proportion to the resources and the density of population of the country.

In the matter of his taxation the Cuban has no voice. To wrest the voting franchise from the Cubans, Spain made the electoral right dependent on the payment of a high poll-tax, which barred the greater part of the Cubans, who had been ruined in the struggle. By this and other means Spain reduced the right of suffrage to 53,000 inhabitants, or about 3 per cent. of the population. And the simple declaration of the head of a commercial house being sufficient to have all the employees accepted as partners, and possessed, therefore, of the right to vote, little, miserable firms have been represented as composed of thirty or more partners, and every Spaniard in the country has been enabled to vote.

Thus, in the electoral lists of Güines, whose population consists of 12,500 Cubans against 500 Spaniards and Canary Islanders, there appear the names of but 32 Cuban voters as against 400 Spaniards registered as voters.

Not a single Cuban sits in the Board of Aldermen of Havana. In 1887 a Council of Ultramar was created in Madrid. No Cuban has, as yet, been admitted as a member.

The metropolis appoints all the officials of the colony, and all the influential and lucrative berths, by a singular coincidence, are captured by European Spaniards.

The law provides for the election of the Board of Aldermen; but the Governor-General has the power to appoint the mayors of his choosing, and to suspend the Board of Aldermen, wholly or in part.

Personal safety does not exist. In times of peace the Governor-General has been obliged to declare whole provinces in a state of siege, as brigandage stalked about, defiant and unopposed; and at the will of the Governor-General, he may imprison or deport any person, without trial, whom he may consider dangerous.

The censorship over the press is absolute, and at the will of any police-officer an orator must change the tenor of his re-

GROCERY-STORE ON THE MOVE.

marks or hold his tongue. Of late even peaceful associations, such as the Planters' Union or the Association of Working-men, have been forbidden, on flimsy pretexts, to hold their meetings.

Cuba groans under the enormous debt of $295,707,264, which imposes a burden of $9.79 on each inhabitant of an impoverished island against the $6.30 which weighs upon the prosperous French subject. This sum includes items for which Cuba

is in nowise responsible; as, the expenses incurred by Spain's occupancy of San Domingo, and by her hostilities against Peru; the amount advanced to the treasury to defray the expenses of the Carlist war, and the debt incurred by Spain in her attempt, as ally of France, to place Maximilian on the Mexican throne.

The abuses and thefts of the Havana custom-house reached such a stage that General Marín, then governor-general, be-

CRUSHING-MILL OF SUGAR PLANTATION.

sieged it in August, 1887, and cleared it of employees at the point of the bayonet.

The robbery of high army officials in the matter of provisions, during the previous war, amounted to $22,811,516. It has been proven during the course of a heated debate in the Cortes, 1890, that the "Caja de Depósitos" (safe for deposits) had been robbed of $6,500.000; the scandalous detail being made public that it required three keys to open the lock, and each key had been entrusted to the custody of some high dignitary. General Pando, during that same session, made the statement, which has remained uncontradicted, that the robberies committed by issuing false warrants of the Board of Public Debt exceeded $12,000,000.

The granting of pensions is a source of flagrant abuse. The names of the dead are retained in the lists for so abnormally long a period that the Queen-Regent has recently said, in a state paper, that "it would appear that the granting of a pension insures *immortality!*"

The commercial laws of June 30 and July 20, 1882, have established that Spanish products pay no duties in Cuba, while Cuban products pay enormous duties at the Spanish ports. In order to close the Cuban market to competition and retain it exclusively for the Spanish trade, foreign articles are burdened with a tax of, in some cases, 2,000 per cent.! Thus, one hun-

dred kilograms of Spanish knitted goods pay $10.95; if of foreign origin, $195. One hundred kilograms of cassimere, if from Spain, pay $15.47; but if it come from a foreign land, $300.

The Spanish government has imposed an export tax of $1.80 on every 1,000 cigars of the Vuelta Abajo district; in consequence of which the traffic has languished, and from 1889 to 1894 the exportation, according to the figures of the Havana custom-house, had decreased to the amount of 116,200,000 cigars.

Spain grants bounties to the sugar-planters within her territory, but by the time that Cuban sugar reaches a Spanish port it groans under a tax of 143 per cent. of its value. The Cuban sugar-planter is hampered in every way by the government, which taxes the introduction of the required machinery; and lays an industrial duty, a loading or shipping tax, and an import duty of $6.20 per hundred kilograms.

Spain has received $500,000,000 from Cuba since the close of the last war in 1878, and of the fifty-four ports on the Cuban shore only fifteen are open to commerce, and all of

SUPPOSED BURIAL-PLACE OF COLUMBUS, HAVANA.

them grossly uncared for; to the point that the harbor of Havana is in so filthy and unsanitary a state that foreign vessels are forbidden even to wash their decks with its waters.

Cuba is made to pay a subsidy of $471,836.68 to the Span-

ish Transatlantic Company; but she is allowed only $182,000 for education. Spain is now maintaining an army of 200,000 men on Cuban soil; but the state does not support a single public library.

The last budget for Cuba imposes a burden of $16.18 on each inhabitant, more than double the amount asked of the

FRUIT AND FLOWER VENDER.

peninsular Spaniard; and dissecting the estimates, we find that the debt saddled on Cuba absorbs 40.89 per cent. of Cuba's total production. The army and navy required to keep the island in subjection consume 36.59 per cent. The remaining 22.52 per cent. are to include all other expenditures, and of these Spain allows Cuba, for her material advancement and internal development, 2.75 per cent.!

These intolerable blunders and abuses have precipitated the present conflict. Cuba is fighting against the Spanish bureaucracy enthroned on the island; she bears no ill-will toward the generous Spanish people. The differences that exist are political; not of blood and religion. Both sides have appealed to the God of Battles.

DON UNIA AND HIS LEPERS.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

THE famous Don Bosco, whose work for destitute children is well known all over Italy, Spain, and France, fully shared Cardinal Manning's paradoxical opinion: "It is quite true we have need of men and means at home; and it is *because* we have need of men and means at home, and of more men and of more means by a great deal than we yet possess, that I am convinced that we ought to send both men and means abroad." Don Bosco added great missionary undertakings to his enormous work for "the heathen at home." One of the foreign fields of Salesian labor is Colombia. In 1889 a "South American expedition" set out from Turin, from the mother house of the order, and Don Unia formed one of the company. Two years later Don Rua, Don Bosco's successor, received a letter from Don Unia, from Santa Fé de Bogotà, saying that he longed to dedicate himself to the service of a number of unfortunate lepers, isolated—to prevent the spread of the dread malady—in a mountain region. "No less," he wrote, "than six hundred of these poor stricken creatures lie festering in the Lazaretto of Agua de Dios, a place about three days' march from Santa Fé de Bogotà. Not only are they cut off from home, friends, and relatives, and almost forgotten by their fellow-men, but, worst of all, they have no priest, and are deprived of the consolations of religion. The arrival of new missionaries from Turin gave me fresh courage—for it will be easy to do without me now; so I waited on the rector and broached the subject to him." At some length Don Unia then recounts his superior's objections, and his natural hesitation at committing "a brother to evident peril of death." "But my tranquillity was gone," the letter goes on, "and my rector enjoyed very little peace; for, day by day, I managed to keep the lepers ringing in his ears!" At last, after weeks of debating the matter, the rector said: "I daresay I ought not to hinder you. I give my sanction, on condition that Don Rua approves." And the chaplain of the lepers says he was forthwith "canonically elected"! He adds, cheerily, that the news spread fast, and many of his well-wishers in Santa Fé "kindly took the trouble of calling to tell me that I was mad."

There is a fine heroic ring about his high spirits. But Don Unia can be very serious, too, in his correspondence. He assures Don Rua that he will set out in obedience to what he firmly believes is a call from God; and he promises to "take all reasonable care of his health," if permitted to go to live at Agua de Dios. Should he catch the terrible disease, despite his precautions, he trusts that "He, whose voice I obey, will give me strength to suffer with patience; and the thought of having brought some relief to those poor unfortunates will be my consolation."

Ten days later Don Unia reported himself already at the Lazaretto, and "quite happy." He wondered what Don Rua would say to the step he has taken, and hoped that his plan for remaining altogether among the lepers would be confirmed by the superior-general. He writes: "Whoever comes out here becomes an object of public terror," on account of the danger of infection, "so that I believe my return to Bogotà would not be the easiest thing in the world. Add to this consideration the fancy morsel of three days on a mule's back, travelling over rocks and skirting precipices, with a burning sun overhead, without speaking of the forty quarantines I should be put through before I could enter the town-gates; and then, if you think I should like to try it *often*, you must believe that I am very fond of 'a constitutional.'" He touchingly describes the rejoicings among the poor outcasts at his coming, adding: "About a hundred little boys, in Sunday clothes and shining faces, advanced, with many bannerets fluttering above their heads. These were followed by white-robed little girls bearing palms and singing. It was a simple scene, and yet so affecting that it drew tears from my eyes. But quite another spectacle awaited me within the hospital. God help those breathing carcasses, lying in a long-protracted putrifaction! In this awful condition they are said often to drag out a miserable decade!"

The happy-hearted Don Unia confesses that his courage almost failed him at first. But, when he found that the afflicted beings in the last stages of the disease brightened at his presence, he felt that a "ghastly smile" was a great reward for weakness overcome. Though at the outset "stunned and stupefied," the very misery of his terrible congregation made an irresistible appeal to him; and he resolved, more firmly than ever, to live with and for his lepers. In a letter to Don Rua he asks: "And what am I going to do, now that I am here? First, you must know, between hale and sick, the lepers muster upwards of twelve thousand souls. I am their

only priest. I shall have to look after my twelve thousand, celebrate holy Mass, administer the sacraments, and do what I can to comfort the poor tortured creatures by visiting them several times a day." The children had to be taught their catechism.

Strange to say, the progeny of the lepers live often to an advanced age without developing the plague, and then betray its symptoms. Some die old, too, and *never* show the taint. Don Unia proposed to enlist "some gentlemen who live in this village" as catechists, "for, by myself, I should not be able to get through all the work. Taking everything into account, I think *work* won't be wanting, so my life will be a happy one." Even if he should fall a victim to leprosy, and cease to be able to say Mass, he consoles himself by thinking he can still "confess and comfort these creatures, *though I be covered with ulcers.*" Meantime he constantly reported himself "happy," though the temperature was "unpleasantly high"—86° to 95° Fahr. He described his dwelling as consisting "of a shed divided into two little chambers, and covered with palm-leaves, *through which the rain passes beautifully;* and, with the burning heat one has to bear, a little water does no harm. A fine little boy has been told off to attend to my few wants. He brings me something to eat twice a day, just *as the crow used to do by the old hermit.* Bread here is always stale, for it is carried up from Bogotà. The water, in open contradiction to the name of the village, seems to come from the *other place!* It arrives on donkey-back from more than two miles away, so that, in this hot weather, it is *really nice* to drink! They are going to add a little kitchen to my *establishment*, and, when that is built, my little secretary will remain with me in the capacity of 'cook and butler.' Dear Rev. Father, I place my entire confidence in your goodness of heart! Will you not confirm the vow I have made, and rejoice to think that these unhappy lepers are now blessed with the consolation of religion? With entire submission to your orders," etc.

From Turin, however, the post takes two months to reach the South American missions; and when Don Rua's despatch for Don Unia, commissioning him to undertake the management of the Salesian House in the city of Mexico, reached Bogotà, it was interpreted as meaning that the permission to devote himself to the Lazaretto was refused. As a matter of fact, Don Rua granted his priest's heroic request as soon as it was made, "with tears, and a heart full of warm thankfulness." But Don Unia believed himself under marching orders for Mexico, and he dutifully made ready to depart. He wrote to his superior:

"In order to render my going away less bitter to these agonized souls, I will not leave them without hope. I shall give them to understand that after visiting Mexico, within the lapse of a few months I shall be back again among them, to remain here for ever. My dearly loved superior, Don Rua, will not, surely, make me break my word? When all matters are settled in the Mexican house, I implore you to send a rector with the necessary staff from Turin, so that I may return to the care of my lepers. The parting moment will be heartrending, but holy obedience will give me force to conquer myself and surmount every difficulty. From Bogotà I shall go straight to Mexico; but my thoughts and my heart will be always with the miserable beings I leave behind me in desolation. My lepers, my poor lepers! with them is my mission. *This* is the work God has called me to do. Your Reverence cannot find the heart to deny me the consolation of following my true vocation."

Six hundred and twenty lepers signed a touching letter to the superior in Turin, begging that Don Unia might be restored to Agua de Dios. The charitable Society of St. Lazarus petitioned Don Rua in the same sense in most moving terms.

Letters from Colombia, published during the autumn of 1893, in one of the daily papers of Turin, give an account of a visit to Agua de Dios and Don Unia. The writer begins by praising at considerable length the wild grandeur of the mountain-road from Santa Fé de Bogotà; and continues: "After a ride of almost three days I arrived at the village of anguish. The first object that met my gaze was a young woman sitting by a cabin door. Her deformed face was noseless, and her shapeless ears were at least four times their natural size. Sad to say she clasped an infant in her arms—one more victim doomed to the lepers' lot, and the possible parent of other lepers! In this republic the victims of leprosy are estimated at twenty-five thousand. It is the imperative duty of the government to fight against this dreadful scourge, which increases enormously year by year.

"Curiosity impelled the people to pour out of their huts to see a stranger in their village. And what a fearful population to look upon! All maimed; many noseless; some wearing green glasses, which added to the ghastliness of their appearance! The swollen ears of one poor man were flapping upon his shoulders.

"Don Unia, a native of Cuneo, who left Turin about a half year ago for Bogotà and Agua de Dios, offered to take me to the hospital. The present building is too small. It only con-

tains fifty beds; but another hospital, to accommodate upwards of three hundred, is in course of construction.

"In this home of horrors my eyes first fell upon a man of about twenty-five. A doctor, also stricken with leprosy, stood over him. Two very young Sisters of Charity bent over his miserable body—a mere skeleton, ulcerated from head to foot—one washing the fetid sores and the other sister covering them over with a filament. At the sight of Don Unia the poor leper cried out: 'Father!' The priest went up to him, clasped his extended hand, and found such words of comfort for the sufferer that his dying eyes sparkled with joy."

The writer of this letter was then on the spot in which the worst cases were collected. Don Unia, on his arrival, described the inmates as, "one without hands, another without arms; others without feet. Here is one whose flesh is dropping off piecemeal." His visitor of a few months ago "could not bear the sight of these heartrending tortures. I fled from the hospital, overwhelmed with horror. Later I ventured to tell Don Unia it was his duty to use every possible precaution to keep himself free from this loathsome disease; but he said: 'Leprosy, you must know, makes the patients extremely sensitive. Were I to show repugnance, they would hate instead of loving me. A poor creature embraced me, and died in my arms, the day before yesterday. If I had tried to shake him off, he might have died cursing me; and I could never have forgiven myself for his un-Christian death. Believe me, if we want to help these poor people, we must love, not loathe them.' Don Unia's health," the letter goes on, "has suffered greatly. He is no longer the stalwart mountaineer he used to be, but a broken man, who, if he remains at his noble post, will speedily exchange this for a better country. The heat is suffocating here all the year round."

Don Unia left for Europe on the 14th of October last, by the imperative orders of his superiors and medical adviser. He only went home to die. On the 9th of December last he peacefully passed away at the house of his order in Turin.

Another Salesian priest is engaged in studying all the known "cures," or alleviations, for leprosy, including the Mattei treatment; and, when equipped with all the learning attainable, he too will join the devoted band of workers in the Lazaretto.

What heroic charity and self-abnegation is shown by these Salesians—priests, sisters, and catechists alike!

THE NEW POET LAUREATE.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

IT was surmised by many, owing to the long interregnum in the Poet Laureateship, that the office was to be allowed to fall into desuetude. What Lord Salisbury's motive was in delaying to fill it up, now that he has proved the surmise to be wrong, is the new topic of much conjecture; the next, what reasons impelled him to the choice he has made. He may have wished to have it said of the selection what another laureate said about the building up of man:

> "'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
> But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay."

The poet to Lord Salisbury's fancy was perhaps not easily found. It was all foretold in *Astrea Redux*. The fateful hour seemed at hand when

> "Roused by the lash of his own stubborn tail
> Our lion now will foreign foes assail."

There were two men in England who might be relied on to sing of arms and the man when the smell of British saltpetre was in the air—Alfred Austin and Tracy Turnerelli. Turnerelli, who has since joined the majority, was not only a poet after Lord Salisbury's heart, but one who would beg the world for pennies to buy golden laurel wreaths for the brows of his heroes. But, then, Turnerelli had made a hero of him who was Lord Salisbury's deadly enemy through life—the tinselly Beaconsfield. Hence, Turnerelli being ineligible, the field was limited. As for such men as Swinburne, Morris, Watson, Patmore, and Thompson, they had for the most part pitched their key too high, or committed some indiscretion which barred them out. The literary tastes of the court are homely, and the Prime Minister is too good a courtier not to follow instead of seeking to lead. The temper of the time was not Augustan, and the muse to match it must be one with a helmet on her head and the Union Jack crossed over her shoulders, ready to fight or ready to haggle as circumstance might demand. There was much astuteness too in the premier's choice. Jealousy amongst the greater poets whom he

has passed over is absolutely impossible—that is, if such a low passion can have a place in those celestial breasts.

The question has often been asked of late, Of what use is the Poet Laureateship? It is preposterous to put such a query. In a system which makes an institution of grooms of the bed-chamber, wig-makers to the court, chimney-sweeps

ALFRED AUSTIN, POET-LAUREATE.

to the Lord Lieutenant, and butchers and green-grocers to the sovereign *ad lib.*, the post of official gleeman, as the Laureateship seems to be regarded by ministers of Lord Salisbury's type, comes in quite naturally. It is distinctly of the Norman cult—that idea of the relation of men and things and human thought out of which grew the vast retrocession known as the feudal system. Lord Salisbury himself is a direct outcome of that system. It was a system entirely to his mind, so far as

we can judge of him. If he were ever to go into battle, he would have his gleeman or jongleur tossing up his sword and singing his doggerel as he went before him, like Taillifer before the great duke. Exalted poetry was no part of the Norman's bill of requisites. Blood and iron were quite enough to satisfy his soul's cravings.

The Laureateship, there is no doubt, had its origin in this idea of the proper constituents of a court retinue—as the court jester had. It is little wonder that a low conception of its functions was met by a poor ambition on the part of the aspirants to the office, very often, and a still poorer execution. The very names of some of these degenerate poets have been forgotten; no one has thought the works of several of them worth, not to say preserving but even mentioning. A front rank is claimed for four of them—namely, Ben Jonson, John Dryden, William Wordsworth, and Alfred Tennyson. It is questionable if modern judgment will admit the claim for all of these. But it is a singular proof of the powerlessness of the greater gift of song over the Philistine spirit of British statecraft that the noble strains of Tennyson should be forgotten in the choice of his successor. Vulgarity is again enthroned in high places in Great Britain, and the taste of the Georgian ages is again asserting itself. Even royalty, we believe, has often been pleased to be charmed with the martial lyrics of the Great McDermott, and the chauvinistic sentiments which enabled that eminent minstrel to reap a rich harvest are exactly suited to the tastes of the great leader of the English Tory party.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

As for the new Poet Laureate himself, he appears to be perfectly at home in the den of the roaring lion with his "stubborn tail" lashing his angry sides. He was not well warm in office when he proved his own mettle and justified the expectations formed of him by the production of a metrical composition on the raid of Dr. Jameson into the Transvaal which will easily hold its own in poverty of wit and flabbiness

of expression. England has not often produced a Laureate whose syllables walked with such leaden feet as in this threnody:

"'Wrong! Is it wrong? Well, may be;
But I'm going, boys, all the same.
Do they think me a Burgher's baby,
To be scared by a scolding name?
They may argue, and prate, and order;
Go, tell them to save their breath;
Then over the Transvaal border,
And gallop for life or death!

"'Let lawyers and statesmen addle
Their pates over points of law;
If sound be our sword, and saddle,
And gun-gear, who cares one straw?
When men of our own blood pray us
To ride to their kinsfolk's aid,
Not Heaven itself shall stay us
From the rescue they call a raid.

"'There are girls in the gold-reef city,
There are mothers and children, too!
And they cry, "Hurry up! for pity!"
So what can a brave man do?
If even we win, they will blame us;
If we fail, they will howl and hiss.
But there's many a man lives famous
For daring a wrong like this!'

"So we forded and galloped forward
As hard as our beasts could pelt,
First eastward, then trending nor'ward,
Just over the rolling veldt;
Till we came on the Burghers lying
In a hollow with hills behind,
And their bullets came hissing, flying,
Like hail on an arctic wind!"

Hatred of the Hollander appears to be a sort of heritage in the Laureate's office. We find Dryden giving expression to it more honestly, yet withal somewhat uncouthly, in a poem written in 1662:

"To one well born th' affront is worse and more
When he's abused and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;
They've both ill nature and ill manners too.

Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion.
And their new commonwealth has set them free
Only from honor and civility."

The broom of Van Tromp had swept the English Channel then, as the rifles of Oom Paul's burghers did Laing's Nek and Krugersdorp more recently. The vein of racial antipathy is evidently unfavorable to the divine afflatus in any age.

JOHN DRYDEN.

"Rare Ben" felt that there must be a mutual dependence between prince and poet, to be maintained by substantial proofs, in kind no less than of mind, as he showed when he wrote wrathfully:

"As the old bard should no canary lack,
'Twere better spare a butt than spite his muse.
For in the genius of the poet's verse
The king's fame lives. Go now, denie his tierce."

Monarchs do not appear so prominently now; it is their prime ministers who act for them. Lord Salisbury has been execrated for his callous policy in regard to the Armenian massacres, and the Poet Laureate feels himself called upon to deliver himself as proxy. He chides William Watson, who had written a poem full of noble indignation about England's shame in this transaction, in these terms:

"Comrade, to whom I stretched a comrade's hand
Ere Fame found hers to greet you, and whom, still
Right bravely singing up the sacred Hill,
I watch from where the cloudless peaks expand,
Think not that you my love now less command,
If to you, wilful, I oppose my will;
And pray you not untune sweet voice to shrill
In harsh upbraidings of the Mother Land.

To mock her is to soil one's self with shame,
Nor is the rhyme yet written that can mar
The scroll emblazoned with her fadeless fame,
'Sloping to twilight.' Blinded that you are,
Look, in her hand shines freedom's sword aflame,
And on her forehead glows the morning star.

"But she, not you, nor any child of song,
Must sound the hour the friendless to befriend,
And with unmitigable justice rend
The ensanguined trappings from the Rod of Wrong.
I too cry out, 'How long, O Lord, how long
Shall ghouls assail and not one glaive defend?'
But God's great patience never comes to end,
And, by long suffering, vengeance grows more strong.
So from unseasonable chidings cease,
Impious to her who bears within her breast
Wails from the East and clamors from the West.
Nay, should the clamor and the wails increase,
Firm in the faith she knoweth what is best,
Keep you to-night the Festival of Peace."

The delicate good breeding displayed here, in reminding Watson of the good turn done in the past, reveals one qualification at least for the office of official rhyme-maker. Conscious self-righteousness is a suitable yoke-fellow with national arrogance. Our age is opposed to all modesty in self-proclamation, whether of private virtues or sub-celestial gifts, and John Bull militant is the embodiment of that spirit in the sight of all mankind. Why should the poet be of any higher mind than the piper who skirls a barbaric blast to encourage the kilted warriors of Britain as they bring home lessons of civilization and good taste to the graceless subjects of King Prempeh and other unreasonable persons?

There is, indeed, no evidence whatever in any of Mr. Austin's work that he recognizes any loftier function for any bard, official or non-official. He regards the English race as the only one proper for a British poet's theme, and whether that race do right or do wrong at home or abroad, he has nothing for it but his good-will and the best thing that his irrepressible rhyming habit can compel him to do. In a piece of his entitled "Veronica's Garden" he thus limits the terms of the angelic salutation, "Peace on earth":

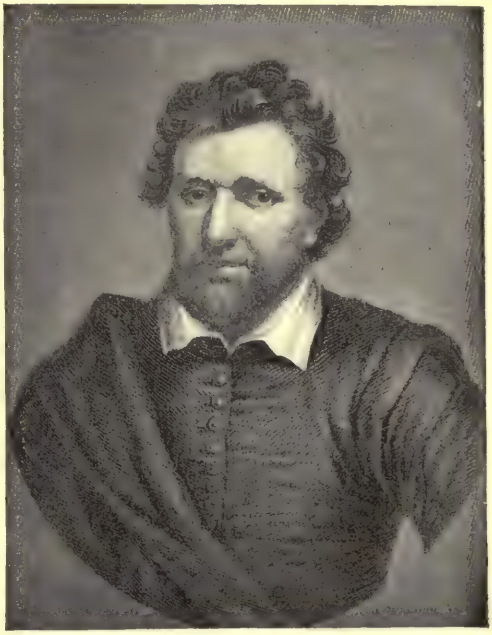
". . . unto all of British blood—
Whether they cling to Egbert's throne,
Or far beyond the western flood
Have raised a sceptre of their own.
. . . . . .
"Blood of our blood in every clime!
Race of our race by every sea!
To you we sing the Christmas rhyme,
For you we light the Christmas tree."

The "men of good will" to whom the message was originally delivered was too comprehensive a limitation for Mr. Austin's idea; but it does not appear to have entered into his mind when penning the greeting that the British race, as at present constituted, had not even an existence when the angelic message came. What, then, could be more thoroughly British than the desire to appropriate its benefits exclusively for the Britons of to-day?

There is not much hope that the new Laureate will ever do much better work than he has done. He is now past the grand climacteric, and if ever he had the true poetical fibre in him, the strain must have revealed itself long ere this. The only vestige of the bardic nature which he manifested during his tolerably long career was the tendency to attack brother poets for their literary shortcomings. This he did some thirty years ago in an essay on "Poetry of the Period." He scored Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Morris, and other would-be bards, very roundly in that volume, and so cleared the way for his own advent. He improved his opportunities, in travelling about the world as special correspondent for a Tory newspaper, to study the green lanes and pastoral scenes of "Merrie England," and depict them as though they had not been evolved from his own inner consciousness. Some carefully jointed verses of his to the Seasons reveal a diligent telepathic study of recurrent phenomena which have not escaped attention even in pre-Laureate days. He has written tragedies which have found a place in the British Museum. Those of whom he has striven to make heroes are presented in such a way as to leave us in doubt whether we should laugh or weep over their achievements or their fate. It is for this reason that our sympathies are perhaps improperly diverted to the side of the unfortunate Dr. Jameson. He ought to have been spared the humiliation of a ludicrous position.

It is stated that Mr. Austin is a Catholic, and some Catho-

lic writers seem to think that his religion ought to atone for the weakness of his verse. To see the edge of bigotry in England so blunted as to allow a Catholic to get an office like the Laureate's may indeed be a more significant fact than the decay in literary taste which this particular appointment indicates. There is more good sense in this view than in anything else put forward in extenuation of the appointment. Trivial as the position is, it shows how the current of feeling runs in the highest circles. It is in the nature of poetry that it must have its epochs, its days of glory and its days of abasement. But in the realm of the soul it is different; the interests involved in it have a permanent value. It matters little whether Mr. Austin is a good Catholic, as some say he is, or an indifferent, a lapsed, or an unorthodox one, as others assert him to be. The fact that he is a Catholic of any kind is the only really significant thing about the whole proceeding. But it was neither because he is a Catholic nor because he is a homely-witted poet that he has got the post. *Plus* these facts, he is a Tory politician, a man who has helped the present government, and a man who will versify Tory deeds whenever the opportunity serves. The Laureate himself it will be who will have to bear the penalty of the blunder. Well might he bear in mind what his brother Laureate, "Rare Ben," so candidly wrote in his old age:



BEN JONSON.

> . . . "welcome Povertie.
> She shall instruct my after-thoughts to write
> Things manly, and not smelling parasite.
> But I repent me: stay. Whoe'er is raised
> For worth he hath not, he is taxed, not praised."

OUR AFRICA.

BY REV. E. L. QUADE.

IT is a strange, yet undeniable, fact that, wherever and whenever the "Missions" become the topic of our Catholic circles, we are apt to wander immediately to the remotest recesses of Africa, Asia, and of the islands, large and small, and to conjure up graphic scenes of missionary toils and sufferings. Rarely ever does it enter our minds to remain at home and seek for the Africa of our proximity. And yet how real an Africa may we find beneath the very shadows of our own dear homes! Those living in the larger cities need but to glance out of the window, or into the alleys, to convince themselves of the fact. It is not indeed the Africa of the Pharaohs, nor that of St. Augustine, nor of the Cæsars in the older hemisphere, but rather the Africa of Christianity in the New World. Not the Africa of the Nile and the Congo, but that of the Potomac and the Mississippi.

Leaving aside the true native land of the Negro, the southern portion of our beloved country justly deserves the title of "Our Africa." Our Africa it is, since it is the soil of our soil; Our Africa, since the Negro is our fellow-citizen; and, finally, Our Africa because upon us devolves the duty of extending our civilization, moral and civic, to it. We owe it to the cause of humanity to put into its grasp the means whereby it may perfect its liberty, enlighten its mind, and dispose it to become partaker of the merits of Redemption.

For the benefit, therefore, of the uninitiated, let us survey "Our Africa," get a fair glimpse of its people in their most important aspects, and learn from their condition what we have so far done, and what we are at the present doing, to ameliorate its condition.

In area Our Africa occupies fully one-half of the territory allotted to the principal thirteen Southern States. Its domain, centring at Alabama, borders along the Atlantic and the great Gulf, reaching along the Mississippi valley to upper Missouri, and along the Ohio valley as far east as Pittsburg. All these vast tracts of land are included within the Black Belt. Out-

side of these limits we shall find only about half a million of Negroes, distributed sparsely among the Western and Northern States. Thus we may safely say that they inhabit that portion of our land which flows with milk and honey; for we all have learned to wonder at the fertility with which nature has endowed it.

VARIETY OF RACE.

The census of 1890 shows the total number of the colored population to be 6,996,166. This number, however, is not to be taken absolutely; for no race has exhibited such productive proclivities in this climate, so hostile to Europeans. We may, without hesitation, put the figure close to 8,000,000 or over. This is the most probable opinion, and is upheld by many authorities. Among themselves they vary as do the different types of the Caucasian race. Olmstead, in his *Slave States*, grades the Negro of Louisiana into ten distinct types, ranging from the full-blooded Negro to the 1–64th black; from the Negro *sine aditu* to him *sang-mêle*. Their gradation reveals nine different species, from the combination of White and Negro, which results in the Mulatto, to that of the Mulatto and Chinese, whose offspring are classed as Chinoes. It is not to be disputed that their knowledge of the white man's superiority in many respects impels a frantic desire to have their issue approach, at least one degree, that of their envied neighbor. This vast number constitutes half the population between the Potomac and the Mississippi. Considering, then, their rapid and steady growth, it will be only a question of the near future when the political term given the South, as the "Solid South" for the party now in office, will become the same for the contending party.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL DEBASEMENT.

As a field of missionary labors it is devoid of all attractions save to one who has left everything for the sake of Him who promised a hundred-fold reward. It is difficult to fancy a people in a worse plight than the Negroes of the South. Living amid our civilization, vast numbers of them are yet not of it; men by civil law, yet in very great part children; citizens by constitutional amendment, yet babes in the exercise of their rights; apparently Christians, they are really of no religion; free men in the eyes of the world, yet really shackled with the fetters of superstition; strong in the exercise of imagina-

tive power, yet weak in their ability to comprehend real ideas; in the sight of the law they are everything, in its hands they are nothing. For the most part they are ignorant of the first truths of Revelation and devoid of knowledge of the Commandments, whilst their notion of our Blessed Lord seems to go no further than a glib and offensive use of His Holy Name. Morality may have a name among them, but in how many localities does it not end with that! Knowledge, after a fashion, is becoming theirs; but of what kind?

This is, in fine, their present moral, social, and political standing. In what capacities they combat in the struggle for life is well known. As house-servants we find them scattered everywhere, poor and hard-working laborers, washerwomen, barbers and waiters, 'longshoremen and hands coming and going in the oyster-boats and fishing-smacks. In general, holding their own in the struggle for life in the teeming streets and alleys of the colored quarter.

AT THE WHITE MAN'S MERCY.

Treated, as a rule, with fairness and humane regard by their white employers and white neighbors, in many cases they are yet made the scapegoats of superior guile. Two causes, occurring frequently, are destined to alienate their affections and respect for their white neighbor. The one is, the ever too ready avenging power of the mobs; and the other, the taking advantage of his illiterateness, through the shrewdness and avarice of scheming traders, employers, and landlords. To the first the colored man pays outrageous prices for common goods; the second pays him less wages than, for equal work, he is wont to pay white hands; the last-named rules supreme over the homes of these poor people. His house is rented by the week; and if he is unable to pay his rent in advance, he may be sure to find his family and scanty belongings on the street ere the first day of the ensuing week has elapsed. The doors and pews of most churches are closed against him; his sombre hue debars him from the greater number of so-called respectable places of amusement; he is excluded from most, if not all, beneficial associations; his political friends strike his name from whatever ticket he may appear on. Thus left to himself, he is bidden to enjoy life as his environments may allow, and his whims and passions dictate. He does not play the *rôle* of a beggar, but, like a mute child, he awaits his turn of attention. All that he has has been brought to him—slavery, emancipation,

franchise, and education; all were brought to bear upon him, whilst he kept himself in a perfectly passive state. Standing here alone in a land of strangers, he is too dazed to lift his dusky hands to the God he knows so little of, and beckon us to come and supply the void that constitutes his natural drawback. He stands at the brink of a chasm which he is unable to span by his own efforts. Shall we bridge it for him?

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

What have we been doing, thus far, to elevate his character? And what is our intention for the future? To every deep-thinking man it must appear evident that great efforts are needed to reap any success. He must feel that the combined forces of church and state are indispensable to achieve it. How well sectarianism has essayed to solve the problem is exhibited in the methods of procedure. The tables of statistics show that the various denominations have spent $35,000,000. To this is added the stupendous sum of $50,000,000 which the South has contributed to the cause since the days of war. What is the result? We may summarize it briefly with these accounts: They claim a total membership of 2,000,000; they possess schools, normal and industrial, churches, universities, colleges, seminaries, and charitable institutions in great numbers. Their pupils number 25,560. What are these figures in comparison to those Catholicity can exhibit? They are as mountains against ant-hills; as oceans against rivulets. Catholicity cannot lay just claims to quite 200,000 of their number; not even one-tenth of these having any religion, in the true sense of the term. The annual collections levied from all the churches of every diocese, for the home missions, has rarely, if ever, exceeded $70,000, amounting to not one cent per capita. This paltry sum is divided into two portions, the one for the Indian missions, and the residue for the Negro. $35,000 annually is far too paltry a sum to achieve any lasting good. Yet it is expected to support 35 missionaries, 30 churches, 103 schools of 8,631 pupils, and 22 institutions. It becomes evident that the amount, when divided to meet the necessities of all these claimants, must become an insignificant source of sustenance to any one in particular. In point of contributing power for home missions Catholics are far in the rear and away behind the mark.

This failure to support the home missions is, however, counterbalanced by the generosity extended to foreign mis-

sions, in whose behalf the amount is more than tripled. This gives rise to the question whether it ought not to be a matter of equal, if not greater, solicitude to foster the spirit of charity toward home missions? Yes, it is natural we should do so; but we rather abide with the unnatural, owing to the perversity of our inclinations, or perhaps through ignorance and want of reflection. That we are behind the mark is as clear as daylight, for where are our universities, colleges, seminaries, industrial, normal, and secondary schools—and in such telling numbers as those of the sects? They are still in the embryo awaiting birth and development. But who will give them birth and development? Whence this development, if not through our American Catholics? From over the sea we derive very little substantial aid. Nor is it to be expected. We ought to be able to cope with this difficulty with our own resources, as indeed it is shown by our princely responses to the appeals of foreign missionaries that we are, by all means, able to do so. That we should do so seems almost to be a precept, from whose observance no Catholic ought to flinch one iota, even though this duty be complied with to the detriment of foreign missions. Energy and means spent in the cause of our Negro are surely not wasted. He represents a veritable missionary field, waiting for tillers, sowers, and reapers; he is not to be elevated politically and socially only, but, to a far greater extent, morally. Religion alone can claim the power to produce this effect. Along with the elevation of his moral standard go hand-in-hand the two other factors of society.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CATHOLIC EFFORT.

The religious disposition of the colored Catholic inspires a high opinion, and shows that he is made of the stuff that can bear improvement on all three grounds. The Negroes have kept the faith with wonderful fidelity, and that under the most trying circumstances. The Protestants, it is true, have caught a few here and there, by means legitimate and otherwise. Some, too, have apostatized out of sheer human respect, but only in some isolated localities. The dissolving power of the war and emancipation have scattered them abroad, and thrown them under the influence of strangers in sentiment and religion. Many, from the ignorance and vice of their parents, and a poverty deeper than any known among whites, have been turned adrift on the streets in childhood, and so into the clutches of the noon-day demon. Mixed marriages, also, have

made dire havoc in the flock. But can it be said that, under equally adverse circumstances, the white element would not have proved itself more steadfast? Instances to prove it are useless. Every zealous priest has experienced examples of this kind. Within the last decade a feeble effort has been put forth, emanating from the spirit of the Second and Third Plenary Councils of Baltimore; but it appears that it is destined to fall asleep, unless aroused by another Blessed Peter Claver, in some future period. Whilst the fever heat of that spirit lasted, numerous institutions opened their doors for the Negro, but, alas! many were disappointed in the substantial aid anticipated. Men, women, youths, and priests have volunteered service for home missions, but in vastly larger numbers we find those who have done nothing. To acknowledge this fact is a shameful confession for one who belongs to a religion whose normal condition is missionary, and to whose members was given the divine command to go into the whole earth and preach the gospel to every creature.

Nevertheless true it is, and it will remain so, until our actions have disproved it; and may that be soon! What a dearth of charity will it be in us to neglect those unfortunate black millions who, perhaps more than any other race, bear the impress of the poverty and rejection of the suffering Saviour, who "became the rejected of men, and the outcast of His people" (Ps. xxi.)

LIFE OF CARDINAL MANNING.*

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.

THIS is a very complete biography by a competent hand, who has fulfilled his task with diligence, honesty, and to a certain extent with impartiality, but with far too little care and prudence.

My first acquaintance with the works of this eminent cardinal and his still more illustrious compeer, Cardinal Newman, goes back to the last decade of their Anglican career from 1840 to 1850. I had the honor of once dining with Cardinal Manning, in 1867, at his house in London, and of a much nearer acquaintance with Cardinal Newman.

Those who were not living at the time when the conversion of these great men took place can hardly appreciate the impression which was produced by their writings and acts at that momentous period, and the influence which they exercised both in England and America.

While Newman was leading the catholicizing movement at Oxford, he was regarded as an almost inspired prophet by his followers. After his conversion, Manning shared with Pusey the reverence and confidence of that party, and his subsequent conversion made a sensation somewhat similar to the shock caused by the conversion of Newman.

Manning was not a disciple or companion of Newman in the Oxford movement. While he was at the university he was not interested in theological or ecclesiastical pursuits. His ambition was all directed toward a parliamentary career. He had no intention or desire to become a clergyman. He aspired to become a statesman, and, in fact, he did become, in the end, an ecclesiastical statesman.

His father's loss of property made it almost necessary for him to turn to the clerical profession. Still, as he was conscientious and religious, he was ordained with a high ideal of the clerical state and a resolute purpose to live up to it.

After his ordination he became rector of Lavington, a country-parish in Sussex, and afterwards Archdeacon of Chiches-

* *Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster.* By Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Member of the Roman Academy of Letters. In two volumes. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

ter. He was married to a lovely young lady, who died after four years, leaving him for a long time almost inconsolable.

He was devoted and zealous, soon became distinguished, and had a fair prospect of a seat on the episcopal bench, or even on the throne of Canterbury.

At first he was an Evangelical Low-Churchman, but without any taint of Calvinism. By degrees he became a High-Churchman, sympathized and co-operated with Newman up to a certain point; and yet, sided with the authorities in the condemnation of Tract No. 90, and in resisting the movement toward Rome.

His own movement in that direction was quite independent of Littlemore. His studies brought him more and more upon Catholic ground, yet without destroying his confidence in the Church of England as essentially Catholic. The affair of the Jerusalem bishopric, the decision of the Gorham case, and the violent outbreak of anti-papal fanaticism on the occasion of the re-establishment of a regular Catholic hierarchy in England, at length opened his eyes to the essentially Protestant character of the English establishment. After long study and deliberation, with great reluctance, and in obedience to the imperative demands of his conscience, he at length, in 1851, at the age of 44, was received into the Church, and, after the short delay of ten weeks, was ordained priest. He spent, however, three years in study at Rome, before entering on the active duties of the priesthood. After his return to England, he in due time founded a house of the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, London, was appointed Provost of the Chapter of Westminster, and was an active and faithful assistant to Cardinal Wiseman during all the remaining years of his life.

In 1865 Cardinal Wiseman died, and was succeeded by Archbishop Manning. He was not one of the three nominated by the chapter and the bishops, but was directly appointed by the Pope. His appointment was well received, and proved to be a wise one and most beneficial to the Catholic Church in England during his long administration of twenty-three years. In 1875 he was made a cardinal. He died in January, 1892, and the public demonstration at his funeral was one which had no parallel except on the occasions of the obsequies of the Duke of Wellington and Cardinal Wiseman. He was honored and mourned, not only by all the Catholics of England but by the whole nation.

The most interesting part of this biography is the descrip-

tion of the part taken by Archbishop Manning in the Council of the Vatican and the definition of papal infallibility. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of this great act. Archbishop Manning had a great share in bringing it to a successful conclusion. Our own illustrious and venerated Archbishop Spalding had also a conspicuous and influential part in the same glorious work. Archbishop Manning was always a valiant and eloquent advocate of the rights and prerogatives of the Holy See, and of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. It is this, more than anything else, which casts a brilliant lustre on his name and his career.

As the English archbishop his services were invaluable in making the Catholic Church known and respected in England by all classes from the royal family down to the children of toil and poverty. He was devoted to the cause of temperance, to the cause of education, to the welfare of the poor, and to the care of forlorn and neglected children. He was a friend and lover of Ireland and the Irish people. He was a great bishop, a holy priest, a worthy successor of St. Anselm, St. Edmund, and St. Thomas in the chair of St. Augustine. The same eulogy may be pronounced upon Cardinal Wiseman, and might have been deserved by Dr. Clifford or Dr. Grant if either of them had been placed in the metropolitan see. But the extraordinary interest and importance of the career of Cardinal Manning accrues to it from the fact that he had been a prelate of the Church of England. When we recall the attitude of England, and of all except a handful of Englishmen toward Rome, in the year 1801, and consider the change which ninety years had brought about, we would be astounded, if we had not watched the change going on for sixty years. That an Anglican dignitary with still higher dignities in prospect, a friend of ruling statesmen and of the royal family, should become one of the foremost champions of the Papacy, and yet be highly honored in life and death by the English nation, is a singular and striking fact. It is one of a group of events in the history of conversions from Anglican Protestantism to Catholicity which form a crushing and overwhelming refutation of the claim to Catholicity set up by a party in the Protestant Episcopal communion for their own ecclesiastical connection. Manning was educated at Oxford, ordained and inducted into the rectorship of Lavington, without any suspicion that he was a Catholic or a priest, anything more than a Protestant or a Protestant minister. As soon as he gained his first insight

into the doctrine of the Apostolic succession and the nature of the church as a spiritual kingdom, his back was turned on Protestantism, and his face, unknowingly, turned toward Rome. His mind was logical and statesmanlike. When he once apprehended the idea of the church as a spiritual kingdom, he held virtually and implicitly the truth of its essentially monarchical and papal constitution, as involved in the principle of Unity. Those who hold to Episcopacy without the papacy have no conception of One Catholic Church. For them, there are many distinct and even separate churches. There is the church of Russia, the church of Greece, the church of England, the church of the United States. Properly, there are as many churches as there are dioceses. Provincial and National churches are only aggregations, united by human law, civil or ecclesiastical, and Protestants have no higher conception of the union of the Universal Church. Their talk of the English or American Episcopal Church being the church of your baptism is the sheerest nonsense. We are baptized into the Catholic Church, and not into the Church of New York, or America or France. All these particular, local, and personal relations are merely accidental, and entirely subordinate to those which are essential and universal. So soon as any particular and local society, or so-called church, is made the object of the final and supreme allegiance of its members and ministers, it is put in opposition to the Catholic Church. It is impossible to recognize both and pay allegiance to both at the same time. The notion, therefore, that the church over which the Archbishop of Canterbury presides in England, and that over which the Archbishop of Westminster presides, are both Catholic, and both parts of the one Universal Church, is on Catholic principles absurd. Equally absurd is the notion that the church of England, the church of France, the church of Russia, and the church of Rome are one. Pure Protestantism, although false and irrational, is less absurd and self-contradictory than the Pseudo-Catholicism of Greeks and Anglicans. The true issue is between Rome and Protestantism. Protestantism is virtually pure Naturalism, which ends at last in Nihilism. Dr. Brownson has proved this in the most thorough, masterly, and abundant manner in his great works.

Cardinal Manning brought the controversy between England and Rome to this true issue in the most conclusive manner. The cause is finished. There is nothing left of the controversy except some random talk.

All Protestants who profess to hold the Nicene Creed believe in some sort of a One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church. But it is an invisible church. Their visible church is a particular and local association formed by believers who are assumed to belong to the invisible and universal church before they join it. For Lutherans and Calvinists the bond of fellowship, the principle of Catholic unity, is supposed to be faith. There is a partial truth in this conception. For there is a spiritual bond of faith uniting all true believers, and all who have the justifying faith which is vivified by charity are united in a still more sacred and perfect communion, even though separated by their outward ecclesiastical relations.

High-Church Anglicans have in addition a conception of a sacramental bond uniting all those who are baptized and subject to bishops possessing sacerdotal authority derived from the apostles. But even they fail to grasp the idea of the Catholic Unity of the Episcopate, from which devolves the unity of the whole body of the faithful. The flock of each bishop is a complete church by itself. Provincial and National churches are only confederations, and the Catholic Church, in its most complete and universal unity, is only a larger confederation. Any kind of primacy committed to exarchs, patriarchs, or popes, according to this theory, can only be of ecclesiastical institution, for all bishops are *jure divino* equal as successors of the apostles.

On this theory, although the universal confederation is broken up, and the church subsists only in several groups of bishops, holding no intercommunion and even mutually hostile, all that is essential has been preserved wherever there is an episcopate which has kept the apostolic succession and so much of the faith and discipline of the undivided church as these doctors deem to be necessary.

Archdeacon Manning and his compeers, in trying to fashion a kind of Anglo-Catholicism, without the Pope, met with two obstacles. One was, that the Church of England had never officially taken this stand, and could not be induced to take it. It was Protestant all through. The other was, that the apostolic principle exacted a recognition of something more than a mere transmission of sacerdotal power through a line of bishops. The apostolate was incomplete when separated from its prince, and the episcopate was a headless body, without its chief, the successor of St. Peter. The apostolic college, under its head, was the fountain of teaching authority as well as of sacerdo-

tal power. The Catholic episcopate, as the supreme Teaching Church, must be indefectible and infallible. It must therefore have an indivisible unity. Division would be its destruction. The notion of One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church, existing in three grand divisions, is self-contradictory. The Catholic Church has never lost its unity, and therefore there can be no question of its restoration. Many bishops have fallen into schism and heresy, and are cut off from Catholic communion. But the Catholic Episcopate retains its integrity as perfectly, since the apostasy of the Greeks in the eleventh century, as it did after the rebellion of the Arians, Nestorians, and Eutychians in the fourth and fifth.

It was the great merit of Cardinal Manning that he grasped the principle of supreme infallible authority, concentrated in the Apostolic See of St. Peter.

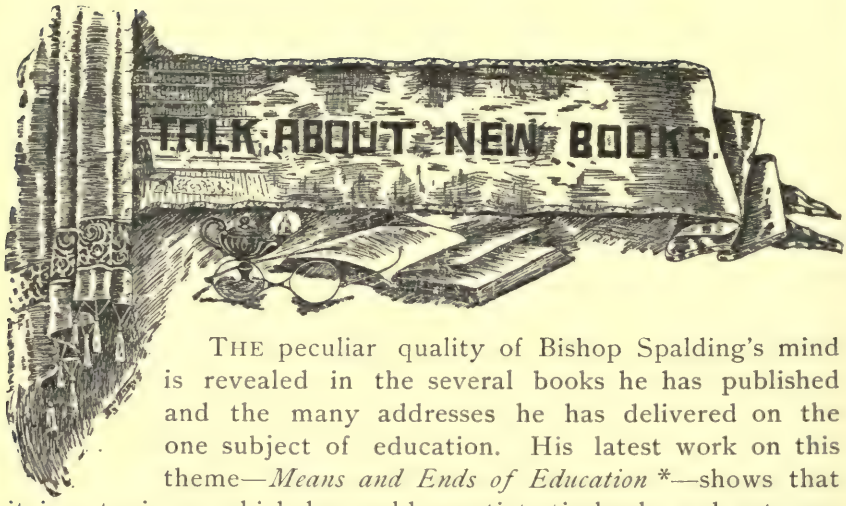
This is the genuine and authentic Catholicism, and Catholicism is Christianity; the Christianity of History, Tradition, and the Bible; the only revealed, and the only rational religion.

TO THE SULTAN.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

O SHAMELESS one! beyond all shame outshamed,
Who, sitting on thy crimsoned throne of lies,
Dost raise before the startled nations' eyes
The wood* whereon the Christ, the pure Unblamed,
Did Godlike die: what depth of crime unnamed,
Unto what reach of farthest hell's emprise
Hast thou not dared, thirsting for widows' cries,
With childhood's blood besotted and inflamed!
And thinkest thou thus, O despot of the Straits—
Heart-parched and withered as the simoon's breath—
To stay the hand of God's avenging men?
Tyrant, we know thy fiend-engendered hates—
Blacker than night and crueller than death,
Have nailed upon the cross our Christ again!

* During the recent diplomatic negotiations growing out of the Turkish massacres of the Armenians Abdul Hamid II., the Sultan, sent to the Czar a piece of the true Cross.



THE peculiar quality of Bishop Spalding's mind is revealed in the several books he has published and the many addresses he has delivered on the one subject of education. His latest work on this theme—*Means and Ends of Education* *—shows that it is a topic on which he could expatiate tirelessly and yet ever easily say something new. Education is the sun of his planetary system, around which revolve

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame";

but only in so far as it leads the human soul on to that immeasurably grander sun of divine love, from which springs the whole majestic universe seen and unseen. There is no living author who writes more fascinatingly on this great theme than Bishop Spalding. We can readily fancy how great a solace his noble words bring to many who, engaged in the practical work of training the young mind, sometimes find their spirits flag and their energies fail under the often thankless stress.

One of the best chapters in this book, if we exclude what in the literary sense is the most charming, is that in which the author treats of the present public-school system. Accepting the fact that theological differences compel the banishment of religion from the schools, he pleads powerfully for the inculcation of a spirit of reverence—reverence at least for parents, and home, and country—reverence for truth, honesty, purity, courage, and similar qualities. It is unhappily too true that the absence of this feeling is the characteristic of the average American scholar, and the scoffing spirit of *The Innocents Abroad*, together with the sordid desire to get all the dollars and cents you can out of life, are the chief results of secular training. Bishop Spalding does not despair of a better state of things, even under the present disheartening conditions, if teachers be

* *Means and Ends of Education*. By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

selected with a view to their moral superiority rather than their mere technical grading.

These are subjects which perturb the minds and consciences of good men and women all over the land. To these, as well as to many others, his fine utterances must prove both illuminant and encouraging.

Readers of these pages are tolerably familiar with the graceful strains of Eleanor C. Donnelly. They appreciate her, as we do, as a singer who delivers the message she has to bear with clearness, beauty, and unornate melody. Hence they will be glad to learn of the issue of a volume of selections from her poems,* embracing some of her strongest work. Various are the themes and the climes she sings of, and strong as is the expression of her idea, the note of Catholicism she never fails to strike is no less clear and true-pitched. She loves especially the time-worn legends of the church, and many of these she decks with flowers of fancy and leads into public view so robed as to compel even the most reluctant admiration. One of the most powerful of these poetic renderings is the curious Anglo-Saxon tale of the inspiring of the herd Cædmon, the dull-witted hind who mourned because he had no soul for song, and was by supernatural grace endowed with power to chant the glories of God in terms worthy of the royal psalmist. The numbers in which Miss Donnelly tells this tale are bold, beautiful, and graphic to a very high degree. In "St. Joseph's Charge," a poem of a different spirit and measure, we find, also, a good example of Miss Donnelly's talent in mingling high devotion with noble description. But the reader had best see the collection as it is presented, for so excellent is its general character that it is a delicate task to indicate any individual composition as worthy of special attention. Admirable typography and finish characterize the production of the volume by the publishers.

It is gratifying to perceive that a new edition of *Fabiola*† has been placed before the public. The time is auspicious for such a venture. Catholic literature is in some demand, and there is a more general disposition to recommend it now than there was some time back when the position of Catholicism was some-

* *A Tuscan Magdalen, and other Legends and Poems.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

† *Fabiola; or, the Church of the Catacombs.* By Cardinal Wiseman. New York: Benziger Brothers.

what too diffident. The production of *Fabiola* marked a new era in literature. The world was shown that in the marvellous realm of *fact* in connection with the early church there was more to fascinate the mind than in any field of all those in which the imagination of the romancist had previously learned; that here indeed were to be found real heroes and heroines, real sublimity of suffering and sacrifice, real glory and triumph, and at the same time real villany and monstrosity.

Other romances of the early Christian time have since appeared, but none have held their ground so well as Cardinal Wiseman's great work. Considered as a piece of literary art, perhaps it may not be ranked as high as that wonderful work of an Irish Catholic layman, *Dion and the Sibyls*—which, by the way, is now being reissued by the Catholic School Book Company, and which every cultivated Catholic should read—but to many minds the solidity and strength of Cardinal Wiseman's conception, as well as the simple grace and power of his diction, will be certain at all times to command the admiration of a very wide class of readers. In his preface the distinguished author tells us that the work was composed piecemeal, and under the most adverse circumstances, very often. Very little trace of this opportunity-snatching is visible in the narrative, but, taking the author's own word for it, we are at liberty to conjecture, from the seeming completeness and literary excellence of this work, what the product of a more leisurely application, with all the treasures of a mind stored with historic learning and all the beauties of a style unsurpassed in its day, must have been.

The Messrs. Benziger, who have produced this new edition, have turned it out in fine style as regards binding and typography. They have given it the addition of several wood-cuts illustrative of the story.

While there is much ground for satire in the positions assumed by the various sects which make up the sum-total of Protestantism, there arises, after all, the consideration whether the religious beliefs, and actions resulting therefrom, of any bodies of men are a legitimate subject of ridicule. Their proceedings may appear at times to be mere vagaries, their effect may be farcical even; but, after all, is not the conscientious action of mankind, so long as men are sane in mind and sincere in character, beyond the legitimate sphere of satirical levity? It appears so to us, indeed. The time has long gone by when there was either need or excuse for satire in dealing with the proceedings

of honest dissent. Therefore, we question the propriety or utility of republishing that exceedingly able work, *The Comedy of English Protestantism.** The cleverer the satire the more dangerous it becomes in times of political or religious crisis. We are not face to face, happily, with any critical emergency just at present; but the spirit of the time is conciliation, not acerbity. Sound arguments and soothing words are the vital necessities in the situation which has been brought about, and any other weapons can have no effect save that of frustrating the beneficent views of the Sovereign Pontiff touching the ultimate reunification of Christendom.

We are reminded by the appearance of *The Messenger of St. Joseph for the Homeless Boys* of the potency of good example. This little publication is the herald of a great work of beneficence in Philadelphia, after the model of Father Drumgoole's colossal one in New York and on Staten Island. St. Joseph's Home has been founded in that city with precisely similar objects—the rescuing of boys from the jaws of sin and death, and the providing a home for them where their spiritual development can proceed *pari passu* with their body's growth and the care of their physical frames. This institution is warmly commended to the Catholic public by his Grace Archbishop Ryan. As for the *Messenger*, which pleads its cause, it may be said at once that it is a very bright and cheering little magazine. It contains a variety of facts and suggestions relative to the foundation which must not alone afford pleasure to all who have the welfare of our Catholic youth at heart, but prove at the same time of practical utility in many cases. It is a powerful plea for wider and more earnest effort in behalf of the friendless and jeopardized youth of a great city.

The Young Men's Manual of St. Aloysius, compiled by a Jesuit Father (J. Schaefer, publisher, New York), will be found a very suitable prayer-book for working youths and young students who have not much leisure or aptitude for contemplative devotion. It embraces, besides, a pithy sketch of St. Aloysius, which brings into view the virtues of that wonderful youth, most admirable as examples for general imitation.

A new work of devotion for the month of St. Joseph† has

* *The Comedy of English Protestantism.* Edited by A. F. Marshall, B.A., Oxon. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Month of St. Joseph, for People in the World.* By Rev. J. T. Roche. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

just been prepared by the Rev. J. T. Roche, of David City, Nebraska. The reverend author, in presenting it to the public, explains that it is not from any paucity of similar works on this cherished devotion that he puts it forward, but as one specially suited to the needs of the people of his own diocese. The little book is admirably adapted to its purpose, and cannot fail to stimulate the earnest reader to a warm zeal for the virtues of the spotless spouse of our Immaculate Lady.

Another little book which will readily commend itself to the Catholic heart is a neat emblematically-bound pocket volume entitled *Short Conferences on the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.** This work, which is presented by the Very Rev. Joseph Rainer, rector of St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee, is the *souvenir* of a number of meetings and addresses held six years ago in the Salesian Chapel at the seminary; and it is safe to say that it will be gladly welcomed, not merely by all concerned in the grateful work of those conferences but by every Catholic reader. It is not only that its ritual of devotion and psalmody in honor of our Blessed Lady is rich and apt, but the reflections and explanations which accompany the different portions of the office are exceedingly choice, suggestive, and satisfying. It is a work calculated to quicken the best impulses of the human heart, not merely toward the heavenly side of our holy religion, but the human side as well, by reason of its powerful pleadings for the succor of the poverty-stricken and suffering.

In the life of Blessed Peter Claver we have a vivid illustration of the wide gulf of difference which exists between mere philanthropy and the sublime charity of the devoted sons of the Catholic Church who consecrate their lives to the solace of human suffering. To break down and stamp out the slave system was a noble human work; to devote a fresh young life to the soothing of the sorrows of the slave while he was yet unemancipated, as Peter Claver did, was a deed of divine prompting. Poverty, grief, and misery will be a large part of the world's portion as long as time shall run; and these afflictions have in themselves a consolation, inasmuch as our Divine Lord has assured us that those who mourn and those who are poor are "blessed," and shall be comforted. The story of how Blessed Peter Claver tried to comfort the poor slaves, and raised

* *Short Conferences on the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.* By Very Rev. Joseph Rainer. New edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

them from the Slough of Despond, is graphically and sympathetically told in the work entitled *Æthiopium Servus*,* by M. D. Petre. In the relations of the colored races to the more powerful whites there are many vast and seemingly inexplicable social and political problems; but when the touchstone of the obligations of Christian charity is applied to one branch of the subject, as it was in the case of Peter Claver, difficulties disappear as if by magic; love of Christ makes the true republic wherein all mankind, of whatever color or race, is one and equal. We have not the problem before us as it was presented to the devoted saint, but we have it still under other conditions. Those who would desire to labor for its solution would do well to read this record of Blessed Peter Claver's work and sacrifices.

Although Catholics are counselled by the highest authority to study the Sacred Scriptures more diligently than they have been doing, the field of study is so large that many will be glad to have their studies rightly directed at the outside by skilled guides. The help to be found in such a book as the Rev. James H. O'Donnell's *Studies in the New Testament*† is precisely the sort of aid which is wanted. Following the lines of the historical catechism in its plan, it presents every important fact relating to the origin and genesis of religion, in so plain and terse a way as to impress the whole sublime story, stage by stage, in regular development, upon the receptive mind. There is not an event or a personage or a date given in the Gospel narratives that is not set forth, examined, and explained in the catechetical form, and this excellent referential method is rendered still further serviceable by the use of tabular statements, chronological and mathematical, on all subjects embraced in the Old and the New Testaments. Although the volume is a small one, it is the monument of a vast amount of labor and analysis and a perfect thesaurus of canonical data. Therefore it is commended to the work-a-day Catholic world most cordially.

Part II. of the annual Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1892–93 is largely devoted to the reproduction of reports of American and foreign professors on the educational section of the World's Fair at Chicago. These reports are, despite their great length, worthy of careful study, as they present the

* *Æthiopium Servus: A Study in Christian Altruism.* By M. D. Petre. New York: Benziger Brothers; London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

† *Studies in the New Testament.* Compiled by Rev. James H. O'Donnell. With an Introduction by Very Rev. John A. Mulcahy, V.G., Hartford. New York Catholic Protectory Print, Westchester.

views of pedagogical experts of the highest eminence in the field of secular education, on the merits as well as the defects of the American system. As regards religious education, the Report reproduces only one complete article on the subject of the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair, as a whole. This is the article written for THE CATHOLIC WORLD by Mr. John J. O'Shea; but, no doubt inadvertently, the Report omits to mention the name of the magazine in connection with the reproduction. The article on the New York Diocesan Exhibit, by a professor of pedagogy, which appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD after the close of the Fair, is also embodied in the report. The Commissioner of Education, Dr. Harris, forwarded to this office a copy of the report for presentation to Mr. O'Shea, together with a courteous note intimating the embodiment of his article in the official history of the World's Fair Educational Exhibit.

I.—RAPHAEL'S VATICAN PAINTINGS.

In the pursuit of an artistic profession elevated by the highest ideals, Miss Eliza Allen Starr has given us many living proofs of the rare qualities which fitted her for her avocation. An additional one is now presented, in the shape of a fine set of replicas and a treatise on the four great paintings by Raphael on the walls of the Camera della Segnatura, in the Vatican palace.

In those masterpieces of art the genius of Italy's most wonderful painter found free scope. Bidden to the Vatican by that illustrious patron of the arts, Pope Julius II., he found a great honor unexpectedly thrust upon him, in the guise of a mandate to decorate the walls of the historical chamber, wherein a great council of the church had been held, with frescoes symbolizing the intellectual and spiritual history of mankind. Fired with the dignity of his themes, the young artist set about his task at once, and in the works he produced exhibited a mastery of composition, as well as a beauty of idea, which sealed his fame for ever. The four pictures he painted on the walls, together with the four allegorical figures indicating their subjects, contained in the circles between the panels, Miss Starr has undertaken to reproduce and expound in the fine volume now before us. In so doing she has rendered a distinct and most valuable contribution to the cause of art and the diffusion of historical truth.

It is the first time, we believe, that a complete history and key to those marvellous compositions has been given to the world. Separate pictures have been described and expounded by able *literati* from time to time, and all these are fully referred to by the talented authoress in the course of her introduction to the work.

Theology, Philosophy, Poesy, and Jurisprudence are the four subjects which Raphael was instructed to symbolize. The first was embodied in the painting known as "The Dispute." In the vastness of its conception this painting is the equal of Dante's "Divina Commedia." The lower portion is crowded with figures of saints and doctors eminent in their various schools of thought, and the care which the artist exhibited in giving each his characteristic marks, in lineament, dress, and attitude, renders this perhaps the most important of the four frescoes. It is the first time that a complete key to this wonderful work has appeared in the English language.

In the second fresco we find the theme of Poesy illustrated by a gathering of all the world's great poets down to the artist's time, on the bicephalic heights of Parnassus. The grouping of the picture is suggestive of the theme—it is rhythm in art. The faces of the bards are full of the divine fire.

The picture of Justice or Jurisprudence is suggestive also. High as the status of judges and lawyers has often been, Raphael did not deem himself justified in representing Justice as personified by any of the legal or judicial class. A small allegorical group conveys his eloquent opinion of the law.

The fourth picture of the series is Philosophy, as represented by the School of Athens. A stately arrangement it indeed displays, many of its individual figures being in themselves enough to fill the ambition of an ordinary student. The same endeavor to make the individualization of the man accord with his work and the traditions shows here as in the other two pictures.

Fine photographs, reproduced on stiff and polished paper, convey a good idea of Raphael's work. They are beautifully finished; and an outline picture accompanies three of the reproductions, enabling the observer to identify every figure in the various groups.

It is an immense help to have Miss Starr for a guide in the study of these colossal masterpieces. Her treatises on each are vibrant with her own worshipful feeling and a worthy setting to a noble work.

To Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, she dedicates the book.

Its plates, its typography, and its binding do immense credit to its printers, the Lakeside Press (R. R. Donnelly & Sons Company).

2.—THE JESUIT IN FICTION.*

This dainty little volume is not what the title would lead one to expect, at a first glance. One would naturally expect to find a description of the life and work of a Jesuit, as a teacher or a missionary. It is, however, an imaginary sketch of the college-life of a young man, who gets his vocation after graduation and finally disappears from view in the novitiate. The description of the gaieties of the young people at New Haven, their promenades, balls, and regattas, is lively and natural, and no doubt will interest them. The imaginary hero of the story, beginning as an agnostic, becomes an intelligent and consistent convert, without ceasing to take part in youthful gaieties. At last, he is mastered by his religious vocation, and bids adieu to promenades and regattas, for more serious work. Harvard and Yale have furnished some priests and even Jesuits from their alumni, and we hope may furnish many more in the future.

3.—DIFFICULTIES OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.†

Every scholar knows the high reputation of Father Brucker, and that all his writings are well worth reading.

In the present volume, the topic of inspiration is treated in a very satisfactory manner. So, also, are several questions relating to the interpretation of Genesis.

The most interesting of these is that of the universality of the deluge. Father Brucker advocates the opinion which is now common, that the deluge was restricted in its geographical extent. But he maintains very strongly its ethnographical universality. He lays great stress on the authority of patristic tradition. In order that this tradition be made to appear authoritative, it is necessary to class the doctrine of universality among dogmatic tenets pertaining to faith. For, this learned writer knows full well and teaches most explicitly that tradition is obligatory only within these limits. The arguments which he adduces certainly have probability, but they do not appear entirely conclusive, and for the present the opinion of the

**A Jesuit of To-day.* By Orange McNeill. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons, 65 Fifth Avenue.

† *Questions Actuelles D'Ecriture Sainte.* Par le R. P. Joseph Brucker, S.J. Paris: Victor Reteux, 82 Rue Bonaparte.

ethnographical non-universality of the deluge seems to be tenable, and it is certainly regarded as probable, by some good Biblical scholars.

4.—GLORIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.*

It seems almost worth while to have waited till the Catholic taste had become thoroughly sickened by the cheap and wretched attempts that have been made in the past at illustrating the art and history of the church, when one receives as a reward for waiting such a refreshment to the artistic sense as is presented by this book.

From a pictorial stand-point it is unsurpassed by anything which our splendid modern photography has given us. Stoddard, in his world-famed pictures, has done no better either in workmanship or arrangement. It goes without saying that his subjects would hardly be better, for in fact we recognize many of his favorite and best known ones among the 264 superb illustrations here presented.

The work gives evidence of an infinite amount of care, and taste and judgment in its compilation, not only from its artistic but also from its literary side. The descriptive text does full justice to the illustrations.

That innate desire of every Catholic heart to see the glories of his church as expressed in past ages by her material building may find gratification here, if not in full at least in a large degree. He feels himself almost in reality under the majestic towers of Notre Dame, within the grand mosque of St. Sophia, with its glorious and bitter memories, or wandering at will among the hallowed ruins of ancient abbeys.

"From Rome to Lima, from Constantine to Cortez, from the sanctified pagan monuments of Brittany to the picturesque missions of California, from Assisi to Notre Dame, from Rheims to New Orleans, these pictures have come, each the best and the latest."

That mere love of art for art's sake which they feel who understand not the thought of the church in erecting these monuments to the Most High, is not the kind of admiration which is provoked in the Catholic when gazing upon them. It is something far above and beyond this. In them he reads the Gospel of the unerring faith, and infinite hope, and all-embracing charity of the church carven here imperishably in stone and

* *Glories of the Catholic Church in Art, Architecture, and History.* Edited by Maurice Francis Egan, A.M., LL.D. Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co.

marble. Here he traces the pictured interpretation of her wonderful dogma and ritual telling in glorious and illumined lines of a Living God, for ever present with her, truly her own Emmanuel. Such thoughts does the Catholic feel until his soul becomes steeped in love and awe and reverence as he realizes the greatness of the heritage that has descended upon him from all ages in being born a child of this church.

Through the visible temple one is thus led to the invisible, though no less real, sanctuary of the Spirit by remembering what is the true significance of all this outward expression, and this is the meaning which is lost to all who know not of the doctrine of the church, and is why they miss the true spiritual delight which fills the soul of the Catholic like an inward benediction when gazing upon the material beauty of the church.

5.—THE TRUE SCOPE OF GOVERNMENT.*

In his little work entitled *Anarchy or Government?* Mr. William M. Salter treats some fundamental problems in politics in an interesting way. The book consists in the main of an account of a course of lectures delivered by the author before the Plymouth School of Applied Ethics. It is by no means intended to be exhaustive in the treatment of these subjects, but as a popular presentation of some of their more important aspects it is suggestive and can be read with profit by those who wish to see the first principles of social order correctly applied. The word "anarchy," it is hardly necessary to say, is not used in the sense of revolutionary violence. Between anarchy in this sense and government, as the author says, there can be no choice. Anarchy is a term used to designate a system in which there is the utmost absence of restraint, and where liberty as understood by the philosophical anarchists prevails. The main inquiry of the book is, How are the respective limits of liberty and government to be determined in the varieties of social activity? Questions of this kind are mainly questions about conditions. "In a given case the question is simply, Is there need of government interference or are private agencies doing already well enough, and, secondly, are we sure, even if there is need, that government can help matters?" (p. 120).

One who reads this little work will desire to read more on the same subject.

* *Anarchy or Government?* By William Mackintire Salter. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Cassell & Co.

6.—SACRED HEART CONFERENCES.

The modest author of this book of 175 pages* has given a very helpful manual to priests, religious, and to the devout laity. A difficulty we have sometimes met with in books treating of this same all-fruitful topic has been either an excess of sentiment, if we may say so, on the one hand, or, on the other, a dryness of theological treatment.

But all through these twenty conferences our author has happily and distinctly blended both doctrine and sentiment. With an ever-ready acquaintance both with theology, notably of St. Thomas, and of our needs, he reads for us out of this "Book of Life" in clear, unfaltering phrase the many lessons of eternal creative, redeeming, abiding, and glorifying love; he holds up the Divine Model and gives us a clear and direct application of his virtues to our own lives.

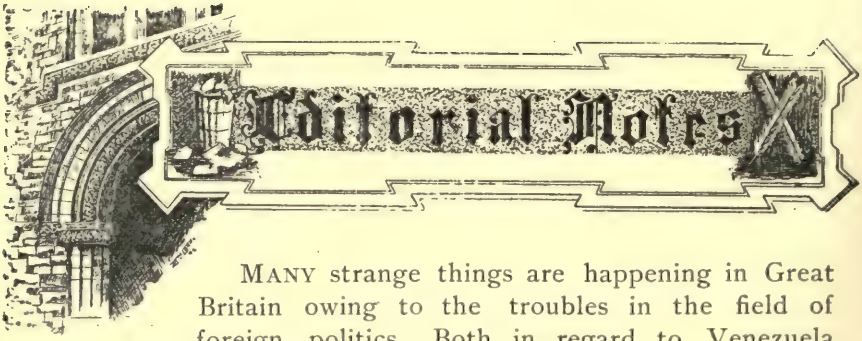
The single conferences are short, and all are marked with an ease and purity of diction, a solidity of learning, a happiness of division and arrangement, and a glow of piety, which denote a scholarly, devout, and earnest teacher.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Bread of Angels. Instructions and Prayers for Catholics generally, and especially for First Communicants. *The Child of God.* A Prayer-book for little children. With many illustrations. *The Circus-Rider's Daughter.* A novel. By F. v. Brackel. *The Outlaw of Camargue.* A novel. By A. De Lamothe. *The Following of Christ.* By Thomas à Kempis. With Morning and Evening Prayers, Devotions for Mass. The same, with Practical Reflections and Prayers. *Letters of St. Alphonsus Liguori.* Part II. vol. i.

* *The Lover of Souls—Short Conferences on the Sacred Heart.* By a Priest. Benziger Brothers.



MANY strange things are happening in Great Britain owing to the troubles in the field of foreign politics. Both in regard to Venezuela and South Africa the course of Lord Salisbury appears to have filled the minds of straightforward people with distrust of both his courage and his veracity. But a sentiment of far deeper significance is taking hold of the country with regard to the Armenian horrors. Official investigation has proved that the deeds done in Armenia by Kurds and regular Turkish troops have been worse than any reports gave them out. No such horrible chapter of history by the bloody sword of Turkey has been written this century, since the massacres in Crete and Scio. For all this, it is well known, the English government is primarily responsible. There is a wild rumor to the effect that Mr. Gladstone, roused to sacred frenzy by these barbarities, is about to emerge from his old-age retirement and again take the lead in the cry for justice against the Turk. If it should be so, the news would send a thrill through England such as no Tory government could suppress. All humane hearts must fervently pray that it may be true.

Many curious developments in the educational systems in the Old World are riveting attention on the subject. All the fluctuations in opinion and all the mutations in governmental policy which have taken place since the adoption of the public-school systems in the British Isles point to one grand central fact. This is the failure of the experiment of what is called mixed education. Every step taken by the English government of recent years has been a step towards the reversal of that blundering policy—and taken, moreover, under compulsion. The mixed system was started with the object of banishing religious distinctions in the public schools—in other words, to get rid of a difficulty by the heroic process of running away from it. Everybody has confessed its utter failure. The tendency to fall back into denominationalism was in the nature of the system, and could no more be resisted than the magnetic central power which compels the needle in the compass. After

struggling for half a century to plant a mixed and irreligious and denationalizing system in Ireland, the attempt has been given up in despair by the government, and the denominations have now everything their own way. So said Mr. Balfour the other day in a speech at Bristol. His sympathies, he admitted, were with the denominationalists, and powerfully in favor of giving help to English voluntary schools. Upon the hardship of having to pay rates for schools to which they would not from conscientious motives send their children, while getting no share of the public money for those schools where they wished to send them, Mr. Balfour dilated very pointedly. The stubborn resistance of the Irish people to the imposition of an alien religion and an insidious system of education has thus borne signal fruit. It has entailed a long and bitter ordeal upon their constancy and their resources, but it has been not only crowned with success at home, but its disintegrating influence upon the Godless systems of other countries is already beginning to threaten their ultimate collapse.

The wonderful X ray discovered by Professor Roentgen has awakened the scientific world to curious and valuable possibilities. A discharge from a large inductive coil passing through a Hittorf vacuum tube develops it. Though the retina of the eye is quite insensitive to it, its results are caught and fixed by the ordinary photographic dry plate. It readily passes through substances opaque to ordinary rays of light; as, for instance, to photograph by means of this ray there is no need to remove the slide from before the lens of the camera. Professor Roentgen ventures the hypothesis that these X rays are to be ascribed to the longitudinal waves in the ether, and not to the transverse vibrations. The practical interest from this new discovery may lead to still greater developments.

The long-standing differences in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary party have culminated in the retirement of Mr. Justin McCarthy from the leadership. The thankless post has been offered to Mr. Sexton, who has kept himself clear from the hail of mutual recriminations, but he, quite naturally, declined to accept it. Thereupon Mr. John Dillon was elected at a meeting of the party, by a vote of 37 to 31. A great convention of the Irish race is to assemble from all countries next May, to decide on a policy, and in this seems to lie the only hope for constitutional agitation in Ireland.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN, of San Francisco, has taken the initiative in proposing to unite the Catholic Reading Circles for the purpose of popularizing various branches of study, and of increasing the demand for Catholic literature. As a result of the personal work undertaken by the archbishop, it was arranged to have a series of midwinter lectures. The combined circles agreed upon the name of the San Francisco Educational Union. The Union at present has a membership roll of seven societies: the St. Mary's Cathedral Reading Circle, the Montgomery Circle of Holy Cross parish, the Faber Circle of St. James's parish, the St. Thomas Aquinas Circle of St. Peter's, the Archbishop Riordan Circle of St. Charles Borromeo parish, the Ignatian Circle of St. Ignatius' Church, and the Junipero Serra Circle of old St. Mary's on California Street.

The object of the San Francisco Educational Union is to promote the educational features of the various Reading Circles, to encourage the establishment of Reading Circle Associations, and to provide means for the dissemination of Catholic truth. It is now admitted that Reading Circles have become a very powerful factor in the Catholic literary world of the East, and have increased very rapidly as to number, and now form a strong aid to the church in popularizing Catholic studies and literature.

During the early part of February the Reading Circles of San Francisco held their first public meetings. These took place at the Metropolitan Temple. Four evenings of each week were given over to lectures, delivered by men of prominence from among the Catholic Clergy and laity.

The tickets of admission to the course were entrusted to the members of the various Reading Circles for distribution. A limited number of season tickets, as well as special evening tickets, were used. Tickets of admission could not be obtained by any person under eighteen years of age. The season ticket was transferable.

The lectures were arranged as follows:

The Temporal Power of the Pope, by the Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V.G.

The Church and the Republic, by Hon. J. F. Sullivan.

A Trip through the Holy Land, by the Rev. P. J. Cummins.

The Missions of California, by Mr. Bryan J. Clinch.

The Infallibility of the Pope, by the Rev. P. C. Yorke.

Some Barbarisms of the Nineteenth Century, by Judge Frank J. Murasky.

Church and Civilization, by the Rev. Philip O'Ryan.

Reunion of Christendom, by the Rev. Charles A. Ramm.

Religious Communities, by the Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P.

English Catholic Literature, by the Rev. James McDonald.

The Church and Architecture, by Mr. Frank T. Shea.

The Church and the Scriptures, by the Most Rev. Archbishop P. W. Riordan, D.D.

The open sessions of the different Reading Circles formed a most interesting part of the new movement to awaken public attention. A programme was prepared consisting of essays, readings, and musical selections. Some of the topics chosen for discussion are here given:

Romance, by Miss Elizabeth McDonald of the Montgomery Reading Circle;

Cleopatra, by Miss Nora Sullivan of the Thomas Aquinas Circle; Onward, an original poem, by Miss Anna Doyle of the Father Faber Circle; Some American Women, by Miss Duraind of the St. Mary's Cathedral Circle; Father Ryan and His Poems, by Mr. Robert Richards of the Archbishop Riordan Circle; The Mission Dolores, by Miss May Driscoll of the Cathedral Circle; St. Catherine, by Miss Christina Regan, of the Holy Cross Circle; Development of English Language, by Miss M. Kennedy of the Archbishop Riordan Circle; Dion and the Sibyls, by Miss Mary F. Lorrigan of the Thomas Aquinas Circle; Idealism and Realism, by Miss Coffey of the St. Mary's Cathedral Circle, and Pre-Christian Civilization by Miss Nellie Maguire of the Thomas Aquinas Circle. Mrs. A. T. Toomey of the Junipero Serra Circle presented the Characteristics of American Home Life. Monasticism, or What the Monks Have Done, by Miss Mary Geary of the Montgomery Circle. H. Henderson of St. Ignatius Circle read a paper on Lacordaire. Mrs. Paul B. Hay of the Archbishop Riordan Circle concluded the series of special essays by a paper entitled A Reading Circle.

* * *

The Cathedral Reading Circle of San Francisco, under the direction of the Rev. Edward P. Dempsey, has selected a course of Bible studies. Very commendable zeal was shown by the members during the past year in the difficult task of gathering biographical information relating to living Catholic authors of America. A list of the authors thus far honored is here given, and we cherish the hope that some one may be induced to complete the list and to prepare a short biographical dictionary of the authors living and dead who have produced work of enduring value in Catholic literature. The names selected were: Mrs. Sadlier, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Maurice F. Egan, George Parsons Lathrop, Walter Lecky, Christian Reid, Marion Crawford, James Jeffrey Roche, John B. Tabb, Agnes Repplier, Katharine E. Conway, Mrs. Blake, and Charles Warren Stoddard, who is claimed as a native of California. The Missions of California was the title of the paper read by Miss D. Gallagher. Miss Driscoll told the story of the Mission Dolores. The history of the Santa Barbara Mission was the topic of Miss A. Gallagher's paper. The subject of Miss Sinclair's essay was the Mission of San Rafael. Miss A. Sullivan gave the narrative of Father Junipero Serra's life. Miss Coffey reviewed Desmond's "Mooted Questions." The query-box proved to be interesting. It was well patronized by the members. Selected articles from the current numbers of the magazines were read each evening and were the source of much information. During the next term the history of the early Church as narrated in the Acts of the Apostles will be treated by the Rev. Edward P. Dempsey.

* * *

Through the kindness of the Rev. Samuel B. Hedges, C.S.P., we have been favored with the advance sheets of a programme prepared by the Bishop Manogue Reading Circle established at Marysville, Cal. We are much pleased to notice the desire to advance slowly but surely in the study of the excellent book *Reading and the Mind*, by the Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J. One chapter is selected for public discussion at each meeting. The study of poetry is made prominent in the programme. Adelaide Procter has the place of honor. Her works are to be considered in contrast with the noted poets of her time, 1825–1864. Among the members named for a large share of the work are Messrs. W. O'Brien, D. Kertchem, P. Delay, J. Tomb; Misses Margaret Lowery, Mary Harvey, Mary Tomb, Mary Kertchem, and Mrs. Wilkins.

* * *

Under the able direction of its president, Mr. J. J. Mahoney, the Catholic

Literary Society of Lawrence Mass., has made very notable progress. In the historical studies that the society has been pursuing the members have reached that important period about the breaking up of the Roman Empire; and as a retrospect of the past history of the church that was almost coeval with it, and as an explanation of much that is not very well understood in the Papacy, Rev. D. J. O'Mahoney, O.S.A., prepared a paper on St. Leo the Great. Other papers that deserve special mention are, American literature of the Colonial period, as reflected in the newspapers and the speeches of distinguished orators, by Mr. Thomas F. Carney; the origin of the nations of Europe in the fifth century, by Mr. A. De Courcy; American literature, by Miss Julia Shea, and the writers of Colonial days, by Mrs. O'Mahoney, *née* Katharine O'Keeffe. A paper was read by Mr. D. J. Hefernan dealing with the foundation of the earlier institutions of learning, including William and Mary College, Harvard and Yale. On the committee appointed to lead in the discussion of these topics were Mrs. Annie Coulson, Misses Mary E. O'Leary and Annie McDermott. The lecture on the Christian Woman in Society, by Miss Helena E. Goessmann, Ph.M., was the most conspicuous event of the season, and attracted a large audience.

* * *

At the St. Regis House, West One Hundred and Fortieth Street, New York City, overlooking the Hudson River, a Reading Circle has been occupied with the study of Mexico. Some of the topics taken for special inquiry were: the so-called civilization of the Aztecs; conquest by the Spaniards; the work of Catholic missionaries; the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe; different races represented in the present population. The members have derived the greatest assistance from the book called *Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared*, by the Rev. Alfred Young, C.S.P. No other single volume can be found that gives so much information relating to the successful work of Catholic missions in the Spanish colonies of America.

* * *

The Reading Guild of the Catholic Club, New York City, is now in the second year of existence. The Library Committee announced a new plan of work in October, 1895, which will include these general features: one chapter, which shall choose a definite topic for discussion; the placing of the work of each meeting in special charge of one member appointed at a previous meeting, who is to announce his topic and his principal authority; the proceedings to consist of an oral statement on the subject matter by the leader, lasting a half hour, and of a general discussion following thereon. The committee are assured of the attendance during the season of a number of distinguished gentlemen, who will read or lecture before the guild.

The first general topic chosen for discussion was Socialism. At the opening meeting Mr. Edward J. McGuire was in charge, and the special topic was Leo XIII. and the Social Question, based upon the essay by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., in the *North American Review*. Other topics of equal importance and calling for serious deliberation will be presented in the course of the season. The Library Committee are determined to make this year's work count, and they will spare no efforts to arouse an enthusiastic and wide interest among the club members in the work.

* * *

Since the publication by the Columbian Reading Union, October, 1895, of the extensive list of books and pamphlets dealing with social problems, we have received many gratifying proofs of interest in the work. Two pamphlets which escaped notice at that time are now mentioned: The Working-man's Position in

the Catholic Church, by Marc F. Vallette, LL.D., published by the Nineteenth Century Catholic Club of St. John's College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Catholic Church and Socialism, a solution of the social problem, by Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

A correspondent very much in sympathy with this line of study sent the following quotation from the life of Pope Gregory VII., by Montalembert—no page reference is given:

"I place the defence of the miserable and the oppressed as much above prayers, fasts, vigils, and other good works, as I rank charity, with the Apostle St. Paul, above all other virtues." In order to do the work which the great pope ranks so high Catholics in the modern world must study the social condition of the miserable and the oppressed. They must seek out the causes of misery, and the producers of oppression.

We are again indebted to Mr. Charles Robinson for additional notes to aid our work of encouraging Catholic young men to study the literature of the social question. He calls attention especially to *Le Socialisme Contemporain*, by l'Abbé Winterer, who has taken such a prominent part in the social movement in Alsace, and *Le Cardinal Manning et son Action Sociale*, by l'Abbé J. Lemire, two French works on the Social question, published by the Libraire Victor Lecoffre, Paris, not included in former list. The latter is especially interesting. The social question was to Cardinal Manning *the* question of questions, as it is to the present enlightened Pontiff. The condition of the people, the improvement of their homes, the removal of their temptations—all questions relating to the amelioration of their condition—were constantly with him. He was in hot revolt against the stony-hearted bureaucratic machinery of the English Poor Law, and was so far a Socialist as to lay down in the strongest terms that "a starving man has a natural right to his neighbor's bread; so strict is this natural right that it prevails over all positive laws of property." They must know little of life, he constantly reminded us, "who do not know what ruin of men and women comes from the straits of poverty." There is an admirable article in vol. iii. of his *Miscellanies* entitled "A Pleading for the Worthless," which is imbued with the spirit of Him who came to seek and save those who are lost. Nor was it only in articles that the cardinal preached. His whole life was devoted to the same task. In the great dock strike he merely did on a wider platform, and in sight and hearing of a larger audience, what he spent his whole life in doing on a smaller scale. As Canon Farrar said in the notable tribute to the cardinal's memory which he wrote for the *Review of the Churches*:

"He has left behind him a great name and a great example, and it would be well for the Church of England if she had one or two bishops who would learn from him how a great ecclesiastic may win the enthusiastic confidence of the working classes and stamp his influence on the humanitarian progress of the age."

Mr. W. T. Stead's close association with Cardinal Manning seems to have brought him into sympathy with what he calls the "saving energy of the Catholic Church." He often writes and speaks in a way that would do credit to any member of the church, and his pamphlet on "The Pope on Labor"—published by the *Review of Reviews*, London—which contains a comprehensive synopsis of the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, may be read with advantage. "No practical solution of the social question will ever be found without the assistance of religion and the church." "That," he says, "is the dictum of the Pope in his famous encyclical and it has been and is the burden of all that I have said or what I have to say."

Le Pain de St. Antoine: le Solution de la Question Social is published by

l'Imprimerie Franciscane Missionaire, 16 Rue de Clamart, Paris. The object of this work is to show that the noble charitable project known as "St. Anthony's Bread" can be made an effective agent in solving the social problem. Although primarily a local French religious conception, this work is rapidly assuming the proportions of an international economic movement.

"St. Anthony's Bread" comprises not only food, but also clothing and medical attendance—everything, in fact, necessary for the relief of the poor in general and of the sick and afflicted poor in particular, for the directors of this charity wisely hold that with this class one should always "make the good God visible." At the same time they do not labor merely to solve the social problem, important though that work undoubtedly is. Poverty and misery are generally the result of somebody's sin, and in effecting social amelioration the church does it indirectly by purifying men's hearts and by making them more sober and industrious. St. Edmund of Canterbury in his *Mirror*, one of the most popular books in mediæval England, lays it down with startling plainness that the rich can be saved only by the poor; since the latter are they of whom it is said that theirs is the kingdom of heaven, and only through them can the rich enter it. This, as Mr. W. S. Lilly points out—*New Review*, December, 1893—was the contribution of Christianity to what we now call the Social Problem. And Christian charities like St. Anthony's Bread, which have for their aim the care of the poor and unfortunate, furnish the most effective means for the solution of that problem.

* * *

Those of your readers who are desirous of studying the Social Question thoroughly would do well to read Professor Thorold Rogers' *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*. The abridged American edition of this book, by the Rev. W. D. P. Bliss (with an introduction by Professor Richard T. Ely), contains three valuable charts giving the authentic wage-condition of the English carpenter, in proportion to the cost of living for a family of five persons, calculated for every decade from 1260 to 1887. Dr. Bliss gives the following inscription to the industrial life of each century upon his charts:

1300–1400—Struggle for Freedom.
1400–1500—Golden Age.
1500–1600—Robbed of Land.
1600–1700—Pauperized Home Industry.
1700–1800—Wage Slavery.
1800–1900—Partial Recovery.

The "golden age" is the fourteenth–fifteenth centuries, with from $2 to $4 for eight hours' work. The misery commenced with the so-called Reformation, and ever since 1550 the wages are mostly below the cost of living and the hours increased up to sixteen and over in this nineteenth century.

The student of the social question will also find the following works, among others, valuable as proving conclusively that the oppression of the working classes dates from the Reformation: Hergenroether's *Catholic Church and Christian State;* Ratzinger's *Culture, Civilization, and Christian Charity;* Nicholas' *Protestantism and Socialism;* Perrin's *Different Writings;* Le Play's *Studies;* Heffinger's *Apology;* Bossuet's *Variations;* and Janssen's *Glorious History of the German People*.

In Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* too will be found much interesting information on this point, and as to the social condition of former ages "when the mission of charity was acknowledged and accepted by all."* Herein he describes

* Address of Leo XIII. to French working-men, October 20, 1889.

"the numerous guilds by which citizenship was acquired in the various cities"; the "many other societies for mutual improvement, support, or recreation"; the great architectural brotherhood of Germany to which the magnificent works of Gothic architecture in the middle ages are mainly attributable, and especially the many splendid and elaborately finished churches in the provinces; the military sodalities, whose yearly festivals were always held with great solemnity and rejoicing," and, lastly, the "guilds of rhetoric which existed in all the principal cities" and in obscure villages, which were "associations of mechanics, weavers, smiths, gardeners, and traders for the purpose of amusing their leisure with poetical effusions, dramatic and musical exhibitions, theatrical processions, and other harmless and not inelegant recreations." These guilds of rhetoric, which came originally in the fifteenth century from France, spread with great celerity throughout the Netherlands, and were of great value in drawing the people of the provinces into closer union; they became important political engines, which "the sovereigns were always anxious to conciliate by becoming members of them in person." At regular intervals jubilees were celebrated in various capital cities, when all the guilds of rhetoric in the Netherlands were invited to partake and to compete in magnificent processions, brilliant costumes, and in trials of dramatic and poetic skill, all arranged under the superintendence of the particular association which in the preceding year had borne away the prize.

Our historian fails to record that all these festivals and jubilees were invariably preceded by a devout and magnificent celebration of solemn Mass. He, moreover, omits to mention that from about the year 750 the Catholic religion had been the all-prevailing religion of this people. He does declare, however, that the standard of culture in such flourishing cities as Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges was elevated compared with that observed in many parts of Europe. He tells us that "the children of the wealthier classes enjoyed great facilities for education in all sixteen great capitals. The classics, music, and the modern languages, particularly the French, were universally cultivated. Nor was intellectual cultivation confined to the higher orders. On the contrary, it was diffused to a remarkable degree among the hard-working artisans and handicraftsmen of the great cities."

With reference to the chief city of the Netherlands, the commercial capital of the world—Antwerp—we are told that "the condition of her population was prosperous. There were but few poor, and those did not seek but were sought by the almoners. The schools were excellent and cheap. It was difficult to find a child of sufficient age who could not read, write, and speak at least two languages."

What a refutation of the persistent calumny urged by the enemies of the church that she had no schools in the middle ages and kept her people in ignorance! From the universities down to the public schools, both at home and abroad, history is nothing else but a conspiracy against the church. Balmes has declared that the history of the last three centuries will be restored and the truth will appear in its proper light. Meanwhile it is the duty of Catholics to become familiar with such works as Kenelm Digby's *Ages of Faith* and Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, in which may be found a fine picture of the civilizing influence of the church in what are commonly misnamed the Dark Ages.

It is interesting to contrast the condition of affairs so brilliantly described by Motley as prevailing in the seventeen provinces before the Reformation with the conditions existing in the Netherlands at the present time. If we take Belgium, which, as every one knows, is only a portion of the Netherlands, we find that in spite of the fact that her population has increased from 4,064,000 in 1832 to 5,520,090 at the late census, and in spite of her great and prosperous manufacturing indus-

tries, she has a vast amount of poverty within her borders. According to an official report, out of 908,000 families in a recent year only 89,000 were wealthy, while 373,000 were in straitened circumstances, and 446,000 families were in a state of wretchedness.

In the ages of faith, to quote the words of Mr. William Richards, "every man who appeared in a town or parish was obliged to give an account of himself, and was not allowed to hang around like a loafer and sponge or swindle his living indefinitely; every one knew his neighbor; under the influence of the church a wholesome public opinion was generated which made itself felt upon every individual; beautiful and edifying social and religious customs and traditions were developed and cherished, and were preserved from decay for centuries by corresponding practices; every citizen was trained in the town government to practise his duties and to know his rights, and 'knowing dared maintain' them. In a land filled with such local institutions, together with the numerous church and trade guilds, the magnificent cathedrals, the innumerable churches, and the vast number of beneficent monasteries, which William Cobbett says dotted England every six miles, and were equally numerous in Ireland, with their free schools and large domains, where any poor man could get work and thus be saved from pauperism and starvation—in such a land it came to pass that for more than fifteen hundred years of the Christian era a Poor Law was never needed; the horrid work-house was never seen; pauperism as we have it was never heard of, and the land was not cursed with godless tramps, or hoodlums, or professional anarchists, or atheistic political economists."

Mr. Richards tells us that when Henry VIII., in the early days of his reign, while he was yet a Catholic, made a "royal progress" through England he saw no work-houses, but everywhere comparative comfort and prosperity. Some forty years later, however, when Elizabeth made another "royal progress" through the kingdom, after the monasteries had been confiscated and despoiled, the lands appropriated by the corrupt agents of the crown, when the guilds were becoming lifeless, the poor were thrown out to shift for themselves, the altars of the churches were broken down, and the Blessed Sacrament no longer there—the scenes that met the queen's eyes were so changed that she exclaimed with astonishment, "The land is covered with paupers!" Even then the modern gospel of mammon had begun to show its terrible effects. For this new gospel of individualism and self-assertion, with its protest against the pope and its rebellion against the divine authority of the church, had removed the grand safeguards of Christian society—charity and confession. But under the new conditions, confession being abolished, when appointing watchmen, the old proverb quoted by Froude will arise: "*Quis custodiet custodem?*"—Who shall watch the watchman?

Gone was the great and salutary custodian. And in place thereof came the new gospel, and in due time the modern commercial system, which, ignoring all demands of charity, pitted every man's intense selfishness against that of his neighbor, thus making the neighbor an envious rival and in most cases a bitter enemy. Hence, too, has come that school of cold-blooded political economists who proclaim with unblushing effrontery, characteristic of those who deduce man from the tadpole, that notions of justice have nothing whatever to do with compensation for labor, and that all such notions are mere sentimentalism.

* * *

We shall be much pleased to get any other practical suggestions likely to assist Catholic young men in making a profitable study of the social question.

M. C. M.

AP
2
C3
v.62

The Catholic world

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY